VANITY FAIR

NOVEMBER 1930
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NEW YORK

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VANITY FAIR
November, 1930

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Vol. No. 35, No. 1

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

ALTMAN'S collection of men's overcoats abounds with splendid examples of correctly tailored woolens. There is a tendency, this season, for gentlemen to choose the plain weaves: dark blue or black for town; light shades for sports, motoring and suburban wear. $50 to $135

MEN'S CLOTHING ON THE SIXTH FLOOR

■

SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

That INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

•

HARK!... an orchestra is playing. From out its magic circle melody mounts—now stirring with its strength, now soothing with its softness—it weaves itself upon our hearts and fills our minds. Yet words cannot describe its beauty.

Nor can words describe that rare and elusive goodness—that tempting tastiness—of Schrafft's candies.

We can tell you the source of their deliciousness—the things of which they are made, the skill that guides their making. But describe their captivating taste? . . . that we cannot do! Like beauty in a melody—that is an *indescribable something.*

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

Is it a Revillon Frères Origination that you have in mind?

•

If your Coat or Wrap must have that dash, that elegance, that smart contour that says Paris in every gesture . . . if it must be made of the finest pelts that the far North yields, fashioned by skilled artisans whose every stitch is a bit of craftsmanship . . . then it's a Revillon Frères Origination that you have in mind » » » Always, it will be entirely satisfying . . . to the observer, and particularly to you.

Black Broadtail Coat trimmed with Eastern Mink » » » A coat of Eastern Mink with the new close-fitted silhouette » » » Both Revillon Frères creations.

Revillon Frères

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Fifth Ave. at 54th St.

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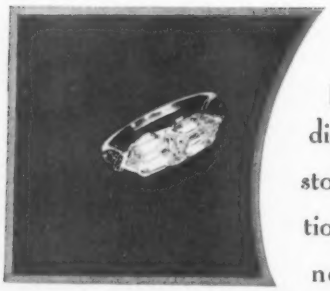
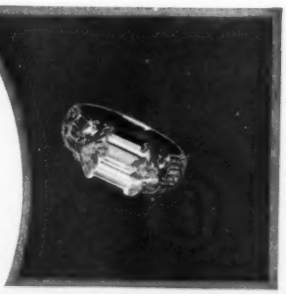
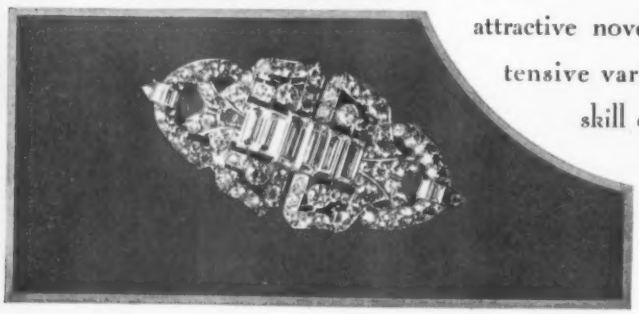
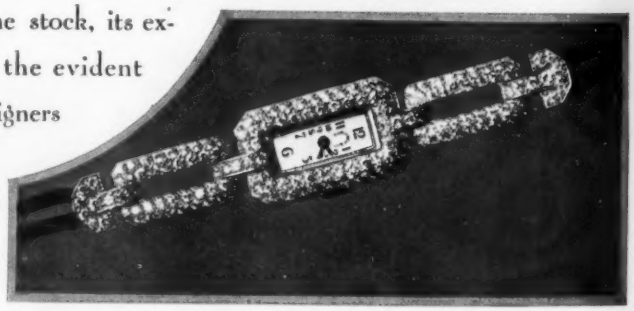
Caldwell



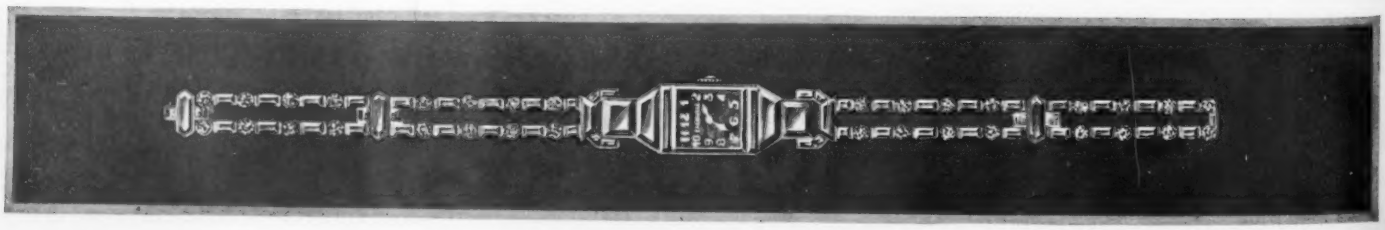
The opportunity for beautiful effect presented by judicious combination of diamonds of unusual shapes with round stones is fully utilized in the Caldwell collection. The beautiful examples here shown are new Caldwell creations indicating the attractive novelty of the stock, its extensive variety and the evident skill of its designers



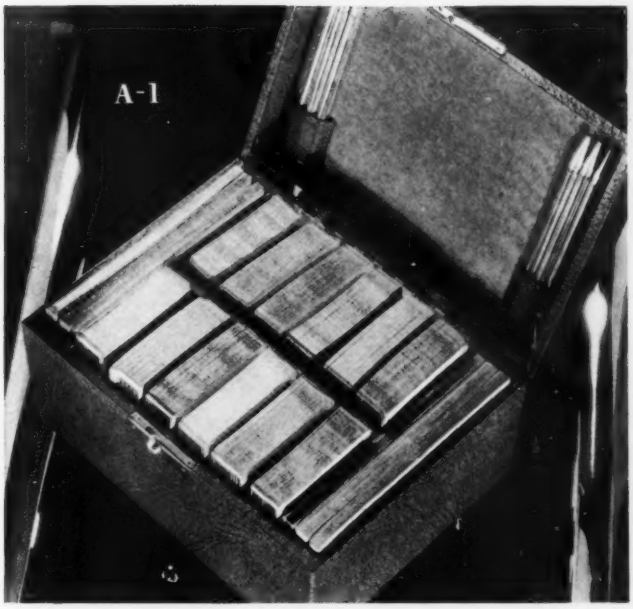




J. E. Caldwell & Company
Philadelphia



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW



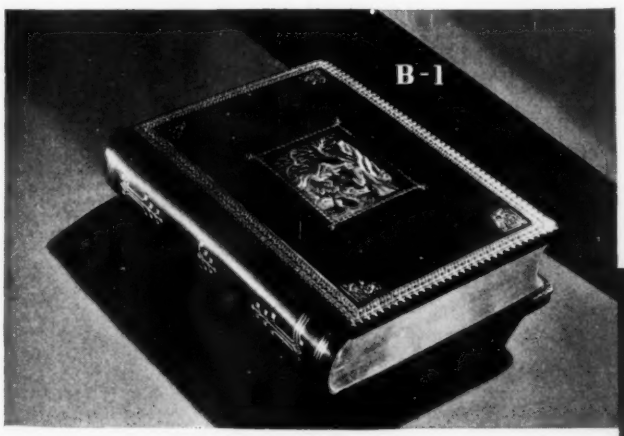
YOU simply dare not trust a calendar, these days. There *ought* to be ample time, in almost two full months, to effect the gracious and proper observance of Christmas. But hours disappear into each other . . . short days are quickly weeks . . . and before you really know it, the bright event is upon you!

And so far as gifts are concerned, the matter isn't altogether to be helped by early shopping. Perhaps the wisest plan is to decide well in advance just what those gifts will be—and *then* to purchase quietly and at your leisure.

Each year, a great many people of taste and judgment, who own and treasure lovely things themselves, choose to give articles of fine leather to those for whom they hold a real affection. And if, by some chance, you could see the pieces they select . . . a collar box, in ostrich skin . . . a case for precious jewels . . . a writing set, with inserts wrought of Cinnabar . . . you would find a great many of them imprinted with a tiny golden keystone R. That symbol, placed upon every article of fine leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., is the witness of a high tradition.

Throughout eighty years, this establishment has endeavored to sustain the principles of the founder. He believed, and members of the same family now believe, that quality and workmanship must be the first consideration. And because the finest materials go into these beautiful gifts, and the talents of highly skilled craftsmen give them their being, you may accept them simply as the best.

C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather goods of every description, excepting luggage. At better department and leather goods stores, jewelers, haberdashers, stationers.



A-1 . . . a card box of fine leather, with an inlay on the top of either red Cinnabar or jade. The box contains six gold pencils, twelve packs of cards, and six score pads. There are many other lovely designs, available with six or eight packs of cards.

B-1 . . . a dictionary, Webster's Collegiate Edition, beautifully printed on India paper and bound in black leather with an inlay of red Cinnabar. There is an alphabetical index. The book may also be had in several other bindings, with or without the inlay.

C-1 . . . a leather-covered Preference chest of cedar wood, for table use, with four compartments for cigarettes. Interchangeable labels (20 brand names) furnished with each. Available in many leathers, with or without jade or Cinnabar inlays, or Florentine gold tooling.

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CHURCH'S
Famous English Shoes

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Baber's, Ltd., of New York, announce the opening of their shop at Madison and 49th. Here, in the pleasant atmosphere of an English establishment, are presented Church's Famous English Shoes — footwear already widely known to travelled Americans. Church's Shoes are made of superior leathers, built on lasts noted for their comfort and smart appearance . . . and they have the distinction of style, the long-wearing qualities found only in the finest English shoes. Equally famed for their excellence are Church's Riding Boots.

EVERYONE who rides in a Fisher Body car experiences a certain sense of luxury which is seldom, if ever, associated with ordinary motoring.

A goodly part of this feeling no doubt can be traced to the sheer comfort of riding in a motor car body of such sound and fine construction, surrounded by so many refinements for greater convenience and safety and so many evidences of greater body value.

But there is still another quality of Body by Fisher to which that enjoyable sense of luxury may properly be ascribed:

Ever present in the minds of all who ride and drive in General Motors cars—the *only* cars with Body by Fisher—is the satisfying knowledge that the new and advanced styles and the authentic good taste of Body by Fisher command universal regard and admiration.

LOOK TO THE BODY!

BODY BY FISHER

The Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild offers 964 awards for craftsmanship, including four University scholarships of four years each, and each valued at $5,000—trips to Detroit—and thousands of dollars in gold. Membership is open to every boy in the U. S. between the ages of 12 and 19, inclusive. To enroll and obtain details, see your nearest General Motors car dealer.

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GENERAL MOTORS

1855 · SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY · 1930

Wherever beauty is deemed worth seeking

Women who love beauty in their surroundings and cultivate it in themselves are always enthusiastic about Crane bathrooms. To this temple of health and charm, Crane ideas have brought a beauty of decoration and design worthy of the purpose. From a purely practical standpoint, Crane plumbing is no less desirable. In town house or suburban cottage, it adds value far past its cost, saves many dollars in upkeep, puts off by years the time when obsolescence endangers the whole investment. Ask your architect. Buy from a Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer, always a highly skilled master plumber or heating contractor. For a view of all new plumbing possibilities, write for the book, *Homes of Comfort.*

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Just the **GIFT** *for a man* ...

HANDSOME ~ PRACTICAL ~ USEFUL

THE expert craftsmen who make the Prince Gardner billfold know what a man's billfold should be and do not overlook a single detail. Its finish is beautiful—none but the finest genuine leathers are used. The latest modern improvements in design (patents pending) are included. The Prince Gardner, folded, holds dozens of bills, without bulging or buckling. A dust-proof sliding card case keeps cards spotless. A host of papers and passes can be accommodated snugly. The Prince Gardner is truly a man's billfold—handsome, durable, useful.

Prince Gardner Key Case, built for long life.

Prince Gardner Self-Adjusting Cigarette Case.

Prince Gardner Key Cases and Cigarette Cases to match are obtainable.

Prince Gardner Billfolds are made in many different styles and leathers. Some popular numbers sell for $2.50, $3.50, $5.00, $7.50 & $10. Fully Guaranteed.

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Fine Personal Leather Goods
TRADE PG MARK

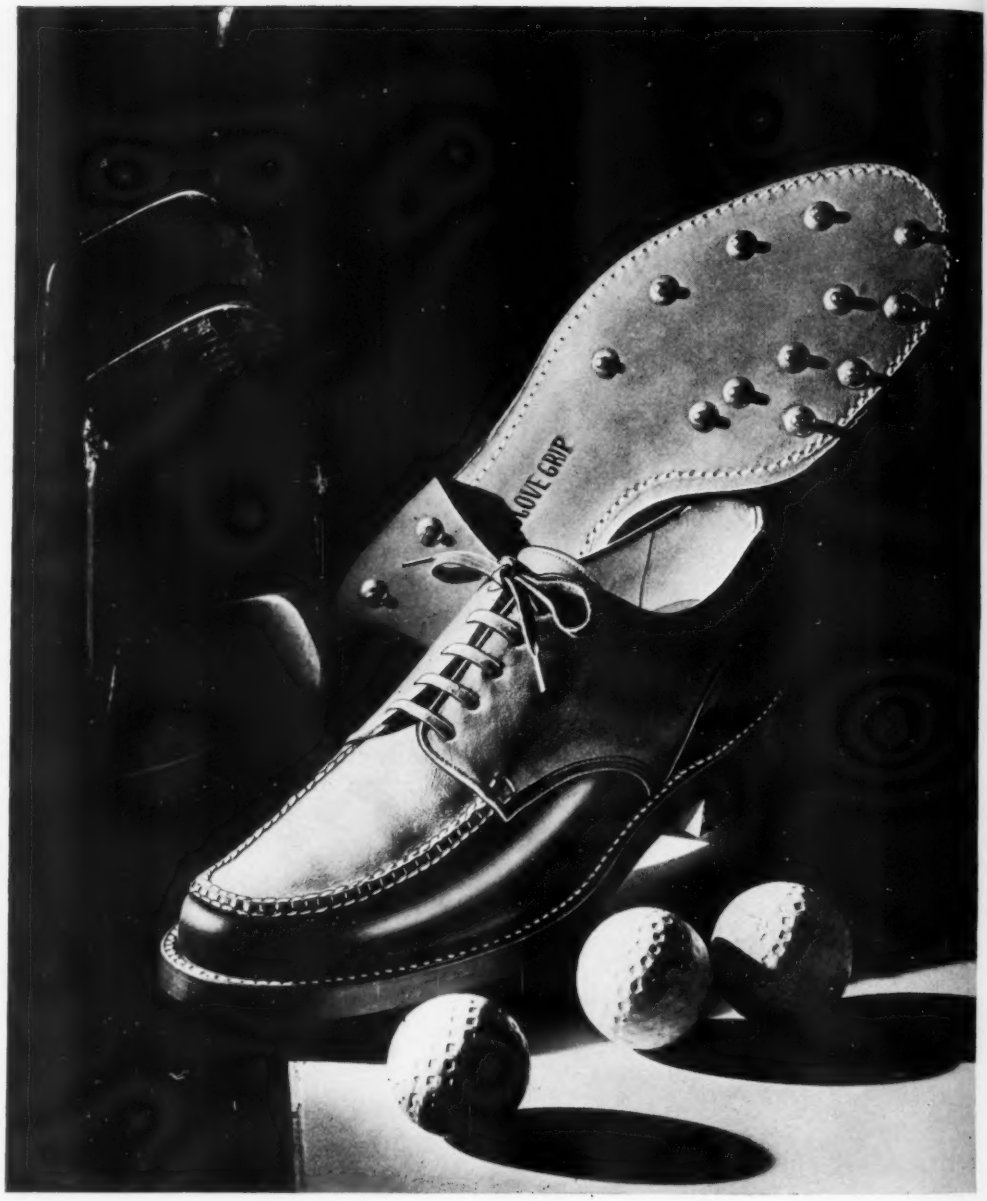
GARDNER POCKET BOOK MFG. CO. 1906 PINE ST., ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

For better golf and greater comfort—

THE ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP GOLF SHOE

with spiked soles or the new Darex non-skid soles

12.50



THIS is the golf shoe that ranks as one of America's most important contributions to the game. It is the shoe that is known to every golfer of note in the country, the shoe so many of them wear. It is observed in number at all tournaments. It is the smartest because so absolutely fitted to its purpose. It is the most comfortable because of its unique construction and many exclusive features, the glove-grip arch raises and gently supports the arch, allowing the foot muscles to flex normally. The spiked soles have riveted-in spikes. The Darex soles, though smooth, are permanently non-skid, waterproof, lighter than leather, and longer wearing. Shoes are the only part of a golfer's costume that affects his game—Arnold Glove-Grip Golf Shoes cannot help but improve your game.

Illustrated—The Arnoldeagle in brown elk-tanned leather. Also brown and tan, or white with brown or black. Darex or spiked soles. Women's or Men's sizes. Also—a plain saddle oxford in brown elk-tanned leather.

Four models for women
Three models for men

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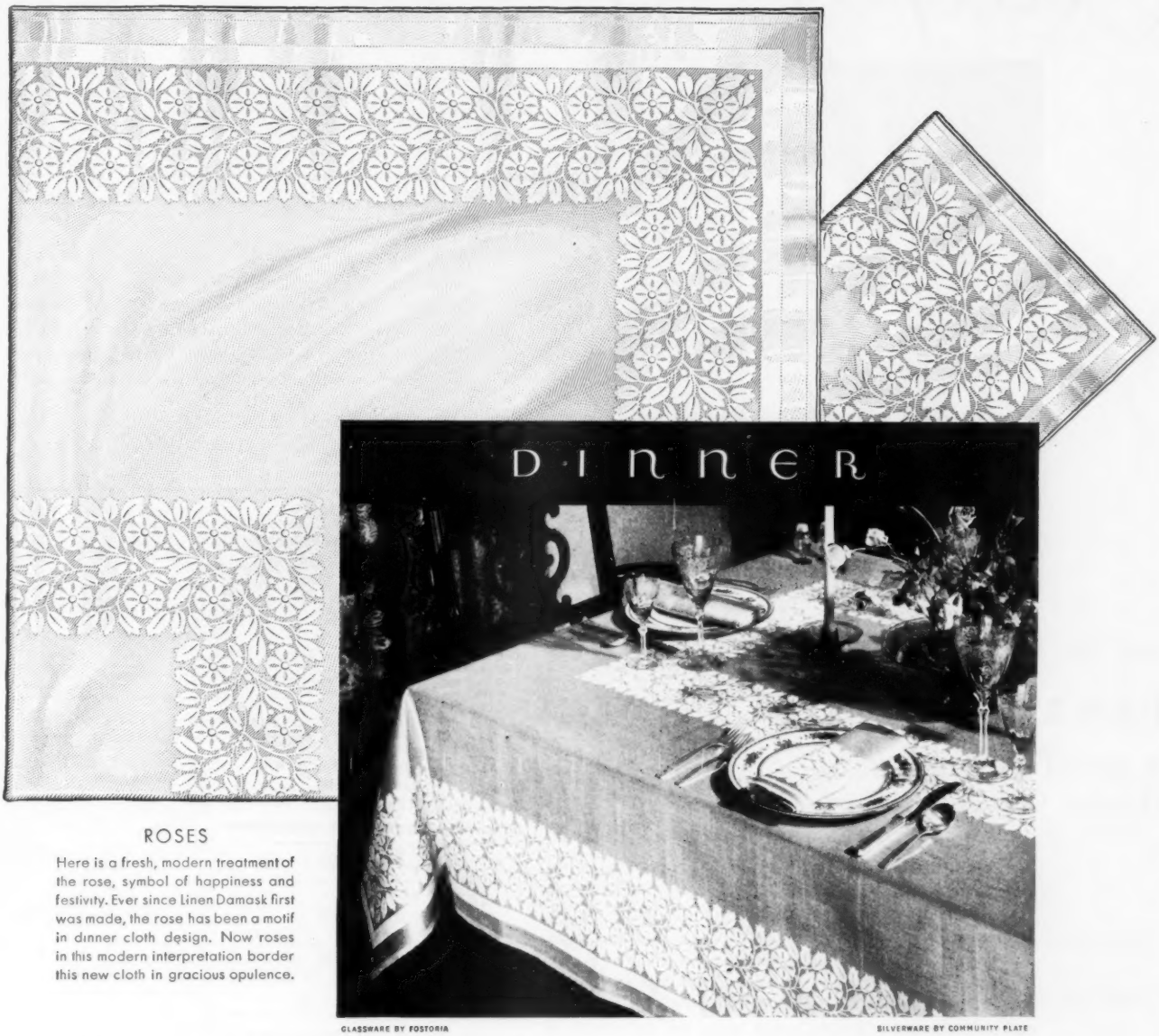
Linen Damask is GENIAL at Dinner



ROSES

Here is a fresh, modern treatment of the rose, symbol of happiness and festivity. Ever since Linen Damask first was made, the rose has been a motif in dinner cloth design. Now roses in this modern interpretation border this new cloth in gracious opulence.

GLASSWARE BY FOSTORIA

SILVERWARE BY COMMUNITY PLATE

ON THE dinner table, Linen Damask is friendly as candle-glow—serene as twilight. When the cares of the day are at their ebb, hospitality sparkles with laughter and shines with peace. Linen Damask creations by Irish and Scottish craftsmen offer many patterns, designed especially to enhance the genial atmosphere of the dining room at dinner.

Many lovely designs in Linen Damask for all occasions are pictured in a new booklet—*"New Beauty in Linen Damask Tablecloths."* Send ten cents to cover mailing, addressing Dept. L-11, The Irish and Scottish Linen Damask Guild, Inc., 260 West Broadway, New York.

LOVELY LINEN

DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS

impressively correct

SEE THE NEW IRISH AND SCOTTISH WEAVES AT LEADING STORES

California

and the

PANAMA PACIFIC ROUTE

a smart and delightful Winter Season interlude

Golf sticks are being put into condition for the Del Monte tournaments . . . beach pajamas are being chosen in the shops along the Avenue for the season at Coronado Beach. Stunning clothes are being bought for the races at Agua Caliente. Bookings are being made on the *California* . . . *Virginia* . . . *Pennsylvania* . . . for now the smart way to travel to the land of sunshine is by the Panama Pacific Line. And, naturally, these are the ships that enjoy the patronage of discriminating travelers. They offer every modern luxury . . . every comfort . . . every phase of social life. The gay whirl in Havana, where the ships first stop, has taken on the importance of an event in "the season." The sail through the Panama Canal will thrill the most blasé passenger. The sea trip itself has become a social requisite.

Sailings from New York and California fortnightly on these new turbo-electric liners, the largest, fastest, finest ships in Coast-to-Coast service.

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The requirements of all the better schools, their characteristics, and their differences are thoroughly described for you in Vogue's Book of Private Schools. You may have a copy with our compliments by writing to the Condé Nast Educational Bureau. Or we will be glad to advise you with regard to a more specific choice of a definite school. The book and our experience are at your disposal. Write to

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THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT

"I couldn't wish for a finer car than my Buick"

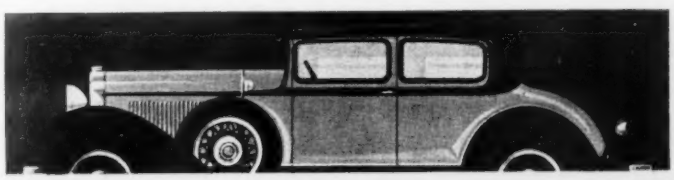
Among those fortunate people whose means are equal to their inclinations, there is a growing conviction that the new Buick Straight Eight affords all they could desire in fine straight eight manufacture.

And this . . . as you will discover when you view and drive The Eight as Buick Builds It . . . is the logical outgrowth of a degree of beauty, luxury and sparkling straight eight performance unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The wonder is that these fine Buicks with their Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engines, Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmissions and Insulated Bodies by Fisher can be priced so low.

For this we have to thank the discerning men and women of America, who have purchased more than twice as many new Buick Eights as any other eight in their price range during the three months since their introduction.

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in twenty luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

There's a deep inward satisfaction in the consciousness of hands gloved by Daniel Hays. The feel of fine leather. The assurance of correct styling. The inherent character apparent at a glance. All in all, the gratifying knowledge that whatever the style you choose no finer gloves can be found.

The Saratoga $5.00

The Plymouth $5.00

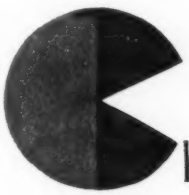
Daniel Hays Gloves

SINCE 1854
DANIEL HAYS
GLOVES

The Trenton $3.50

The Niagara $5.00

The Mohawk $5.00



hanges are infrequent in men's fashions and for that reason are welcome when they occur. There are new fashions now in effect and although some of the details are not in themselves new, there is a note of greater refinement of detail and a truer feeling for comfort.

This growing appreciation of fashion in men's dress is merely one phase of the development of the trend toward better taste and better living.

In this group of pages you will find the announcements of firms who are contributing to this development.

VANITY FAIR

for wear in town

Manhattan

The silk hat, sleek and shiny, for wear with tails and formal afternoon dress. Also being worn in London, Paris and New York with the dinner jacket. . . . $20 and $30

Manhattan Opera

The theatre . . . the entr'acte . . . the St. Regis roof . . . and *the opera hat,* correct for wear with dinner-jacket or tail coat. . . . $20 and $30

Supper Club

A soft black hat for wear with a dinner jacket, aptly called the Supper Club. Comfortable, and correct for informal evening parties. $10

The cap, a necessity in the wardrobe of the correctly turned out man. Correct for golf, shooting and various other sports. $4

Padley

The derby. An excellent and indispensable hat for business and town wear. . . . . $8 and $10

Wall Street

A bound-edge homberg...for large men. Precise and formal—for town and for business....$8 and $10

We believe that it was Adolph Menjou who said that a gentleman's wardrobe should contain fourteen hats. Whether fourteen is precisely the correct number does not matter. But what does matter is the fact that the correctly turned-out man always pays particular attention to his headwear. To be properly groomed, his headwear must conform in spirit to the rest of his attire.

In order to assist the American gentleman to be well-hatted, we have illustrated on these two pages a wardrobe

Bound-edge Gypsy Baron

As its name implies, this hat embodies grace and dignity. A proper hat for town and business wear. . . . . $8 and $10

a complete selection of flanul felt hats for the

town and country

Stadium

A new square crown snap brim soft hat for town or country wear. Can be worn with turned up or snap brim. . . . . $8 and $10

Handy

The English weight welt-edge hat for the man who likes a stiffer soft hat. Retains its original dignity, thru several seasons....$15 and $20

Snap Gypsy Baron

A snap-brim hat for the tall, slender man.... It has a narrow brim which may be worn turned up or snapped. . . . . $8 and $10

The beret, a form of headwear that owes its popularity to sojourners on the French Cote d'Azur, who copied it from the Basques.

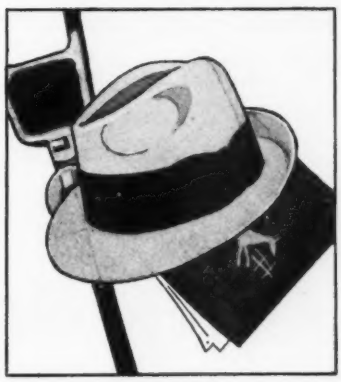
of hats for the Fall and Winter seasons that is unique for its completeness. There is a correct hat for every occasion and to the gentleman who is particular about his appearance, these pages will act as a headwear guide.

. . .

These hats are the products of Hodshon-Berg, Inc., Norwalk, Connecticut, manufacturers of Flanul Felt Hats, Berg and Hodshon Hats . . . for sale at distinctive shops throughout the country.

The Hankachif Weight

Light as the step of a polo pony, and correctly worn for sportswear. In a complete range of pastel colors. $6



Deerin

A light weight Camel Hair finish hat. Jaunty, pliable, and comfortable. Correct for sport wear or with camel's hair sport coat. Pastel colors and mixtures $8

Stadium (wide band)

A young man's hat for town and country wear. Narrow brim and tapered crown. Recommended particularly for spectator wear. An unusual color is Teakwood, a dark brown. . . . . $7.50 and $10

gentleman's wardrobe for the fall and winter

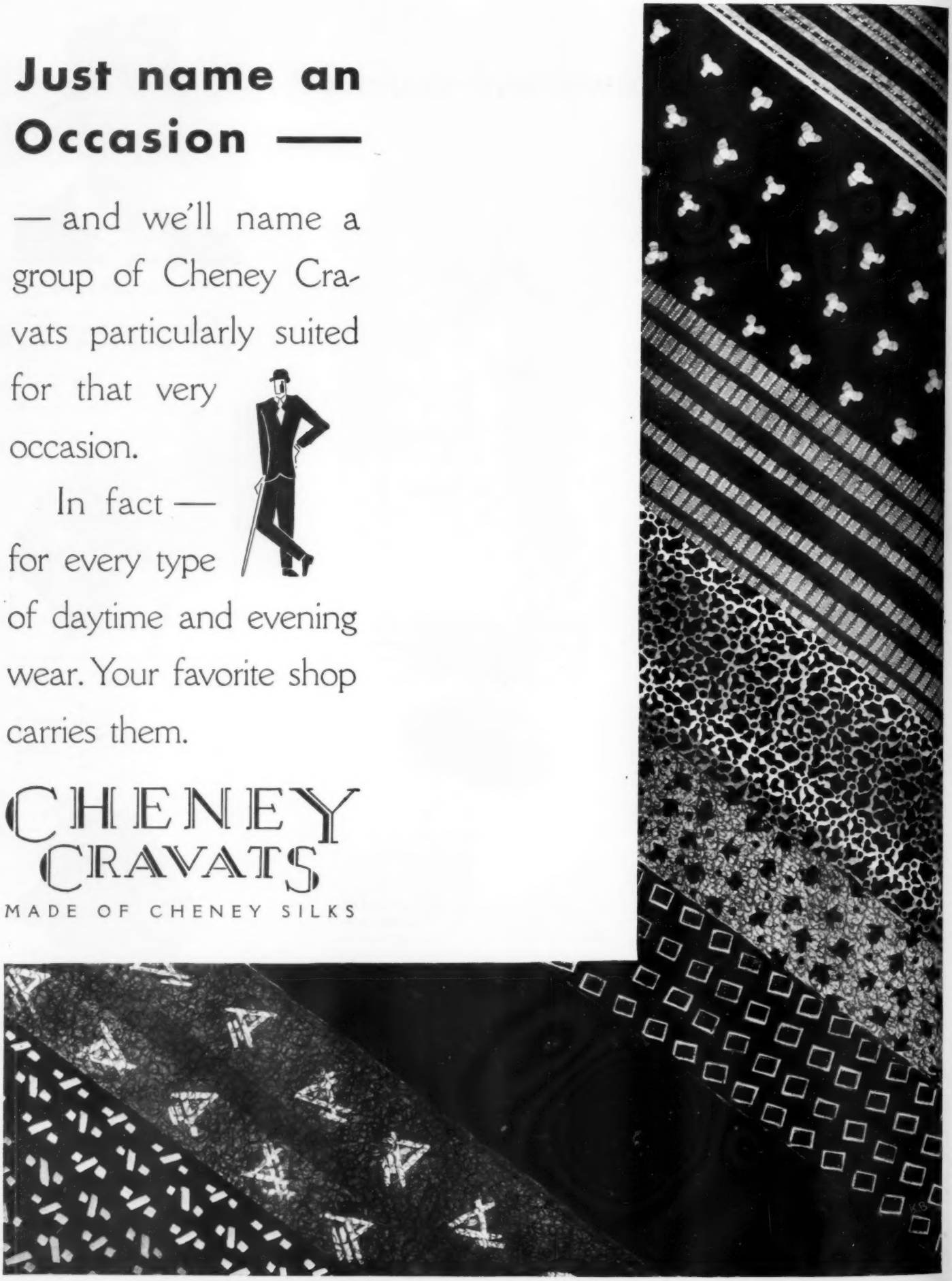
Adv.

Just name an Occasion ——

— and we'll name a group of Cheney Cravats particularly suited for that very occasion.

In fact — for every type of daytime and evening wear. Your favorite shop carries them.

CHENEY
CRAVATS
MADE OF CHENEY SILKS



Peer of the Realm OF FINE SHOES

The La Roque, illustrated, is heir to the proud Stacy-Adams tradition of expert craftsmanship . . . an aristocrat through and through. La Roque inclines gracefully to the mode of the tapering toe, without encroaching upon that inner comfort which is so essentially characteristic of the exclusive Stacy-Adams lasts. A gentlemanly shoe of the finest leather, flawlessly fashioned for those whose taste in the matter of dress and appearance is unassailable.

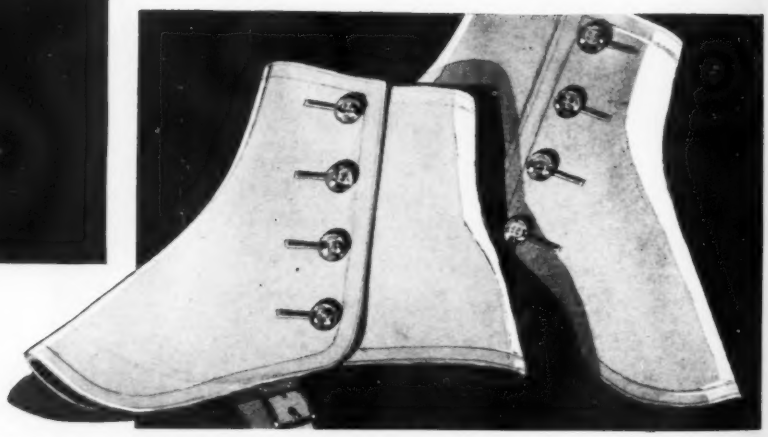
A custom grade shoe and within the Stacy-Adams price range of twelve-fifty to eighteen dollars. Stacy-Adams Company, Brockton, Mass.

Stacy-Adams Bench made shoes (hand made throughout) represent the extreme of foot elegance and value. A number of exclusive shops sell them at $25 to $35 the pair.

STACY-ADAMS

Custom Grade Shoes for Men

IT IS SMART TO BE COMFORTABLE



While men are anxious to be well-dressed—they insist upon being comfortably dressed. They have found that exposed ankles and cold weather do not agree—which explains the growing popularity of Spats. It is smart to be comfortable—and Spats are both comfortable and "smart". Spats must be right—right in design—in fit—in color. There is only one way to make sure. Insist upon "Standard" Spats—made by the world's largest manufacturers of fine spats. "Standard" Spats get their start in England where the cloth is woven, "fulled", pre-shrunk, sheared and pressed by men to whom the making of box-cloth for Spats is a fine art that has come down through generations.

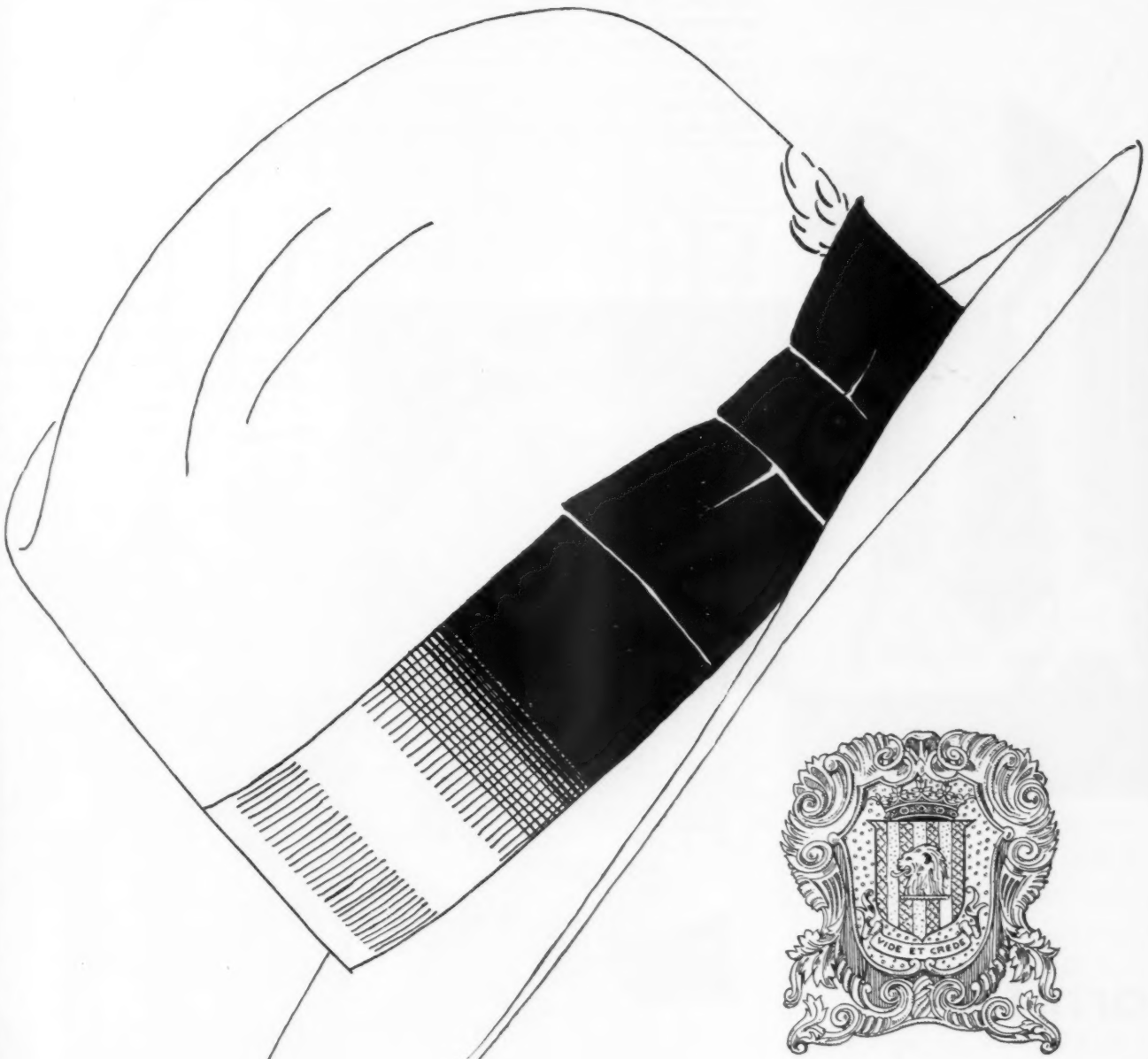
© 1930 by S. RAUH CO.

"Standard"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

S P A T S

S. RAUH & COMPANY, 650 Sixth Avenue, New York



The Finchley Hat

UNPARALLELED IN FINE CHARACTER, YOUTHFUL LINES AND SMART EFFECTIVENESS.

TEN DOLLARS

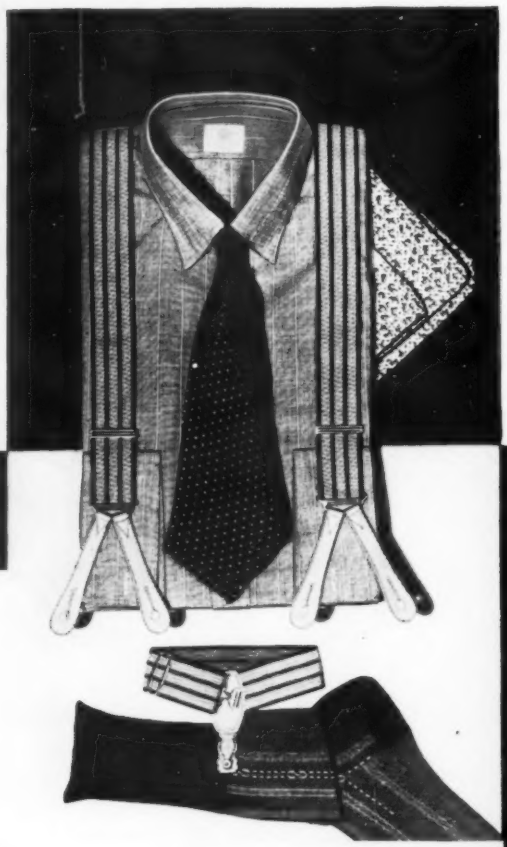
OTHERS FROM SEVEN TO TWENTY

AGENTS IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES

Born to Distinguished Company

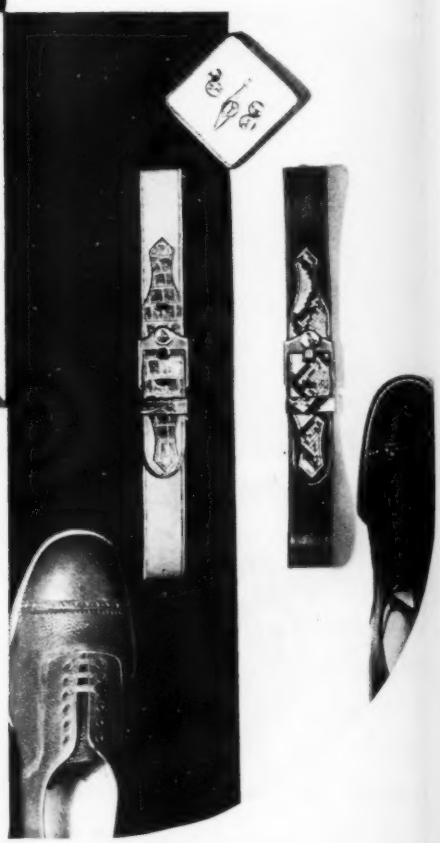
•In all truth, some of these items were born to go together. Take braces, for example. In reaching the color and pattern harmonies in Pioneer Braces, Pioneer worked out the designs and shades from actual possession of the ideas to be offered this Fall by leading producers of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, hose, shoes and even cuff-links.

(*Left*) *The lure of the dollar takes us to business in a smart turnout which has for its firm foundation a shirt of well-defined blue and white stripes, with French cord madras Dickey bosom, cuffs and detached collar, all starched. The black and white silk scarf of somber richness from the famous British looms at Spitalfields. The gay French print handkerchief in grey and white sounds a note of happy contrast. Smart Pioneer Braces in black and white to shoulder harmony's call.*



•It's a welcome relief to us average mortals to have style-work replace guess-work—to know that one's selections in Pioneer Braces and Belts or Brighton Garters are bound to find a happy echo in other accessories which go to make up the smart Fall ensembles.

(*Below*) *Here we reach a more sparkling note in leather harmonies. With tan and black calf oxfords are joined belts of calf with overlays in front of alligator and snake skin. Again the animal head decoration in crystal finds echo in the cuff-links and tie clasp. A touch of the unusual, perhaps, but the unusual of today is the mode of tomorrow. Belts by Pioneer.*



•In browsing about the better shops these bright Autumnal days, one cannot fail to be impressed by the *studied* unity of various items which go to make up the smart Fall ensembles. Many of these seem really to be born to go together.

(*Above*) *Imported grey madras shirt, with the bare suggestion of a white pencil stripe. Blue and silver Spitalfields silk scarf. Blue and white French print handkerchief. Then the soft ease of grey French lisle sox, brightened by hand-embroidered grey and white clox. Braces by Pioneer of black, white and red stripings, with Brighton Garters to match.*

A custom model with

QUICK PICK-UP

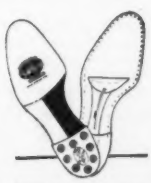
YOU'VE come to expect something more than foot covering from the shoes you wear on special occasions... your golf spikes must steady your stance... your storm brogues must keep out the weather... How about the shoes you walk about in every day? Are they just that much more for you to lift... or do they help lift you?

To induce the quickness of pace required by modern business, and to compensate the jolts of city pavements, Walk-Over has built into many of its custom models a special Main Spring* Arch. Its design, position and action are based on scientific principles. But the important thing is that it works out in practice. It actually picks up your speed, spirits and vitality.

BRISTOL, custom grade Walk-Over with Main Spring* Arch. Imported black calf $10

WALK-OVER

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE BEST HAT IS THE BEST BUY

If, like most people these days, you are looking carefully for *values* in the things you buy, consider this surprising fact about hats: More Stetson hats are sold, from eight dollars up, than any other brand —including hats whose strongest point is low cost. The men who buy Stetsons have learned that the best hat is the best economy. And by "best hat" we mean one that assures authentic, accepted style; one that will *wear* and hold its shape; one whose workmanship and materials permit no compromise with quality; one whose name makes a man glad to be associated with it. We mean a Stetson.

Many men like the informality of an unbound brim in their hats, but don't like to snap the brim down. For them this newest Stetson has been created—a hat that will hold its trim, smart shape through wind, weather and wear. Many fashionable colors for fall and winter; satin finish. Stetsons now begin at $8.

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON CO., PHILADELPHIA

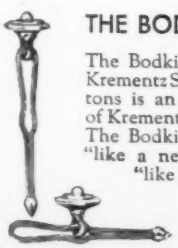
Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, panamas, leghorns, silk top hats, opera hats, caps. Also women's tailored hats for town, travel and country. Sold at the better stores.

LOOK AT YOUR HAT—EVERYONE ELSE DOES

HOW TO KNOW WHAT IS CORRECT!

KREMENTZ CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY

Both Full Dress and Tuxedo Sets come in handsome gift cases. Each set consists of three studs, a pair of links, and four vest buttons. It is essential, both for full dress and tuxedo, that vest buttons match the studs and links. ¶Selection may be made from a variety of shapes and designs to suit every degree of good taste—in either white or smoked mother-of-pearl. You wear Krementz Evening Jewelry with absolute assurance that it has social acceptance in the most distinguished gatherings. ¶Complete Sets in gift cases, from $7.50 to $35.



THE BODKIN CLUTCH

The Bodkin Clutch on the Krementz Studs and Vest Buttons is an exclusive feature of Krementz Evening Jewelry. The Bodkin Clutch goes in "like a needle", and holds "like an anchor".

WHILE the question of what is correct in evening jewelry for men is an easy one to ask, it is also an easy one to answer.

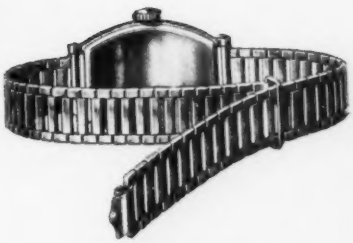
You either look to the smart social gatherings of Europe and America, or to the better shops throughout the world which feature Krementz Jewelry for Men.

Indeed, the name *Krementz* is not only a "hall-mark" for Quality, but a synonym for Style and Good Taste.

Write us for illustrated booklet containing *"Correct Dress Chart for all occasions."*

KREMENTZ & CO.
Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866
Newark, New Jersey

KREMENTZ
Gift
JEWELRY FOR MEN



KREMENTZ "SELF-ADJUSTABLE" WATCH BAND

Today men everywhere accept the wrist watch band as an established convenience. In this *newest* Self-Adjustable Wrist Watch Band, Krementz has adapted the "ribbon-band" principle and developed, as the illustrations show, a man's type of band that is self-adjustable to *any* size wrist. By means of a "Grab Fast Hook" you can tighten or loosen it to just the right feeling size. These new Krementz Wrist Watch Bands are of all precious metal. Various style links to select from. Prices from $7.50 to $20.00.

This "Grab Fast Hook" can be snugly snapped to any link of the band. That is why and how it is *self-adjustable* to *any* size wrist.

Corduroy

to the fore!

Sports togs are going corduroy. Trim knickers for Southern fairways. Rugged outfits for Northern sports. Allweather coats for roadster and side lines. Suave jackets for club lounge. ...Decidedly, the trend is swinging toward corduroy.

Not the corduroy of marble days—but a newer, more mature corduroy which smacks of cowl and cockpit... Victoroy, it's called.

Hockmeyer has developed this new corduroy to the final word of smartness. In soft, free draping finishes which tailor with masculine abandon. In rich, light shades which blend perfectly with sportsman modes.

One eyeful of the easy swing of a finished garment of Victoroy and you'll make a mental vow, forthwith, not to lock your wardrobe until corduroy hangs inside.

HOCKMEYER
VICTOROY
SETS
THE SPORTSWEAR
TREND
TOWARD
CORDUROY

HOCKMEYER BROS · INC
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF VICTOROY
THE CORDUROY FOR STYLE IN SPORTSWEAR
345 BROADWAY · NEW YORK

NOTE THE SMART *New Curve*

• "Cutaway" pockets replace straight lines with graceful curves, eliminate bulk, reduce weight, make this newest Bill-Tainer highly individual, appreciably smarter. Patented stitchless construction permits the fine, hand-tooled finish.

• (Below) The partition Bill-Tainer, in Ostrich Inlay. This most popular of billfolds, efficiently organizes all pocket miscellany. Folding construction keeps it always flat and shapely; empty or full, it cannot buckle or bulge.

The new trade-mark identifies the genuine Buxton Bill-Tainer.

No stitches to rip or tear!

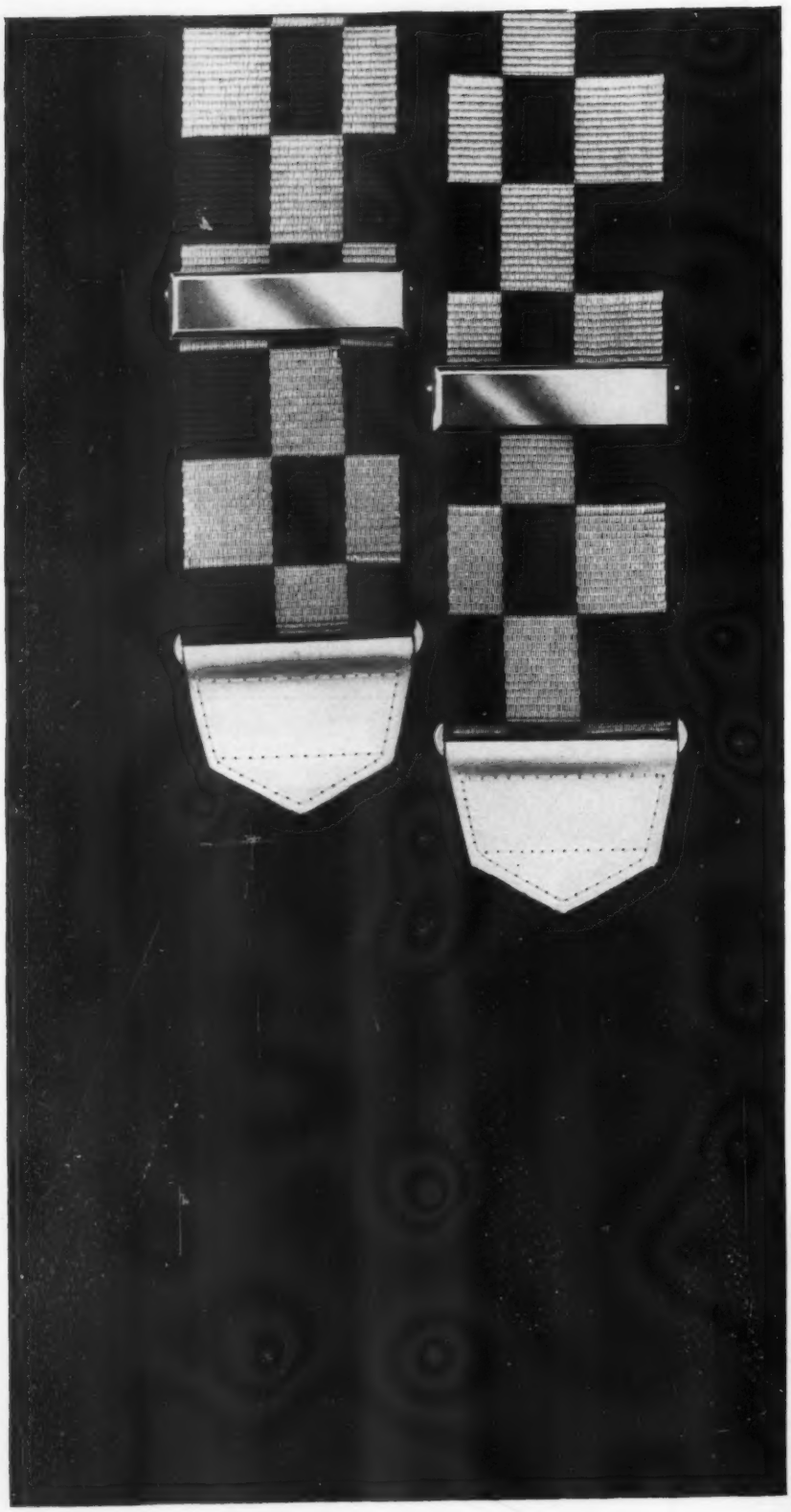
That means longer life, of course. With no threads to pull, no seams to wear out, the Bill-Tainer lasts as long as its leather.

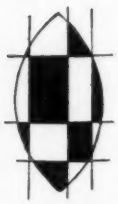
It means also greater convenience in use, as well as a more pronounced flatness, a smart slimness. For the Bill-Tainer's folding construction permits it to expand with its contents. Empty or full, it is always flat and shapely.

The models shown are in Ostrich Inlay. Other leathers, other styles and sizes—$2.50 to $15. At most dealers', or write Buxton, Inc., 516 Main Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Buxton
BILL-TAINERS

NOT A STITCH TO RIP OR TEAR





The PRESIDENT SUSPENDER even the modish English Braces style . . . is always modestly priced . . . But why pay more when there is no better suspender made than President . . .

President BRACES AND GARTERS

MADE BY THE
PRESIDENT SUSPENDER COMPANY
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President

WORLD FAMOUS PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS . . . . . PRESIDENT GARTERS
SPORT BELTS . . . BATHING BELTS . . . ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS

You can't buy this pair of shoes—but your dealer will be glad to show you a pair very much like it. Wherever well-shod feet are found this Fall, you will see them encased in just such stout oxfords, in plain lines or in brogue patterns. The man who selects the shoe of the moment with a watchful eye on his suit, the occasion, and the season of the year—in other words, the man who knows what's what, has put aside his summer-weight shoes for a warmer day. From now until Easter his shoes will be the type shown in the illustration . . . some in black and some in brown, some plain and some in gayer patterns, but always with a seasonable weight of upper-leather, and a sturdy, self-reliant sole that outwits the most changeable weather.

HOW well-dressed MEN get that way

For a free copy of this booklet write to Executive Advertising Committee, 14th floor, 260 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

SHOES MARK the MAN

For correct styles in shoes as well as for correct fitting, consult shoe merchants who display this emblem.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

Well-dressed Men Come Out of this Box

Engraved on every Nofade-COCOON *Box is the price at which the shirt is sold. It is our guarantee that you get this extraordinary shirt value at the low price that we make possible. Priced from*

$1.65 *to* $4.95

YOU'LL look well-dressed and you'll feel well-dressed when you slip into a Nofade-COCOON Shirt. For here's the shirt which has everything you expect only in custom-finished shirts. Take it, fresh and clean, from its individual box.... feel the woven luxury of its exclusive Cocoon Cloth, the finest shirting of its kind.... examine the skilled needlecraft with which its 30 expertly-cut pieces have been assembled. There's real distinction in its tailored smartness, its correct style. And you'll find real satisfaction in this shirt whose collar *stays* your size, thanks to hours of pre-shrinking ....in the fact that your exact sleeve-length is offered in all collar sizes.... in the knowledge that no laundering can fade the nine smart colors, colors which harmonize with any wardrobe. Nofade-COCOON is a shirt for the man who's hard to please. Your haberdasher has it in its individual box, holding it untouched, immaculate, for you.

Nofade
COCOON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
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Manufactured by The NOFADE-COCOON CORPORATION, *1239 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

JAEGER POLO COATS

WITH SKINNER LININGS

BRITISH INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAM—1930
Reading from left to right: Captain Pat Roark (Captain), No. 3; Lewis Lacey, No. 2; Captain CharlesTremayne (non-playing Captain); Gerald Balding, No. 1; Major Leonard Avery, Manager; Humphrey Guinness, No. 4.

WHEN MAJOR LEONARD AVERY, manager of the English polo team, ordered coats for the members of the squad on their arrival in New York (as worn by three of the players in the above illustration), he chose fine materials and workmanship.

PURE CAMEL HAIR . . . by JAEGER
SILK LININGS . . . . by SKINNER

These visiting Englishmen know styles and they know fabrics. They are accustomed to buy and wear none but the best.

And they chose *linings* which a very large percentage of the smartly-dressed people who watched them play the American team, wear as a matter of course, day after day, in their own suits and topcoats.

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Long ago, before the recording of Time, a certain King among Lions became enamoured of a Marmoset. Ah Chu set but one condition to their marriage—for Ah Chu is wise as Patron Saint of the Animals—that the Lion sacrifice his strength and his size for Love. The Lion accepted Ah Chu's decision.

The son of their marriage was the Pekingese . . . all the tenderness of the Marmoset in his eyes . . . the noble dignity of the Lion in his bearing . . . the billowing standard of pomp above his neck.

True aristocracy of environment is his due. Centuries have seen him occupy a position of honor in the Imperial precincts of China. His every appearance in the Occident marks him the beloved of some one bred to refinement . . . poise . . . discernment.

Elegant of mien . . . lively of disposition . . . quiet and aloof of appearance—such is the Pekingese. His heart is the heart of the wise—for he is unobtrusive, but affectionate no end, if he knows you are willing to let him show it. He can prove his companionship as important to you as his flair for pure ornamentation.

If it be your wish to own a Pekingese . . . claim him now. Or if less regal, more sportive dogs attract your fancy, these kennel advertisers can help you decide which kind it shall be. If you need help, or have canine questions to ask, address

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Hawaii in Winter is Glorious With Color. Blue waters are tinged with shades stolen from the skies . . . . Folds of fluffy mists don the crimson glow of sunset . . . . then pile the heavens with mosques of pearl and star-crowned minarets . . . . The dark of great groves of coco-palms marches down to spangled surf and sands silvery in tropic moonlight . . . There is laughter and the throb of vibrant ukulele . . . . the sigh of the scented sea.

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...AND NOW I HAVE BEEN TO ANGKOR
THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF THE AGES

Angkor Wat—Who wouldn't feel strange and dreamy and romantic? I have wandered at sunset through the heart of a dead city. Over choked moats and courtyards grown with trees. 2000 years ago, it was the fabled city of the Orient. It flourished in a golden reign. Over a million people crowded its streets. Today it is dead and deserted. We don't know a single name of a single person. Not a record remains. Only the whirring of bats and the rustling of leaves. So much for fame! Curious and strange... I turned down a vaulted hall to follow a storied carving. A royal barge in a sea of fish . . . Like a story in the Old Testament. Shapely harem queens in domestic battle. (The world hasn't changed much). And farther on, war in earnest. Warriors in Hindu headdress, in Chinese dragon masks, and Greek-like spears, shields and spiked clubs. And then, the cavalry—mounted on elephants, tigers, horses, oxen, rhinoceroses, ostriches, deer—even mythical dragons. *Miles* of untold stories locked in stone. Egypt's Pyramids, and Italy's Pompeii are dwarfed beside the grandeur of Angkor! Somewhere I heard voices! *Here?* I crossed my fingers before a startling Buddha with a finger to his lips. Suddenly I came upon them—the faithful monks of Angkor. *Bonzes.* Droning Buddhist prayers—as they pad the ancient halls. The yellow robed monks who never forsake Angkor.

1:00 p. m.—Back to the hotel for luncheon. Pink lotus buds on our table, and a tinkling fountain in the garden. French food, iced and wined drinks—everyday fare. And I have just stepped out of the First Century.

Evening—Tonight we walked through a village to watch the temple dancers. Around the palm flares, little groups of natives sat on their heels, caressing snake-skin drums and muffled gongs. With a sharp crash of cymbals, the Cambodian dancers stalked rhythmically out of the shadows. These then, are the Heavenly Dancers—like those of stone in the dead city. Not one bit have they changed in 2000 years. Oriental gestures—strange beyond belief. By the time the moon arose, they had disappeared into the shadows again.

Thursday—Bangkok is a box of surprises! A city of coroneted temples, flashing jewels in the sun. As cosmopolitan as Cairo. Some of the races I counted in the streets were Siamese, Laos, Chinese, Malay, French, Cambodian, Burmese, Indians, Annamites, and Shans. Britishers in smart pith helmets. Brown moguls in striped sarongs. These fancy gilded temples fascinate me. At the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, golden elephants guard the entrance. The mysterious idol sits on a jeweled dais 60 feet high. Hair and collar of the Buddha are made of pure gold, studded with diamonds and rubies. Did you ever see a Buddha reclining? Well, you'll see all kinds of 'em in Bangkok. In the Wat of the Sleeping Buddha, there's exactly 150 feet of reclining deity, covered with gold leaf . . . and little else.

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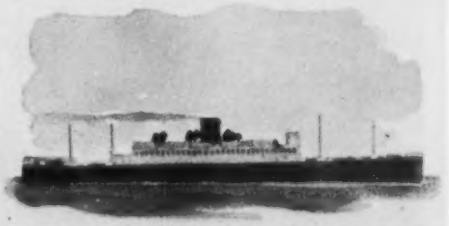
Singapore—This trip has far exceeded our most lavish dreams. Languid days in lovely Japan, our stopover in China, the Philippines and Java. I feel sorry for those people who rush around the world and spend only a day in each place. They can never know the Orient as we have learned to know it.

At Sea S.S. President Adams—Ahead lies Ceylon, pendant jewel on the breast of India. And starting point for Khyber Pass, the Taj Mahal, Kashmir and Darjeeling. Gird up your imagination! Beyond lies the Red Sea, Egypt and Europe. I have seen strange places and odd races all over the globe. The whole world is my oyster now!

Note: This is the sixth of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing to Dept. 6-C of the nearest Passenger Office listed below.



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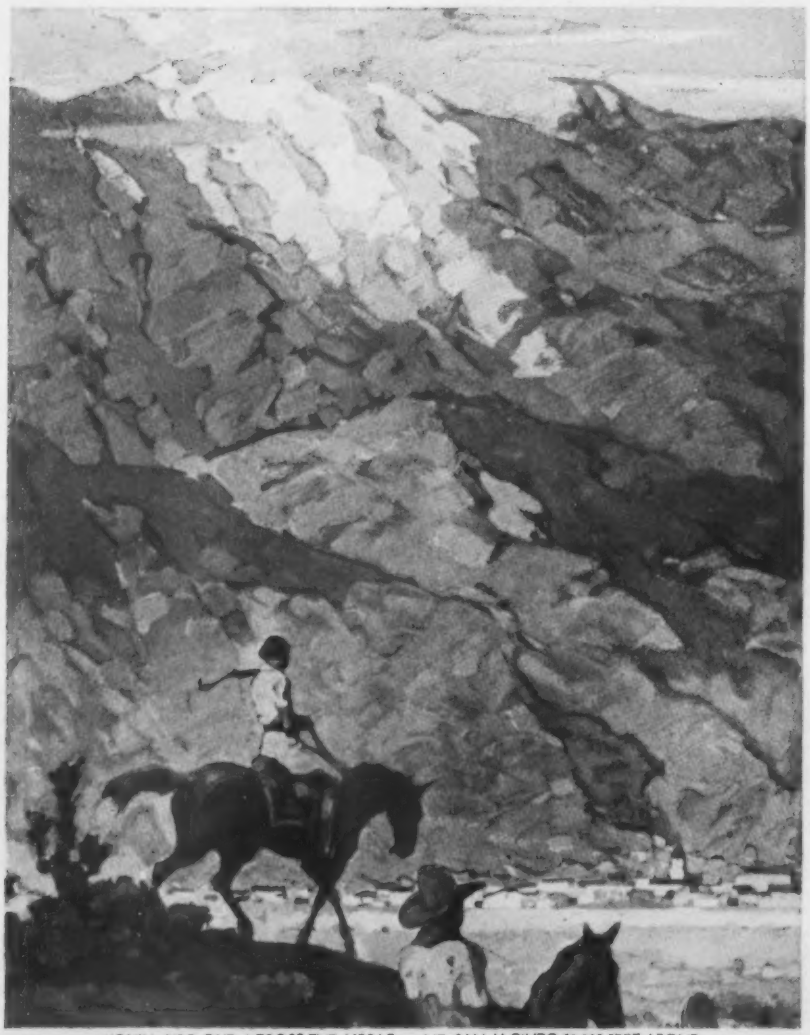

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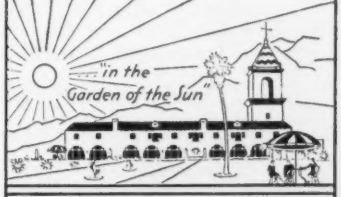

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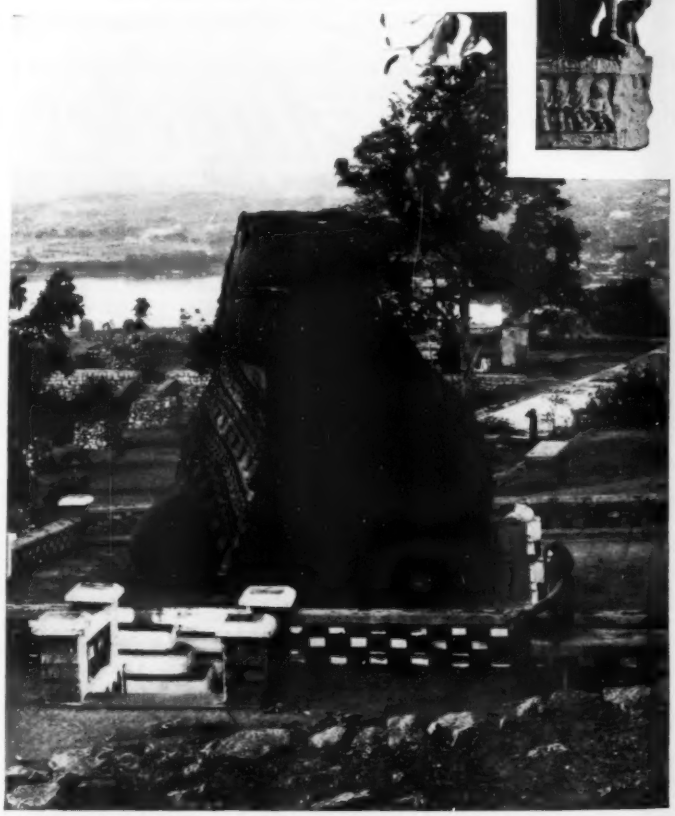

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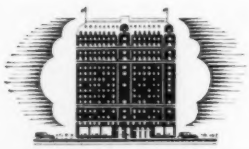

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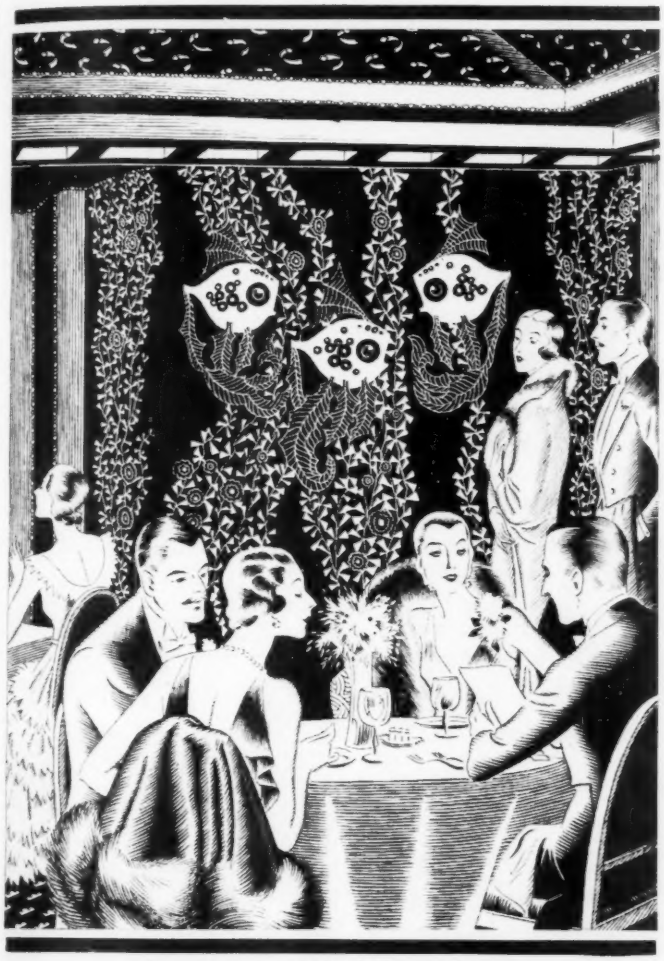

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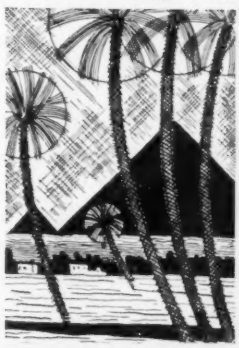

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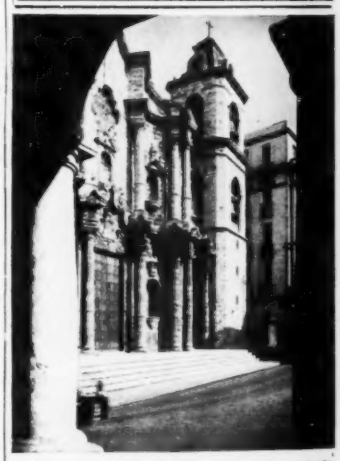

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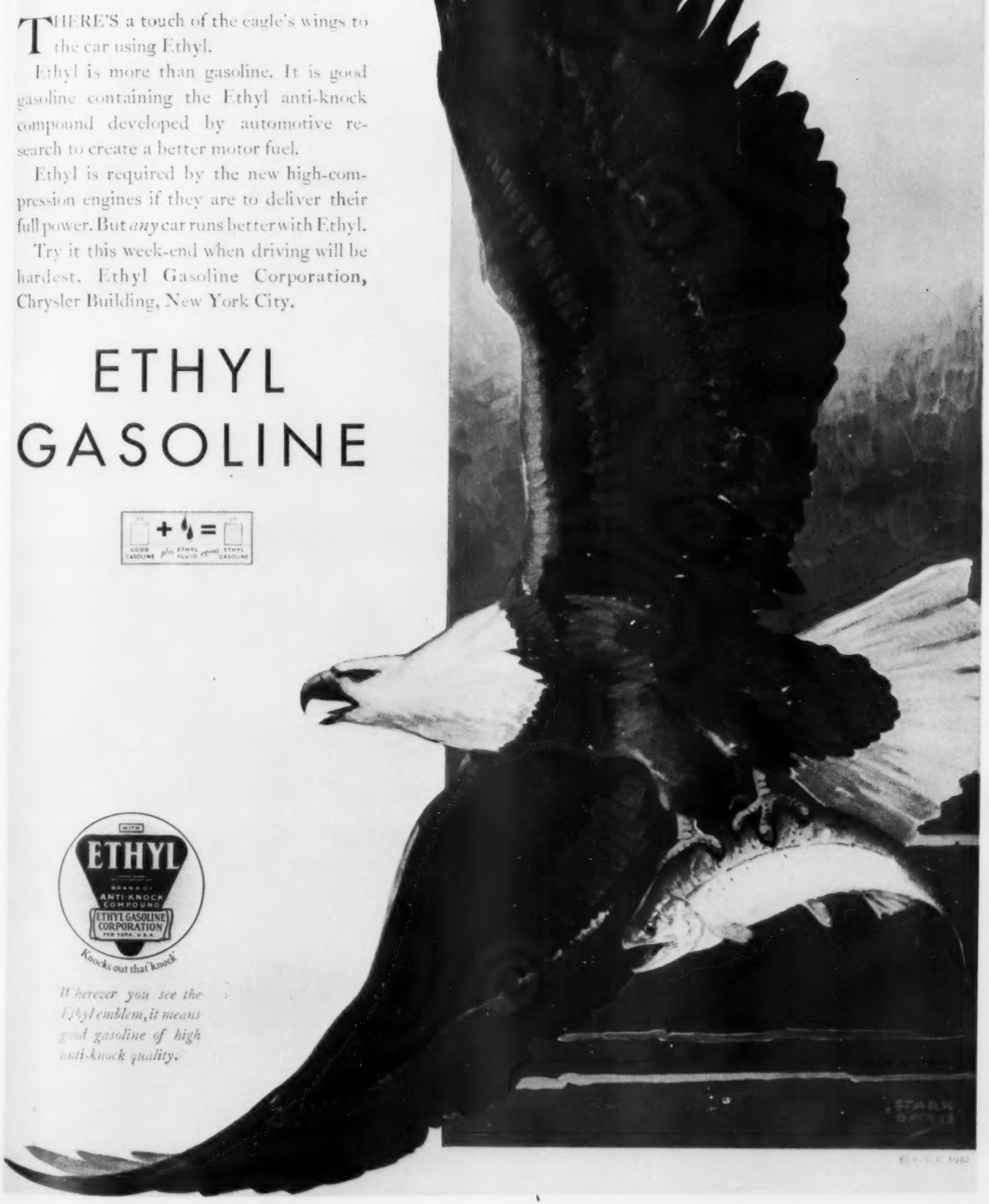

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Editor, Author, Philosopher

Walter Lippmann, the editor of the New York *World*, has long been rec-

ognized as exerting a far-reaching influence on public opinion, both in his brilliant and penetrating editorials and in his own writings. His most recent book, *A Preface to Morals*, has been acclaimed by able and serious critics as a remarkable contribution to contemporary philosophy. Mr. Lippmann has been variously a free-lance journalist, a book reviewer, and the editor of several magazines, including the *New Republic*.

During the War, he was assistant to Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker. He was later commissioned a captain in the Military Intelligence Division. After the Armistice, at the request of Colonel House, Mr. Lippmann was asked to prepare a memorandum on President Wilson's famous *Fourteen Points*. This Commentary was later used as a constant reference work at the Peace Conference. Nevertheless, during these busy years, Walter Lippmann found time to publish several books, notably, *Public Opinion*, *The Phantom Public*, and *Men of Destiny*.

There is certainly no journalist or author in America today better equipped, both by wide personal experience and deep natural insight, to analyze political and public problems, or to dissect the machinations and reactions of governments, and the attitudes of men, than this critic, who is bitter but unprejudiced, ruthless yet constructive. *A Theory on Corruption*, an article inspired by the recent charges against the Tammany-Walker administration in New York City, which appears on Page 61 of this issue, begins a series of articles on public affairs which Walter Lippmann will contribute regularly to *Vanity Fair*.

Soapsud Saint

Dear Sir: Please slaughter Kathleen Norris as soon as you find a spare moment. She irritates me beyond measure. She uses syrup for ink and a soiled table cloth for paper. She is a sentimentalist and, I suppose, has her place in the magazines devoted to making women see poetry in dishwashing and romance in laundering babies' napkins. . . . Our perception of life at present includes sordidness, but why dramatize it to seem life itself? . . . The worst of it is that she uses the power of sacred subjects like home and mother, about which few of us think clearly, if at all. . . . So please, I beg of you, use your sharp sword of ridicule upon this creature who has glorified poverty, drudgery, disease and dullness.

Aurita Payson Madden
Portland, Oregon
See page 77

Hollywood revealed

Following are excerpts from a form letter received by the editors of *Vanity Fair* from Carl Laemmle. The italics are *Vanity Fair's* own:

Dear Sirs: Realizing that as a critic of numerous plays and photoplays you gain a clear insight into "public taste" in plays, as President of the Universal Pictures Corporation I intrude upon your busy day to ask your consideration of an important and unusual matter.

In producing motion pictures *we must depend entirely upon the principle of pleasing the public.* . . .

Will you be kind enough to give me your views on the procedure the American film industry should pursue to *give the American public more of what it wants?* . . . How can *the industry* make motion pictures more useful to the American public as a form of *public utility?* Cordially yours

Carl Laemmle

While Mr. Laemmle's disinterested desire to "serve the public" is quite as commendable in him as it is in the scores of automobile manufacturers, electric light and transit companies who claim to hold the same altruistic attitude, it is not this which is significant in his open letter. This lies in the thought that if Mr. Laemmle is a fair representative of Hollywood, then Hollywood stands condemned, or rather, defined out of its own mouth. It should cease forever all talk of the "art of the cinema" when one of its own high priests refers to it as a "form of public utility" and industry, and admits that its procedure is to "give the public more of what it wants". It is quite likely that neither great art nor literature, nor even the most lax theories of education, have ever been based upon this concern. Unlike the cinema, whose principle it is "to please the public", sincere artists have sought to give the public either what was good for it or what, by its purgative or aesthetic qualities might inspire it to be something other than it is.

Objections to Lethe

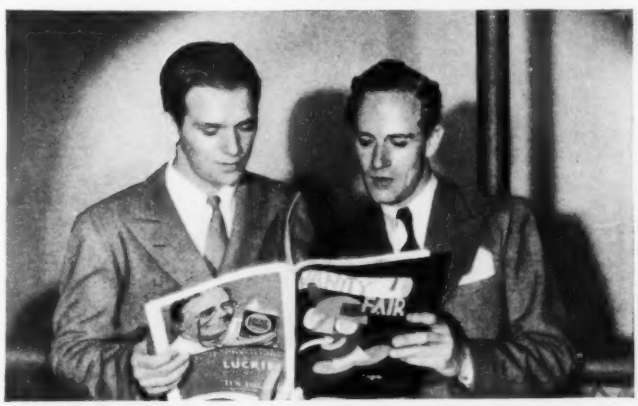
Sirs: The recent scandalous pages that have appeared in your magazine, nominating for Oblivion people of the calibre of Thomas Heflin, Sr., Royal S. Copeland, and Mrs. Rose Hobart, only call forth ridicule at your ignorant presumption. These people, in their public capacities, have tried their best to serve their country. By what right do the editors of *Vanity Fair* appoint themselves judges of their fellow-men? Have they forgotten the poet, who said:

"There's so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
It hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

Louise H. Richards
Detroit, Michigan

The editors must have had in mind the other great poet who wrote:

"The world is so full of a number
of folks,
I am sure we should never be hard
up for jokes."



These two scrivening Thespians

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., author, caricaturist and cinema star, and Leslie Howard, also an author and actor of note, are shown here indulging in their favourite indoor hobby—reading *Vanity Fair*. Of course, this may be further explained by adding that they are probably reading aloud to each other their own articles, which were recently published simultaneously. Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are at present jointly appearing in *Outward Bound*, the talking picture version of Sutton Vane's play by the same name. On the screen Mr. Howard plays the stage rôle made famous by Alfred Lunt. *So You Want to Go on the Stage*, an article by Mr. Howard, on page 55 of this issue, is the salutary advice of a young, highly successful actor to all stage-struck boys and girls.

PORTRAIT OF THE HON. RODNEY LEROY STONÉ OF LONDON

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VANITY FAIR

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—Editor DONALD FREEMAN—Managing Editor

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BLANK-STOLLER

OWEN D. YOUNG

A leader of American industry who served as Chairman of the Second Committee of Experts and took war debts out of politics

■ "Country boy makes good" is the title of every picture of this supremely useful citizen, Owen D. Young, whose honorary degrees would paper a bedroom, who carries more clubs in *Who's Who* than does Bobby Jones in the National Open, and who serves on so many directorates that the list of his companies reads like the utilities section of the "Big Board".

In addition, Owen D. Young's public services have been so notable as to justify the Democrats in grooming him as a sort of electrical dark horse for 1932. He served on President Wilson's First Industrial Conference, President Harding's Conference on Unemployment; in 1924, as a member of the First Committee of Experts, he virtually wrote the "Dawes Plan"; in 1928-29, as Chairman of the Second Committee of Experts, almost single-handed, he put over the "Young Plan", which took German Reparations and the War Debts out of international politics. Although he approaches public affairs with that moral solemnity which most Americans confuse with statesmanship, the Democrats and the country could do far worse than to insist on nominating him as the best answer to "Republican prosperity"

VANITY FAIR

THE NEXT WAR • BY JAY FRANKLIN

■ A Scotch professor warned an audience at Williamstown the other day that the next war would come within five or ten years. His statement must be discounted because of his obvious desire to stampede us towards Geneva. Other observers put it at fifteen years. All political realists are agreed, however, that the decade from 1940 to 1950 should witness the next big war. More soldiers are under arms in Europe to-day than in 1914 and military and naval budgets are larger and more significant than in the pre-war world. Moreover, war has never really ceased since the signature of the Armistice in 1918. Several embarrassing "little wars" were actually in progress on the very day the German and Allied plenipotentiaries signed the Treaty of Versailles. Three large-scale European conflicts have occurred since the end of the German war—the Russo-Polish war of 1919-1921, the Greco-Turkish war of 1919-1922, and the Franco-Spanish campaigns against the Riffi in Morocco—leaving aside the multitudinous and sufficiently sanguinary operations in Egypt, the Hedjaz, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Kurdestan, India, Haiti and Nicaragua. And all through these years the Chinese Civil War has rolled majestically onward, devastating provinces, killing and wounding scores of thousands of human beings, and impoverishing the most industrious and thrifty race on the face of the globe.

Against this ceaseless torrent of human violence, pacific statesmanship has constructed a few paper levees—the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Protocol of the Court of International Justice at The Hague, the Locarno Treaties, and the Multilateral Pact for the Renunciation of War as an Instrument of Policy—but these barricades, as will presently be shown, are an actual provocation of the very violence which they piously proscribe.

■ The plain fact is that the world can afford a first-class war only once a generation. The generation which fights a war decides, with the phlegmatic dough-boy of 1918, that it will never love another country. However, as that generation passes the fighting age it becomes progressively more belligerent. The generation which follows a war generation becomes bored with peace and thoroughly indoctrinated with bellicose ideas. As the war generation takes over the task of statesmanship, it precipitates the next war for which the younger generation is yearning. The average human generation consists of twenty-five years, which represents the average interval between wars. For example, from the end of the Revolution to the beginning of the War of 1812 was twenty-nine years, from the end of that war to the beginning of the Mexican War was thirty years, from the Mexican War to the Civil War was sixteen years, from the Civil War to the war with Spain was thirty-three years, and from the Spanish War to our entry into the War against Germany was nineteen years. Reckoning on this basis from 1918, the next war should come about 1943. The fundamental cause of this next war is the generation which will come of age in the decade from 1940 to 1950.

The starting point of the next war is conveniently indicated by the "Peace" Treaties—Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon and Neuilly—by which the victors sought to enshrine their political and moral superiority over Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. These documents applied the Wilsonian dogma of "self-determination" on the Liberty Loan principle—they gave until it hurt; the moment it became painful to themselves, the victors stopped giving. The result was a lopsided arrangement by which the self-determinant peoples were all found on enemy soil or where convenient to the foreign policy of the victors. The British swallowed the territorial arrangements of Brest-Litovsk in order to push Russia back from the Baltic; Clemenceau hedged the Reds from Europe with his delightful *cordon sanitaire*. Austria-Hungary was divided between seven countries, including the shrunken territories of Austria and Hungary. Germany was cut off from East Prussia, pushed east of the Rhine and an attempt was made to get the Danes to oust the terrible Teutons from the strategically important Kiel Canal. Bulgaria lost the Dobrudja to Roumania, was cut off from the sea, by Greece, and lost sections of Macedonia to Yugoslavia. Turkey was to have been stripped of her Arab-and-oil-bearing lands and divided into spheres of British, French and Italian influence. The first part of the autopsy was completed when the corpse came alive and erased with the sword of Kemal what the supple Sultan had signed at Sèvres. As many nations as possible were made *participes criminis* in the rendition of the Fourteen Points by the European Concert. Even Belgium was given Eupen-Malmédy to align her with the peace-guilty nations. The British Dominions were awarded the less arable of the German colonies, the Mother Country naturally receiving "mandates" for the more notable mineral and agricultural areas. The Japanese were recipients of Greek gifts in the shape of islands inconvenient to the United States and of concessions inconvenient to the Chinese. Only the fact that there was no core left, except Armenia—which we did not want anyhow—prevented the United States from receiving a territorial badge of complicity. Under the circumstances, we promptly decided that the Treaties were cynical and declined to guarantee them for the convenience of the victors.

■ In consequence, the entire European Continent seethes with explosive unsettled controversies, dangerous racial and national animosities, and crawls with a host of secret treaties, while it supports armies greater than those of 1914 and irreconcilable policies as pregnant with disaster as those of 1914. Austria and Italy are at odds over the Italianization of the Austrian Tyrol, one of the few crimes committed at Versailles which weighed on Wilson's conscience. Yugoslavia, allied to France, under a ruthless dictatorship, gloats over the beaten Bulgars, talks of the Italian "menace" and gazes concupiscently upon Albania. Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia—also allied to France and to Yugoslavia by the Little Entente—cannot forgive the Hungary which they have wronged. The Czechs resolutely rule Magyar minorities in Slovakia; the Roumanians despoil the Magyars in the huge territory of Transylvania, which was Hungarian soil for a thousand years. Bucharest also watches Russia with anxiety, having purloined the Russian territory of Bessarabia, without even formal reference to the fact of Russian sovereignty. Germany hates the Polish Corridor which cuts her off from East Prussia and which alienates to Polish control the city of Danzig; and Germany cannot forgive the diplomatic gerrymandering which gave the Poles German territory after the Silesian plebiscite had favored Germany. Even Alsace-Lorraine is restive under Gallic rule and the veto of the *Anschluss* of Austria and Germany has further embittered all Central European politics. Italy, bilked at Versailles, now casts covetous glances at Nice and Savoy, at Corsica and Tunis, under the Tricolor, and at Malta, under the Union Jack, and eyes Morocco as David eyed Bathsheba on the roof-top.

As matters stand, war might break out tomorrow on any of these issues, and on three in particular; but if it did, it would be a war of short duration and decisive consequences. If the Hapsburgs should return to Hungary, the Little Entente would regard it as the first step in the restoration of Hungary and would

WHERE THE WAR CLOUDS ARE GATHERING

mobilize for war. If Austria should unite with Germany, both Italy and France would fight an arrangement which would carry the most powerful State in Europe to the basin of the Danube and to the Brenner Pass. If Germany scuttled the Polish Corridor, France and—possibly—England would fight to prevent the wholesale revision of the Allied victory which that move would portend. England would certainly fight if the move were coupled with a Russian advance against the Baltic States.

■ To prevent such contingencies, the peace-guilty nations have aligned themselves against the supposedly war-guilty—since beaten—nations. France has a unique system of military and political alliances with Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania and Yugoslavia, thus encircling the defeated powers with a ring of bayonets.* The British, suaver and less specific, have spheres of political interest in the Baltic region, and in Greece, Turkey and Persia, to forestall the Russian menace, and would be prepared to fight, as before—*pace* the Boer War— in "defence of smaller nationalities". Italy, energetic and aggrieved, has been cultivating her former enemies, has befriended Bulgaria and Hungary, has been helpful to the Turks, cordial to the Russians, has wooed Germany by advocating revision of the treaties, and has signed peace with her erstwhile internal adversary the Vatican. And every year the ring of bayonets grows weaker, Soviet Russia grows stronger, Germany shakes freer of reparations and of armies of occupation, and the naval might of England becomes more and more qualified by the advance of aviation, by the progress of American naval construction and by such technical miracles as the German vest-pocket battleship, *Ersatz Preussen*. Once let the force behind the treaties slacken and all the League of Nations and all the morality in America cannot prevent the explosion which, year by year, comes nearer to the realm of practical politics.

In the meantime, the policies of the several nations are busy setting the stage for the next act of international violence. Political and diplomatic stage-hands are hurriedly checking over the props, carefully labeled "Monroe Doctrine", "Naval Supremacy", "Freedom of the Seas", "Sanctity of Treaties", "Rights of Small Nations", "Security", "Self-Defense", "The Third International", "Yellow Peril" and "Revision of the Peace Treaties". Upstage they are dusting off the *papier mâché* dragon of "World-Power or Downfall". Britannia still continues to rule the waves through a choppy cross-sea of naval limitation treaties. The French are building fortifications from the Channel to the Côte d'Azur. Japan is layin' low and sayin' nuffin in the Manchurian briar-patch. The Russians are learning new ways to pronounce old policies in Turkey and Eastern Asia, and the State Department is explaining away the Monroe Doctrine in terms that make it clear that we have no intention of clearing out of the Caribbean or abandoning the Panama Canal.

The world is entering upon a troublesome and dangerous era of political readjustment. For the fiftieth time in two hundred years, the British Empire is "tottering". The Commonwealth of Nations is passing through a painful period of transition destined to substitute a federal diversity for an imperial uniformity. India is engaged in none too passive insurrection, which must be met by either a firm hand or British political abdication. The Dominions are tugging at the economic leading strings. South Africa desires formal recognition of the right of secession. Australia has erected a towering tariff barrier against the products of the Mother Country. Canada turned out the Liberals who were granting extensive privileges to British trade. The question of whether East Africa is to be a private preserve for London financiers or whether it shall be developed impartially is in the air. Those numerous peoples who are jealous of the British are busy prophesying the fall of Babylon, reckless of the fact that the collapse of the Empire would be a worldwide calamity. Even more dangerous is the chance that the impending constitutional crisis in the Empire may tempt some headstrong nation into imagining, as did the Germans in 1914, that diversity is tantamount to weakness and that the Empire can be challenged with impunity.

■ France looks across the Rhine and sees the swarming Germans rising from the ashes of defeat. She looks to the south and sees Mussolini's black-shirted hordes pointing eagerly towards Nice, Savoy, Corsica and Tunis. England and France eye each other like strange dogs across the Channel. The French push their fortifications, complete

*Note. The diplomacy of French panic since the war: Triple Treaty of Guarantee (June, 1919), France, United States and Great Britain (unratified), Locarno arrangement a substitute; Franco-Belgian Agreement (September, 1920); Franco-Polish Treaty (February, 1921); Franco-Czecho-Slovak Treaty (January, 1924); Franco-Yugoslav Agreement (May, 1924); Polish-Roumanian Alliance (March, 1921); Little Entente of Yugoslavia, Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia (1920-21); Treaties of Guarantee with Czecho-Slovakia and Poland at Locarno (1925).

All these relationships are constantly being amplified and revised, finding expression in new treaties, but these are the fundamentals of the French system of military diplomacy to keep down a beaten foe.

their air programme, launch new submarines, and talk beautifully of peace and solidarity at Geneva. Great Britain patrols her beat from Gibraltar to Hong Kong. North of the High Pamirs she sees Russia wearing the red that was once the exclusive symbol of Britain's proud empire and still thirsting for the warm waters of the Persian Gulf. In the Near East, she hears the Red Bear snuffing the wind of the Euxine. In the Far East she feels the tread of the Commissars in the marches of Turkestan and on the Yangtse. To East and West sail the fleets of America and Japan, modifying that exclusive control of the seas on which British empire depends.

■ Japan lies anchored on the lee shore of the Far Eastern storm centre. To the south lie the American islands, the lightly-poised chip on the Yankee shoulder. Beyond the Straits of Malacca, India attempts to shake off the spell of British supremacy. In China, the fires of intestine warfare ravage the mainland and roil the waters of the Yellow Sea. To northward, the Russians are on the march again, cautious and uncanny, casting out a feeler in the Manchurian railways, working southward in Mongolia, blowing on the embers of race hatred and nationalism throughout the most densely populated portion of this spinning globe.

America rides the oceans like a ship in a rising sea. From Europe she feels the gusts of economic rivalry, financial resentment and naval annoyance. She is competing with the British in every sphere save the political. The Continent is simmering with discontent at the war debts, at the balance of trade, at the grossness of American tourism, at our political and moral buffoonery, at our tariff and at our prosperity. All the secret forces which conspire to create a Mithradatic War (Mithradates, King of Pontus, was the gentleman who organized the East of the Ancient World in a terrible uprising against the hated Roman tax-gatherers) are maturing on the European mainland. To the north of us lies Canada, an outpost of British power and a hostage of British peace, silently and intensely disliking the bumptious Yankees. To the south lies the Latin American world, alien to us in race, language, creed, culture and political tradition, a world which regards us as the Bully of the West and which is being carefully schooled in the Mithradatic complex by our transatlantic competitors. And to the west lies Japan, powerful, proud, resentful of our exclusive immigration policy, suspicious of our good faith in Asia, doubtful of our will and power to hold what we possess in the Pacific. And scattered throughout the southern oceans lie the British Dominions, in which dislike of America is a test of British loyalty.

This is not all of the picture, of course. There is Russia, living in dread of "capitalistic encirclement" and a new era of interventions and counter-revolutions. There is Germany, silently tugging at the loosening cords of the Treaty of Versailles. There is the whole Arab world from Mosul to Tangier, on tip-toe for the first sign that Christian domination is doomed. There is Italy, penned in the Mediterranean, finding France in her path which ever way she turns. And there are a score of other nations, with grievances, with wrongs, with ambitions, hoping for a change in the *status quo*.

■ To say that there is plenty of international trouble, however, is not to say that there is war. There is always trouble between nations, but war requires the systematic organization of trouble. To make war, real war—big, bloody and general war—the chronic conflicts of international society must be systematized and coalesced.

The lines on which a new war system can be organized are dual in character: geographical and political. From the geographical point of view, the most suitable of wars would be either a struggle in Asia between Russia and Great Britain, with their appropriate allies, or a coalition against the United States, led by England and Japan. These are the dime-novel nightmares which have tormented amateur strategists since the Armistice. However, war being a continuation of policy rather than of geography, the political basis of the next war will be the decisive element in its organization.

The modern world confronts only one great political cleavage, that between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots". In general, the "Have-Nots" consist of the victims of the World War, the "Haves" of the victors. Russia and Germany are the two great "Have-Nots", France and Great Britain the two great "Haves". On the outside of this international alignment à la Versailles stand three powers with a foot in either camp—Italy, Japan and the United States—powers which were neither significantly aggrandized nor seriously injured by the last military free-for-all. Until these three States have declared themselves, the next war will not be predictable along precise lines.

■ Italy, however, is already slipping into the "Have-Not" camp. Mussolini has come out for the revision of the unequal treaties of peace, a gesture which—it is rumored—was accompanied by the offer of an alliance to Germany. Italy got little out of her victory and finds herself blocked in Africa and the Balkans by the resolute military diplomacy of the *Quai d'Orsay*. Three years ago Japan seemed likely to clasp hands with Russia and to enter the list of the hungry nations. Overpopulated, deficient in raw materials and hemmed in by powerful neighbors, Japan has much to gain from a change in the present dispensation. However, a resolute and friendly policy on the part of both England and America stayed the *(Continued on page 90)*

ALAJÁLOV

"Just missed him, dammit"

The Theatre • by George Jean Nathan

■ To define drama as what literature does at night is perhaps a half-truth but it is, even in its most unmannerly implications, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so far as the theatre in Europe goes at the moment and the truth plus so far as the theatre in New York has this season gone up to the writing of this sentence. The theatre in Europe, recently scrutinized by your indefatigable and ever hopeful commentator, is in a melancholy state. Not only is it generally losing money—even the hitherto uniformly successful Reinhardt dropped a quarter of a million this last year—but, to get back to matters that should alone concern a critic, it has shown on its stages hardly a thing worthy of the attention of the selfsame critic. The best men in Europe, with almost negligible exception, have apparently given up playwriting for the time being and are—this is not intended as flippancy—devoting themselves either to twirling their thumbs or to *Schnapps*, mostly the latter. And their places have been taken in the theatre by second-raters who are reboiling yesterday's dramatic bones or by directors who are seeking to distract attention from weak manuscripts by playing them on revolving stages, platforms placed in the middle of the auditorium, stages manoeuvered like Ferris wheels and stages equally hoddy-doddy.

Germany, the only European country in which the theatre shows any life at all, while somewhat better off than the other countries—due to the greater imagination and enterprise of a few producers—is nevertheless currently as destitute of first-rate new plays as Jackson Heights. Dramatic freakishness seems to be the only thing sought after and the result is a succession of feeble scripts in which sound drama is sacrificed to every kind of imbecility, thematic and scenic, and in which respectable writing is abandoned in favor of anything that takes thirty or forty stagehands to manipulate it. England is a lovely trash market; the major portion of the stuff displayed on the London stage is so bad that even the better grade of English audiences, generally partial to plays in proportion to their worthlessness, are staying away from the theatre with noticeable enthusiasm. And France is in the worst doldrums that it has been in since the war. Talking pictures have absolutely nothing to do with the decline of the theatre overseas; the reason, first and last, is purely and simply the lack of reputable plays. Let even a fair play be shown on any of the stages and business picks up at once.

The effect of the talkies on the European theatre may be almost totally discounted. The European theatre has never depended nearly so greatly upon the intellectual peasantry as the American; its call is to the more cultured element in the population. And that element, while deserting the theatre because of the junk it has been offering, has no commerce with the screen yellers. In France, indeed, the talking pictures attract little attention from any quarter, for all the statements one reads to the contrary in the various newspapers and trade journals. The biggest talkie sensation in Paris during the last season, *Under the Roofs of Paris*, actually played to exactly twenty-two people at the performance I happened to attend. In England there is a much greater interest in the mechanical chatterboxes, largely on the part of the pit and gallery theatrical element which, despite its affection for the noise machines, continues its previous affection for the theatre, especially when the theatre is at its worst. In Germany there is much gabble about the talkies among the lower classes who, since the war, have pretty generally stayed away from the theatre anyway, save when it offers Socialistic tripe, cheap imitations of American jazz and vaudeville shows, or some especially sinister view of sex. The only talkie that has attracted any attention lately in the length and breadth of that country is *The Blue Angel*, with Emil Jannings in the leading rôle, and it is such stale and unadulterated drip—the sourest kind of rehash of Jannings' *Variety*—that no intelligent German theatregoer could sit through fifteen minutes of it without suffering an acute attack of gastro-enteritis.

■ An illustration of present dramatic conditions on the Continent is to be had in the species of plays that have aroused the greatest amount of notice over there. Berlin, having nothing better to get excited about, has tried desperately to convince itself that there is something worth-while about a play by Fritz von Unruh dealing with life in a moving picture studio. Staged with all the monkeyshines of a Steeplechase Park, the manuscript actually shows a minimum of merit, but in the general dramatic drought that minimum, almost indiscernible to the critical eye, has been touted into vast and ridiculous proportions. In France, the biggest noise is being made about a piece called *The Weaker Sex*, by Bourdet, who wrote the excellent *Captive*. None of the quality of the latter play is visible in the new work, which—save for a few fair comedy moments—is pretty crude and forced going. Its central character is none other than our venerable friend, the sagacious and imperturbable butler, in this case metamorphosed into a Ritz *maître d'hôtel*, and its humour follows such familiar channels as the accent of French speech in American mouths, the worn, diamond-studded old girl with an eye alert for young men, and the admirable Crichton who meets every trying situation with a nonchalant and very elegant shoulder shrug. In England, the favorite new drama is *On the Spot*, by Edgar Wallace. Comment unnecessary.

■ The season in New York did not begin in a manner any too soothing to patriotism. In fact, its beginning was eminently smelly. By the time this sees print, a turn may have been taken for the better—one or two of the prospects look very good from this distance—but as I write the dramatic level is about as low as an English literary critic's opinion of American letters. Mr. Belasco, so fond of publishing books about himself attesting to his high artistic status, continues to deflower his self-claimed virtue with cheap, smutty farces, the latest being an adaptation from the German by the Hatton hacks, called *Dancing Partner*. Having made some money two seasons ago on a farce about a bachelor with a number of illegitimate children and feeling that there was possibly even more to be made with farces that sat down a little more completely in the mud, he last year amplified his bank account with one in which an unmarried flapper announced that she was about to give birth to a baby and this year seeks further to enrich it with one in which a young man tries to unmask the easy virtue of present-day young girls by seducing his contemplated fiancée. I do not, however, here wish to be too hard on the producer in point because, though he has long and successfully postured before critics and public as an artistic saint, his record shows that the box-office sex stuff has always been close to his heart and that he actually has devoted much of his career to it. From the early days of *Zaza* to *The Gold Diggers*, from *Naughty Anthony* to *The Harem*, *Ladies of the Evening* and the more recent *The Bachelor Father*, *It's a Wise Child* and this *Dancing Partner*, our patriarchal friend has disclosed himself to be pretty much an Al Woods in the deceptive costume of a Dwight L. Moody.

■ Mr. Dillingham's first production was *Suspense*, a war play imported from England. A prompt failure, it mistook Billingsgate and profanity for virility of character and the old melodramatic "approach of doom" hokum for nervous, lifeful dramatic writing. It takes its place in the catalogue under the B of balderdash. The Messrs. Shubert opened fire with *Ladies All* and *Through the Night*. The former, by Elmer Harris out of Prince Bibesco, tried heavily to achieve an air of naughtiness by reciting the nocturnal adventures of a young man with three ladies, the point being somewhat sissified by the adaptor who converted into a series of kisses what surely must have been something a bit more lively in the original manuscript. Such plays always strike me as being doubly (*Continued on page 86*)

VON HORN

Fannie Brice and Hal Skelly as "Frankie and Johnny"

A scene, based on an old and poignant song, from the new Billy Rose Revue, featuring two stars of musical comedy

■ Frankie and Johnny were lovers, and somebody remembered it when the current Billy Rose Revue was being fashioned for Broadway this autumn. The result is a first-act finale, pictured in the photograph above, that revives, for a brilliant moment, one of the deathless stories of American folk-lore.

The song *Frankie and Johnny*, containing the famous line "he was her man, but he done her wrong", was based on the actual killing, in 1899, by one Frankie Baker of her faithless brownskin lover, Albert Britt. After Frankie's acquittal on the grounds of justifiable homicide, the incident was embodied in a popular song called *Frankie and Albert* which, in some devious way, soon came to be known as *Frankie and Johnny*. The song maintained a spasmodic popularity until this season which, it would seem, has suddenly become Frankie and Johnny Year in the American theatre; for not only do Fannie Brice and Hal Skelly give life to the celebrated lovers of the 'nineties, but a play, by John M. Kirkland, called *Frankie and Johnny*, based on the same story, has been produced in New York; and in a restaurant in the West Fifties a mild-appearing young man with a ukulele sings for an enthusiastic clientele the unexpurgated, or non-parlour version of the song. The version in the Billy Rose Revue, however, is perhaps the most important of these, since it is interpreted by Miss Brice, whose talent for that middle-land between comedy and melodrama is inimitable, and by Mr. Skelly, who achieved almost as great a fame with his portrayal, on the stage and screen, of the hoofer in *Burlesque*

Ten little fingers

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

■ Lela hurried from the elevator and down the hall that smelled dully of old hair-brûshes, like the corridors in a convent, to the door of her apartment. She was late, as usual, in getting home from the shop, and she could feel her nerves tighten as she fitted a key on a thin, gold chain into the lock. In the living-room, she pulled off her hat and stood for a moment, looking without expression at the brick walls and groping fire-escapes that faced her windows.

She knew that she could have had, for the same rent or perhaps less, large, quiet rooms almost anywhere on the West side. Here the rooms were noisy and precarious above the Third Avenue Elevated, and in them the sun never even dimly shone; but the building which, inadequately or not, contained them was in the East Seventies, and Lela considered the East Seventies a fashionable part of New York in which to live. Nervous, crowded in the eternal twilight of her home, she nevertheless rested secure in the knowledge that it bore a good address.

She pressed a bell in the moulding of the doorway to summon Carrie. Just as she insisted on living in a dreary apartment because it was in an approved neighborhood, just as she carried the dingy key to it on a golden chain, so did Lela always ring a bell when she wished to speak to a servant, even when speaking to her meant only stepping into the next room. None of these were thoughtless gestures; each of them expressed concisely what Lela considered the proper way of doing things.

"Yes, madam." Carrie stood in the doorway, the smooth ebony of her face impassive and resigned. One felt that she might have smiled a little if she had not had to say "Yes, madam" quite so often. But she had been trained to it, and away from the friendly "Yas'm" that made Lela shudder, as she had been trained to answer Lela's bell promptly, no matter what other task engaged her when it rang.

"Carrie, I'd like a glass of water, please —not too cold. Just leave the ice in it for a few seconds and then take it out. Have you made the *canapés?*"

"Yes, madam."

Lela picked up her hat. "And did the flowers come? Where are they? Has the baby finished his supper?"

■ Peacefully and in their proper order, Carrie revealed the facts. The flowers had come, and were in the kitchen. The baby had not quite finished his supper. Lela flew down the narrow hall to his room, and interrupted his digestion with scattered kisses. Then she took her hat, gloves and bag into her own room and lingered a moment before the mirror. It was after half past five, and she had to arrange the flowers, fix cocktails in a pitcher (to be transferred by Carrie later, with ice, to the cocktail shaker) and change her dress before six o'clock, when John was coming. But for this moment her glance was caught and fixed upon herself in the glass above her dressing table. Critically she turned the small face, in which the features lay as delicately as cupped petals in shallow water, to its own reflection. She looked tired. The powder that she had hastily applied before leaving the shop had drifted in two pale, distressing channels along each side of her nose, had dimly caked in the five faint lines of her forehead. Her lip rouge had worn off, too, so that her mouth shaded curiously from flesh-colour to scarlet, like a half-ripe cherry. All of that, fortunately, could be arranged. But she looked tired. She looked thirty-five years old, and she was only thirty-three. Even to herself, she would not then admit that she looked more than thirty-five.

It would be all right when John came, she told herself steadfastly as she hurried into the pantry and lifted the flowers from their long, fragrant box. She had bought them with the last five dollars of her week's salary, and now she took from a pantry shelf vases that were the colour of jade and the colour of amethyst and the colour of crystal, but were neither amethyst, crystal or jade, and arranged a spray of flowers in each one. The African daisies, that were like thin points of flame, would go on the little table at his elbow, with the cigarettes and the onyx ash-tray; the dark red tulips at the other end of the couch, where she would sit, were a background for her ash-blond hair and the profile which, she had been told, was delicate; and the pale roses and lace-flowers in the window would soften the harshness of the brick walls outside that were already beginning to be obscured by the dusk. The room would be fragrant, charming for John when he came.

She would be charming, too. She was so tired when she went to dress that her head rocked, and the noise of the elevated trains under her window seemed to crash and echo through the room and through her body long after they had passed; but she smiled as she fastened the pale green tea-gown that was her only afternoon dress, and the eyes that she touched with mascara were hopeful. Tonight was the end of all her waiting—she knew that, with every instinct that was in her. Married to John, she could forget all the work and the worry that had made her haggard at thirty-three, all the striving and pretense that were her life. She would have money, and clothes, and servants, and a big house and long, enchanted hours of idleness. The baby, too, she thought as she pressed an amber-scented stopper to her lips and hair, could have a governess, could go to a good school and belong to the Racquet Club when he grew up. On his twenty-first birthday, she decided, he should take her to lunch at Sherry's.

She waited for a moment after Carrie had come to announce Mr. Alvin in the living-room, and her heart swelled with such eagerness and anxiety that she was persuaded it was love. Slowly, she came through the narrow hall and stood in the doorway, her hand outstretched, a portrait of delicate charm.

"John—I *am* glad to see you."

■ He rose, a little heavily, and took her hand in both of his. She was rewarded, then, for all the hurrying, the cautious planning that had been her day, for his eyes rested on her with delight as he said:

"I don't know how you do it, Lela. How you can work in a shop all day, I mean, and be so perfect and tranquil at six o'clock."

She made just the right deprecating gesture, and rang for cocktails.

"Let's not talk about the shop," she said, smiling; "showing dresses to fat old ladies all day long for a tiny salary and a possible commission . . ." She sat down beside him on the couch, the dark tulips at her shoulder, and spread her fingers out before her in an enchanting gesture of helplessness.

"Well, it's a darned shame that you have to work," he said vaguely, looking at her profile, delicate and pale against the deep flowers.

He must not be too vague, she decided. "My dear, it's nobody's fault that I have to work, or that I'm—well—not equipped for it. I only wish sometimes that I were tougher and stronger . . . for the baby's sake." She permitted a gentle, selfless melancholy to dwell in her voice for the second that it took her to watch Carrie bringing in the cocktails.

John tasted his drink and set it down inconspicuously. Lela's cocktails were very bad, but then, he reflected, all women who live alone serve bad cocktails. He thought that it was probably be- (*Continued on page 88*)

LE CHIGNON: BY DERAIN

André Derain and a New Art Gallery

LE JEUNE MANIDOLINISTE. BY DERAIN

LA FEMME AU MIROIR

▪ The new Marie Harriman Galleries have just opened on 57th Street, with an important and well-rounded exhibition of modern French paintings. The masters represented in it include Cézanne, Henri Rousseau, Renoir, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Picasso, Chirico, Matisse and Derain. Derain is perhaps the best represented of them all, there being eight striking canvases by him—portraits and landscapes—in the show. Four of these Derains are reproduced here. Following, as this show does, the Derain exhibitions held last spring at Knoedler's and Reinhardt's, this painter can hardly complain of America's lack of interest in him as an artist. This new gallery will concern itself principally with French art, but it will also foster and encourage the work of American painters. While the gallery is now solely devoted to painting, sculpture may be included in its activities. The current exhibit to close October 31, will be followed by a show of the work of Walt Kuhn, the American artist who in 1913—together with the late Arthur B. Davies, Frederick James Gregg, and other enthusiasts—arranged the famous Armory Show, the first extensive exhibition of modern French art in America

FILLETTE AU CHAPEAU DE PAILLE

Comrade Broun

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Being a slightly intimate portrait of the socialist party's candidate for Congress from New York City

■ To the stranger who sails into our port and, having seen our skyline and our beautiful women is vouchsafed at last his first glimpse of Heywood Broun in the ruddy afternoon sunlight, this ablest and most celebrated American journalist of our time must seem a singularly untidy behemoth. Indeed, half the legends about him—certainly all those which do not deal with his avarice as a poker player, his woe-begone misgivings as a Don Juan, and his fantastic fluency as a writer—turn either on the immensity of his person or on the heroic scale of his sartorial disorder. Or, more often (with a nice flair for cause and effect) on both.

Gossip writers take delight in mentioning that his shabby shoon are four sizes larger than the fabulous footgear of my darling Clementine, who wore, as you may recall, a number nine. A colleague has even referred to him as resembling two-hundred-and-fifty pounds of soiled linen, and on a great occasion when it was reported that Broun, in an action for damages brought against him by an aggrieved tragedian, was put into the witness chair, someone surmised that this could have been managed only by the combined use of a derrick and a shoe-horn. When he joined the startled staff of *Vanity Fair* about ten years ago, his neighbors were ravished at the thought of this not conspicuously *soigné* elephant stamping about in its dainty editorial purlieus, and their content with the picture became supreme at the news that he was sharing a cubicle with the editor of The Well Dressed Man department.

■ Even in uniform, Broun's considerable person proved rebellious. In May, 1917, the then unamalgamated *Tribune* wrested him from the angry bosom of George Creel and sent him overseas with the first contingent of the A.E.F., where his fathomless appetite for eggs, coupled with a defeatist attitude in his personal war on the French language, won him the soubriquet of Oofs Broun. To the regulation costume dictated for correspondents, Broun added the detail of a fur coat acquired in its declining years for sixty *francs*. The chauffeurs at Neufchâteau ran a small pool each morning on the likelihood of his having the right legging on the right leg. At Chaumont he was introduced to the immaculate Commander-in-chief. "My dear Mr. Broun," the General exclaimed in genuine concern, "did you have a serious fall?"

Back in New York, his father, who was proposing him for membership in the Racquet and Tennis Club, led him to one of the better tailors and outfitted him so expertly that his fundamental resemblance to John Barrymore emerged briefly from the chaos, emerged just long enough, in fact, to fool the little woman who bears his name—or rather, come to think of it, the little woman who simply cannot bear his name. She ran into him on the street and passed him by, not recognizing him. Shortly after his relapse, in response to an invitation from the *haute noblesse*, he ambled along Fifth Avenue and rang the doorbell of one of its then surviving mansions. Peering through the shocked interstices of the iron grill, the footman indicated by an annoyed wave of the hand that the tradesmen's entrance was around the corner. When Broun explained implausibly that he had been invited there to play bridge, the footman blanched, bade him wait on the doorstep, and vanished in quest of instructions. A few moments later (with the haggard look of one whose creed has been assaulted by doubt) the footman reappeared and opened the portal. "You are to come in," he said. I never heard whether he resigned the next morning.

■ Now this is a true story, and but one of many. I have been telling its like these many years. So has Broun, himself. Indeed, I heard this last one from him rather than from the footman. He has been telling them with Gargantuan chuckles and disarming charm. I always assumed that this candid habit was part of the familiar defensive tactics known, I believe, as beating them to it. It occurs to me now that the policy of self-cartooning in this matter may have had a deeper guile. I wonder if all along he was not grooming himself (if that term is not too confusing in this context) to run for office on the Socialist ticket. Just as the late Colonel Roosevelt, though born wearing pearl-grey trousers and a high silk hat, always kept on hand a shabby sack suit and a battered Fedora to wear while campaigning in the middle West, so, perhaps, half the legend of Heywood Broun has been subtle, far-sighted propaganda looking toward this coming election day in the seventeenth Congressional District of New York.

All of which might have been set down for you by someone who knew Heywood Broun only by sight from a window across the street. Those who know him better than that—those of us who have known him intimately as an endlessly entertaining and courteous companion for a dozen years or more—would have to report a characteristic more salient than any of these mere externals, however eye-smiting. It is so salient that it must find place even in so brief and faintly sportive an encyclical as this one. If I recognize the necessity with regret, it is only because it is a characteristic difficult to pack into a few paragraphs. If, for instance, I were to call it an incapacity for personal friendship, I might be distorting his likeness. I am seeking words for a certain aloof impersonality, the lack of a warm, compelling affection for any individual in this world.

Consider, for instance, that group of seamy ogres who share with him a charter membership in the Thanatopsis. To this weekly poker game, he has run as faithfully as Willie Stevens to the New Brunswick fires. I suppose its games are the greatest pleasure he has in this world. His little playmates—F. P. A., George S. Kaufman, Harpo Marx, Irving Berlin, Herbert Bayard Swope, and your correspondent, to call but half the roll—have further endeared themselves to him by losing to him eight times out of ten in the past decade. I imagine that we represent as close a friendship as he has or wants. Yet each of us knows that if a lucky hit by some bomb-thrower or passing germ should extinguish us all in a single night, Broun would feel nothing of the sorrow that would wrack normally fond and dependent creatures in similar circumstances. Indeed, I seriously think (and so habitual is the candor of his self-examination that he would probably say the same) that his chief emotion would be a kind of journalistic excitement—even elation—at close contact with so interesting a holocaust. And on the night of the funeral, he would be mooning about town looking for another poker game.

■ Once I tried to describe this inhuman detachment by saying that I cherished him as I did my set of Dickens, that I could get as much entertainment from one as from the other, and that I would as reasonably expect my set of Dickens to get down off the shelf and come to the boat to see me off. It might be more illuminating to say that if I fell and broke my leg, Broun would not give the mishap a second thought and might even grin with an urchin pleasure at the news. But if he were to hear that Paul Robeson had been hurt or embarrassed by some exhibition of Caucasian effrontery, he would be too angry, uncomfortable, and depressed to sleep that night. And this doesn't necessarily mean that he likes Paul Robeson better than he likes me. You see, he doesn't care about individuals at all. It is for causes that he cares.

I find myself suddenly recalling a repellent phrase from an old schoolbook—the mossy one about its having been "beautifully said that Providence had left George Washington childless so that his country might call him Father." I hope I am not unconsciously imitating that nauseous interpretation of the sterility of the great General's marriage-bed when I say that Broun's lack of talent for personal friendship in his own street has left him free to care a whole lot about the oppressed and the sinned-against, all over the world.

In the editorial *(Continued on page 98)*

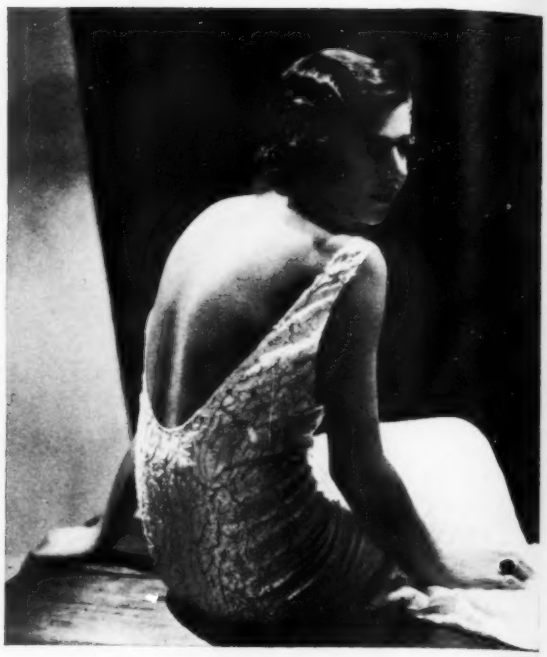
STEICHEN

Heywood Broun

The celebrated columnist, writer and critic whose political ambitions have marked the Fall campaign

High spots in moanin' low

A sextet of torch-singers whose technique is, like the poet's sky, "Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue"



VON HORN

MITCHELL

RUTH ETTING is a leading exponent of the "torch" song, which is a lament for lost love, or a complaint that something is wrong somewhere, and that it all matters terribly to the lady who sings

LIBBY HOLMAN, in the new revue, *Three's A Crowd*, sings that whole-hearted ballad, *Body and Soul*, amid the irresistible complication of shadows and faint sobs which first made her famous

NAN BLACKSTONE, a lady crooner, has been appearing both in *The Garrick Gaieties* and at the Club Abbey, one of New York's most unmentionable and most frequently mentioned night clubs

HELEN MORGAN and her handkerchief were among the pioneers of the impressionable artistes, racked with emotion, who made the torch song, such as *Why Was I Born?* and *The Man I Love*, what it is today

MARION HARRIS, whose voice is best known to vaudeville and movie audiences and to the owners of Victrolas, has now deserted that profitable field to sing in New York in *The Second Little Show*

The beautiful end

BY THOMAS BURKE

■ It is a reflection (said Ho Ling, as I sat once again in my ivory tower) it is a reflection causing deep distress to the unphilosophical that we human creatures can direct neither our beginnings nor our ends. All of us, I think, whether born high or low, wish that we might have had some other manner of beginning; and there can be few who are wholly satisfied with the manner of their ending. But I do know of one case in which I think satisfaction was granted; at least, by all the calculable factors it should have been. Shall I relate it to you?

(He reached for his water-pipe, and after he had cleaned it, and filled the water-bowl, and charged it with tobacco, and lit it —that is to say, forty-five minutes later—he began to tell the story.)

■ You will remember (he said) the noise made by your newspapers a few years ago concerning the disappearance of a once well-known actress. Like all noises made by newspapers, it was at first very loud. After two days it sank to a non-committal murmur, and on the fourth day a somewhat louder noise —caused by the elopement of a noble-family trollop with the proprietor of one of those chemist's shops which you call beauty parlours—completely drowned it. That is why the public that had once acclaimed her knows nothing of the ending of their one-time favourite, Drina Krom eskie—the editors acted under the inspiration of the nine points of newspaper wisdom, knowing full well that their readers would be much more interested in the doings of an obscure trollop who happened to live in Mayfair, than in the possibly tragic fate which had overtaken one who was really known to them and whose talent had so often delighted them.

■ But I witnessed her ending. Drina Krom eskie came to it in this street and before this window. She came to it splendidly, with all the accent and appointment of drama. She came to it as every actress would wish to come to it, with an audience about her and approbation ringing in her ears. She must, I think, have died happily, though nobody but myself knew that it was Drina Krom eskie who had died.

In the course of my sojourn on the face of this earth many disturbances have conspired against my serenity. I have ignored the salute of the important Ah Fook, whom my defective sight mistook for the keeper of the laundry at the corner. I have suffered fools gladly. I have talked to the full extent of my charm to a possible customer, and then discovered that he had come to collect a debt. I have given credit to swindlers and refused it to the honest, and invariably when I go to my food-cupboard in the dark my hand finds the syrup-dish. Indeed, for many days of my life, notably in my youth, my state has been such that I could never see a silver lining without thinking of the cloud that it lined. Yet the memory of these distresses could be wholly assuaged if I could look to an end as fitting for me as Drina Krom eskie's was for her.

What it was, when fortune turned its back upon her, that made her pick upon this quarter to live in, I cannot say. Possibly she had been reading some of your ludicrous inventions about us—no other reason occurs to me. But it is the fact that she did come here. Deprived of the stir and gleam of public worship in the West End, she found it impossible to live in that world without it. Equally impossible was it for a once-celebrity to live in a modest villa in one of the agreeable suburbs, since the public of the theatre is mainly drawn from the agreeable suburbs, and she would there have been exposed to the danger of being recognised—recognised and pitied. Still more impossible was it for one of her vibrant nature to retire to the social anaemia and mental stagnation of provincial town or country village. She decided therefore that she would hide herself in some strange place where she might still find some stir of life, and yet be unrecognised; and, as I say, for reasons unknown, she picked upon this place.

She took up her lodging in this street, and often visited this shop. After a few visits she made me—again I cannot say why—the repository of her sorrows. She lived here less than a year, and from what I learned of her story she had little perceptible motive for living that long. It is so sad a story that one can only treat it lightly.

The cause of her decline in public favour goes back to the old matter that fills the western world with so much unrest—the matter of love. She fell in love, and, unhappily for her, she fell in love with a drunkard. He was an open and confessed drunkard — there was no twelfth-hour discovery about it —but she loved him and he loved her; and, in the vain hope that mutual love might work a cure upon him, she married him. The excitement of love and marriage, however, so far from supplanting his appetite for drink, only re-kindled it. His habit had already lost him two positions as general manager of theatres, and although her name secured for him another and better post, it was clear to all his friends that he would not hold it long. They were right. He was drunk at the wedding-breakfast, and he continued to be drunk, and developed more and more unpleasant habits. Instead of attempting to live up to his famous and talented and loving wife, he seemed, after marriage, to abandon even a show of discipline. It may be that, knowing his failing and his position, he was aware of his inferiority to his wife, and this sense of inferiority soured him. He knew that people spoke of him as Drina Krom eskie's husband, and compared them, and, knowing this and knowing himself, he may, in his state of moral weakness, have said, "All right. As I *am* inferior, I'll *be* inferior." Certainly he seemed to act upon this surrender, for, although he had always been bohemian, after his marriage he became so bohemian that all his fellow-bohemians dropped him, and even the brighter set of Mayfair began to be chary of asking him to their parties. Very soon he was dropped out of all invitations. His wife continued to be asked out, but, without a word being said, it was understood that she would not bring Charles. She was still able to receive entertainment from her friends, but she herself could entertain only in restaurants—never in her own home. She could never be sure what Charles might do or say, or what shocking appearance he might make. A pleasant marriage.

■ But at last, when life was becoming almost impossible, and he was urging her, in all kindness, to leave him before he wrecked her career as well as his own, she made one desperate effort. She knew that her name and career was being soiled by him, but she could not bring herself to *(Continued on page 110)*

LEE MORSE is a singer of blues whose method, in the series of short motion pictures in which she has appeared, proves that the torch can be successfully applied even to celluloid

VON HORN

Marilyn Miller

The dancing star returns from Hollywood to appear in Ziegfeld's long-awaited musical comedy "Smiles"!

▪ For over a year the rumour has been current from Broadway to Park Avenue that Marilyn Miller was to be starred with Fred and Adele Astaire in a musical comedy, written by Louis Bromfield and produced by Florenz Ziegfeld—for so long, in fact, that it all began to seem pretty fanciful to the waiting public. The inclusion in one show of three dancers who are probably the three best dancers in the world, stepping lightly through a story by the author of *The Green Bay Tree*, was, anyway, almost too opulent a gesture to be believed, even by those who know Mr. Ziegfeld and his opulent gestures. However, it was not a dream. The theatrical season has at last been ornamented by *Smiles*, to which Miss Miller and the Astaires contribute songs, laughter and some extremely tony dancing. The music is by Vincent Youmans, the book by Mr. Bromfield and William Anthony McGuire

Bachelors do not marry

BY CLARE BOOTHE BROKAW

■ The Bible says that it is not good for man to live alone, and for several centuries woman has been busily persuading him of the beauty and truth of this pronouncement. In mournful and mellifluous tones she paints a picture of the misogamist's pathetic end: how, outliving the selfish, pleasant and irresponsible days of his young bachelorhood, he will turn into a crusty old crab, dyspeptic, ailing, and finally friendless and alone (since bachelors have a curious and irritating way of surviving Benedicts), visited only by a nephew or niece who may hope to be his heirs. But in spite of this doleful fate predicted for the celibate, in spite of the contrasted joys of matrimony, of a home and a helpmeet and sons of his own, it is apparent that increasing numbers of potential Darbys are increasingly loath to pop the question to palpitating Joans.

From a feminine point of view, this is indeed a sorry state of affairs, for there is no man so stingy or irascible, so bald, plain, dull or shiftless that he does not present to some determined woman the makings of a very good husband.

Omitting those rare cases of men who have dedicated a celibate existence in all sincerity (or wisdom) to the memory of "a lost love," or an unattainable "ideal," there remain two familiar kinds of bachelors: the congenital bachelor, and the bachelor by conversion. The congenital bachelor is quite a hopeless case, and women, gazing into his clear, cool eyes, allowing their attention to wander from his bright enthusiasms for art, music, golf, archeology, focus their minds on his immaculate linen and quiet hands, and instinctively realize that here is a man they can trust, but not one they can marry. After this is once understood, after they are done discussing certain romantic attachments of his youth in the light of his present delicate and unheated preferences, the congenital bachelor is left to settle down tranquilly among his books, his pets or his hobbies, leading a happy and contented existence, feeling no lack of things for which he felt no need. Nor is he ever molested by any feminine intrusion other than that of relatives, although he is flooded, if he is affable—which he usually is—with social invitations and pleasant whispered confidences. This type of bachelor is a recognizable, and a necessary factor in the social scheme. Strangely enough, he can always be counted on to give good advice in all affairs of the heart, and he is the perennial and welcome extra-man, for his inclusion in parties, dinners and week-ends stabilizes the emotional balance of such gatherings.

Therefore it is not the congenital bachelor, whose calm indifference to the accepted pattern of life—a wife, a home and children—is a mainspring of his nature rather than any rational or irrational misogyny on his part, who is the cause of so much consternation in the female ranks,—it is the bachelor by conversion—the young, or middle-aged and obviously marriageable man, who is full of *reasons* why he does not marry. And it is precisely because these reasons, none of which are new, all of which have been used before, seem neither well founded nor insurmountable that he is a menace to modern society.

These well-dressed, good-looking, obdurate young men flood the modern scene. They are in no sense misogynists: they like women and women like them. Ever and anon they seem to hover deliciously on the matrimonial brink, their muscles flexed for the leap, their eyes gleaming with a half-formed resolve, an epithalamium trembling on their lips, but somehow, in the nick of time, they recoil, collect their wits and emotions, and in the end nothing comes of it.

Now, if *you* are a married couple (in whom the match-making instinct flourishes like proselytism among the early Christians—and some say for the same reason) you will occasionally take these modern matrimonial infidels severely to task for their selfish and unconstructive ways of life. But they cheerfully allow themselves to be cornered, ready with glib and well-rehearsed reasons why they eschew the time-worn path to the hymeneal altar.

■ First of all, they will tell you, they are not, nor ever have been sufficiently in love. But this, no intelligent woman or married man ever admitted as a justifiable excuse. On the contrary, it is nonsense, evasiveness of the most transparent sort, and cannot for a moment be considered as a serious obstacle or objection to entering the state of wedlock. For when a man can touch a pretty woman's hand without experiencing a definite repugnance, when he can look in her eyes, and see with pleasure his own image mirrored in their trusting depths, when he can listen to praises of himself on her red lips without realizing that she is speaking great idiotic untruths, at that time he is a ripe and fit subject for the gentle passion to take hold of his better nature. And then if he does not fall a victim to Cupid's bow, it is not because he cannot fall in love, but either because the woman herself has failed to follow up her advantage, or because some deeper and more profound reason prevents him from letting himself go.

Further bachelor-badgering usually makes them admit the truth of this observation. Yes, they agree, they might have married this or that charming woman if—here they pause again—if marriage were not so expensive. Thus begins their second argument. They point out with a justice which certain facts would tend to corroborate, that modern wives cost a pretty penny, both coming—and going.

They want dresses from Paris, jewels from Cartier's, they cannot get around without a motor, they must have an apartment in town, and a house, with guest rooms, in the country, and they expect to go to Palm Beach in the winter. And, being imitative in all things, wives are apt to change their hats and frocks, their contract bidding, their minds and even their husbands whenever their friends do. And such inflated desires are far beyond the average bachelor's limited resources.

"But," you point out, "suppose these fragile creatures are sincere and willing to forego luxuries until such a time as you can afford them,—would that not make a difference in your attitude?"

"No," they answer promptly, half closing their eyes and looking very noble. "No, because our pride would not permit us to see our wives without all the things which other women have."

■ Thus you are speciously answered, and feeling that again you have missed the crux of the matter, you turn to a rich bachelor, saying, "But you cannot have this same objection, for you have all the money any woman could want."

"That's just it," he answers with cheerful cynicism. "How can I be sure that is not all she does want? How can I be sure she is not marrying me for my money, instead of for myself?"

"No man," you reply, "can ever be sure that he is being married for himself, for a woman cannot know what himself is until she has lived with it until it is, generally speaking, too late. Women marry for many reasons other than money: because they are bored, or lonely or curious; to seek protection from other men; because it is expected that they should marry, because their friends do, because they are tired of living at home, and not infrequently because biology triumphs over pure reason and they want children. Sometimes they even marry because they are in love. . . ."

Here, again, the bachelors are willing to concede that while many of these motives are not ideal, they are at least understandable. "But," they add, "the trouble with modern woman is that while she has a motive for marriage, she seldom has a purpose in it."

Then, in no uncertain terms they describe the ineptitude of modern woman. And the burden of their song seems to be that they are no longer helpmeets. They turn their infants over to servants to be reared, and are forever either engaging or dismissing the cook, or re-decorating their bedrooms and baths. They neither toil nor do they spin, but sit all day in dressmakers' shops, at restaurant luncheons and bridge parties, like gilded lilies, spending more in their afternoons than their harassed spouses make in a week. In short, these lovely and languid and lawfully wedded wives take everything and give nothing.

"But," you argue, "it is impossible in this day and age of mechanical conveniences and the luxuries possible to even limited incomes to expect women to become *hausfrauen*. Moreover, you have just (*Continued on page 100*)

The devil a monk would be

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

The dark potentialities of Mother Goose and Mickey Mouse, revealed in the stern light of modern censorship

■ I have just read, in the newspaper, that the Board of Film Censors in Germany has issued an interdict against Mickey Mouse. The latter had been guilty of conduct "liable to wound the patriotic sentiment of Germans and to bring our army into disrepute".

I have not seen this particular Mickey Mouse story, but I understand, from the paper, that it represented an escapade in Flanders, in which Mickey figured in a French képi whereas the cat army were booted and spurred and bore on their heads what was unmistakably the old Prussian *Pickelhaube*. Mickey, it was obvious, had taken the side of the Allied and Associated Powers, and I have little doubt that the opponents of Mickey were represented in a wholly unfavourable light. They generally are. "This," I said to myself, "is characteristic of all that was worst in the old Imperial Germany. They have no sense of humour and no sense of proportion. By taking Mickey seriously they create the very danger which, by their censorship, they desired to avoid."

So indignant did I feel on Mickey's behalf that when, a few days later, I met a member of the German Embassy at a luncheon party I asked him how it came that his censorship authorities could have been so silly. He replied that the authorities had been absolutely in the right. Had the film been shown in public, it was certain that some ex-service men present would have created trouble. People who fought in the Great European War suffered much from that experience, and are apt to get annoyed when the thing is treated as a joke. The German soldier would resent seeing himself represented in the semblance of a fierce but clumsy cat. There would have been a riot, and the authorities were fully justified in prohibiting the film in advance.

I found at the time no very ready response to this argument, and it was only later, while walking back from luncheon across the Park that I examined myself seriously on the censorship question and endeavoured to ascertain what I really felt about it. I found that my ideas, when exposed to the cold light of reason, were a mere jumble of personal prejudices or second-hand opinions.

In principle I am in favour of free speech. My blood seethes to my head in waves of anger at the thought that any outside authority should exercise a censorship over what I think or say. Willingly would I go to the stake rather than submit to any such indignity. And yet, when I consider the censorship in relation to the works of others, when I take concrete instances of unrestrained publicity, my indignation begins to waver and I am not so absolutely certain that I should banish the censorship completely from the face of this ignorant, emotional, and muddle-headed world.

■ What should I do, for instance, if I found my daughter at the age of sixteen studying the works of Sigmund Freud? Were I consistent to my principles of liberalism I should applaud the girl and provide her, as a corrective, with the works of Jung. But I know that in practice I should do nothing of the sort. I know that in practice I should smack the child sharply on her yellow head, saying to her, "Effie, never read that beastly book again".

Naturally I could justify such action upon logical principle. I could say that Effie at sixteen would not possess sufficient sexual experience to be in a position to check the tortuous and involved imagery of Freud by reference to her own average of knowledge. That to read Freud when one is immature is to read him undiluted by the water of self-realisation. And that spirits, when absorbed in their undiluted state and in large quantities, are bad for the human constitution.

All this I should say, and then I would compensate myself by a fine phrase of extreme liberalism. "It shocks me",—thus would I exclaim, "to find Effie reading Freud at the age of sixteen. But it would shock me still more were I to discover that Effie at the age of twenty-six had never heard of Freud." That sounds magnificently enlightened: it indicates a masterly control of one's own theories. But in practice it is as illogical as anything else.

For, the moment that I admit that I am justified in banging Effie on the head for reading Freud, I am admitting that in certain circumstances, and at certain stages of mental development, people should not be allowed to read what they want. By this admission I have flung the gates wide open to the enemy. I may quibble over it a bit, arguing that parental censorship is different from governmental censorship, and that even parental censorship should in any case be abolished after the child is twenty-one. Such reservations are merely little palisades of lath and plaster erected to cover the breach which I have myself opened in my defences.

There is no half-way house between admitting that all censorship is always wrong and admitting that some censorship is sometimes right. And when one reaches the latter admission one may as well give up the struggle immediately. For one has reduced the case against censorship to a mere matter of expediency. And expediency is a wholly relative term. It was doubtless "expedient" for the German Authorities to jump with heavy boots on Mickey Mouse. But on this plea any Government could defend the suppression of all views which, to them, are inconvenient.

Let me take a further concrete instance. There is a Russian film entitled *Storm Over Asia*. It is an excellent film and contains some of the finest motion photography that I have ever seen. As a work of art it deserves to be exhibited throughout the world. To censor it would be to censor what is unquestionably a work of outstanding merit, and we are all agreed that such would be an evil thing to do. And yet, and yet . . .

Allow me to explain the matter. *Storm Over Asia* is a Bolshevik film designed to represent the British Government and army at its worst. I have no objection to that. If the British Government and their representatives abroad really behaved as atrociously as depicted it is all to the good that they should be exposed. If the thing is palpably untrue, then it is better that its lying qualities should be exposed to the ocean of public criticism than that their poison should be distilled into some secret and confined canal. That would be the sensible and liberal argument to apply to this circumstance. And yet I am not really certain that it is the sensible argument.

■ The film, for instance, is supposed to represent the conduct of a British expeditionary force in China. It is deliberately intended to arouse hatred in minds where no hatred existed before. It achieves this aim by distorting the facts. But it does worse than this. It is calculated to inspire the ignorant Chinaman with the idea that he can with impunity approach close to a machine gun and that the soldiers who fire that gun will incontinently run away. The Chinese are a simple-minded race. And I pity the fate of those wretched coolies who might be tempted to behave in the triumphant manner in which these coolies behave on the screen. Now, were I the Admiral or the General responsible for order, let us say, at Shanghai, I should certainly prohibit the exhibition of *Storm Over Asia*. I should not prohibit its being shown in London or in New York. But I should by no means be so sure of myself were I Mayor of San Francisco. And yet in principle I remain fervently opposed to the suppression of works of art for political reasons.

Take again that excellent Russian film *Potemkin*. It represents a successful mutiny upon a Russian cruiser. It is supposed to be historically accurate, whereas in fact it denaturalizes every incident which actually occurred. Here again the main object is to arouse hatred. And here again the unarmed triumph easily over the armed—a highly dangerous doctrine. I should not permit the performance of *Potemkin* before any large number of sailors, or, rather, (*Continued on page 94*)

DRAWING BY GEORGE BELCHER

First Lady: Fleebitis is wot they tell me she's suffering from, Mrs. Green.
Second Lady: I don't wonder at it. 'Ave you ever bin in 'er 'ouse?

JOHN MULHOLLAND

HOWARD THURSTON

■ **JOHN MULHOLLAND** creates magic not on the stage, but on the lecture platform. He is editor of *The Sphinx*, a trade paper which circulates darkly among magicians, and recently himself gave a command performance before Michael, the ex-King of Roumania

■ **HOWARD THURSTON** decided to become a magician when, as a small boy, he saw Herrmann the Great. His Rising Card Trick still mystifies Herrmann's successor. Thurston's magic has diverted kings and queens and his fame in America is well established

■ **FRED KEATING,** whose photograph at the right illustrates the famous Needle Trick, is the only pupil of Nate Leipsig. Once a barnstorming magician, he has appeared with distinguished success in musical comedy, vaudeville, and night clubs, in New York

■ **NATE LEIPSIG,** who has been called The Magician's Magician because his magic mystifies even the initiated, was for seventeen years an optician before adopting as a career the art of *legerdemain*. He is today perhaps the most amazingly deft performer of them all

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNABA

FRED KEATING

Four great masters of magic

So you want to go on the stage

BY LESLIE HOWARD

An open letter, from one who knows, to the stage-struck who long for advice about their own careers

▪ EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Leslie Howard, the author of this article, is peculiarly qualified to write such a piece of advice to the hundreds of young men and women in America who want, with what often amounts to a passionate intensity, to go on the stage. Readers of *Vanity Fair* already know that Mr. Howard is an English actor who has distinguished himself upon the American stage in *Outward Bound* and, last season, in *Berkeley Square*. He has recently gone into talking pictures to make a film version of *Outward Bound*.

■ Dear Madam (occasionally Dear Sir):

In reply to your letter, and a legion of similar ones, I have decided to set out my views on the subject that is so near to your heart in this somewhat unconventional manner, since I cannot possibly reach as many of you by any other method. And there are a great many of you. I think that all of the people who want to go on the stage and who have not already written to me—or to some other actor, or to some actress—about it, must be on the point of doing so. This open letter, then, will save them considerable effort.

NATE LEIPSIG

Judging from your letter, I should imagine you to be a rather frivolous young creature with very little brain power and not much imagination. This being so, the stage would be an admirable occupation for you. Particularly as you say that you have been much admired, have a good figure, can sing nicely and have a good speaking voice. These qualities combined with a complete lack of intellectuality will unquestionably assure you of a happy and prosperous career in the theatre. This applies to budding actors as well as to actresses.

However, perhaps I have formed the wrong impression of you. Perhaps you do not do yourself justice. Perhaps the wish to go on the stage is not actuated solely by your desire to be seen and admired under attractive conditions, becomingly attired. Perhaps you really have the soul of a creative artist. You will, however, permit me a polite doubt upon this score. Even if you had said this in so many words, I would find it hard to believe, for no creative artist can really *want* to become an actor in the present day theatre. And no really great creative artist would wish to become an actor at all. At least the wish could only come through ignorance.

■ However, if you insist, I will assume that I am dealing with one in whom there are real creative possibilities, but who is perhaps laboring under a conception of idealism for the art of acting, which is born of ignorance. Let me explain why I doubt if the stage can be an appropriate or satisfying field to the true artist. First of all, we are face to face with the ancient bone of contention as to whether acting is an art at all. All actors, of course, insist that it is so. They insist—somewhat egotistically, I think—that they "create" their rôles. I think it might be more truthful to say that they embody them; for even if the actor does add something to the author's creation, he merely endows it with the qualities of his own personality. If this is creation, then every human being is a creative artist, and the saleslady, for example, who has a more vivid personality than the one at the next counter, is making a finer creation out of her rôle of saleslady. This whole question of how much the actor "creates" is a sorely vexed one and is as difficult of determination as the point where life ends and art begins. But it need not concern us here. All that matters is the application of acting, whether it be creative or interpretive to the usages of the modern theatre. I assert that it can only be a painful one for any fine artist.

The most appalling of all the burdens which the theatre imposes upon its victims is the essential and wholesale destruction of individuality. This may seem far from the truth, but consider a moment. The man who writes a book writes it by himself, with himself; it is untouched by human hand and goes directly to the consumer. There is nothing between the writer and the reader. The man who paints a picture also does it by himself. He sticks it straight on to the canvas and there it stands exactly as he stuck it. There is nothing between the painter and the observer. These are the creative arts at their purest. The egotism of these artists is sublime and unadulterated. But consider the actor; his egotism, inflated though it frequently is, is a pathetic and vicarious thing. He must try to push his own personality through the creation of another man, the playwright; and not only through that creation, but through the added creations of the producer and the stage director. At best, he is only a member of a bastard family, for the profession of acting is that horrid hybrid, a cooperative art. It would probably be truer to call it a contaminative art. (I had better say at once that this is no attack upon what is from the outside, an admirable institution. I speak only for the artist.)

Supposing for a moment that a truly aesthetic person has drifted into the theatre, as he occasionally and unhappily does. Consider the stages through which he passes previous to appearing before the public in a play. Consider him to be an unknown person.

■ He first has to be picked out from a number of aspirants, much as if he were one of a herd of cattle. Then he must bring certain physical attributes such as may be required by the rôle. It is the custom now-a-days for the actor to look like parts he is to portray, so that at the very outset this great art of acting must be dominated by purely physical qualities. Nothing is asked of him mentally or aesthetically any more than would be asked from the most suitable head of cattle in the herd. Our creative artist now foregathers with a number of other artists and is given a booklet containing some odd, disjointed words, written by somebody else, which he is asked to learn by heart in the way a child learns the answers to its catechism. The words are part of a play but the actors, unless they make themselves a nuisance (*Continued on page 96*)

VON HORN

Elissa Landi

An English actress makes her début in America in "A Farewell to Arms", from the novel by Hemingway

■ Of all the heroines of recent fiction, probably none has been discussed with more vigour than *Catherine Barkley*, the English nurse in Ernest Hemingway's novel of the war, *A Farewell to Arms*. All of that active consideration may now as well be concentrated upon Elissa Landi, who was imported from London to act the rôle of *Catherine Barkley*, opposite the *Lieutenant Frederick Henry* of Glenn Anders, in the play which Laurence Stallings has made of Hemingway's book, and which opened in New York last month. Miss Landi, an Englishwoman of Austrian descent, was born in Venice and has appeared with distinction on the London Stage for the past five years in parts ranging from that of Shakespeare's *Desdemona* to that of *Toni Sanger* in *The Constant Nymph*. Besides being an actress of recognized ability, she is an industrious author and has published two novels, *Neilson* and *The Helmers*

A distant voice in the darkness

BY DOROTHY TILKA STONE

■ "This program, ladies and gentlemen, comes to you through the courtesy of the Little Wonder Embossing and Display Card Company, now located at Fourteen Sixty Seven—one, four, six, seven—Seventh Avenue, where everything you may require in the way of Embossing and Display will be done for you at practically a nominal cost. Ready, boys? . . ."

Compact and incisive, the announcer's voice drifts over the air to the waiting radio fan, a prelude to whatever symphony, drama or crooner's ballad presently will enliven the listening ear. But does the radio audience, sitting secure in the twilight (or, it may be, in the shadows of evening) ever wonder what the announcer looks like? What tests were imposed upon him before he became an announcer? What is going on around him in the studio from which he broadcasts?

It was only recently that the Columbia Broadcasting System, one of the largest radio organizations, made known the requirements considered necessary for the acceptable radio announcer. The basic qualifications are, of course, good diction, a pleasing voice and adequate microphone technique; but to these are added two other requirements which seem at first, to the layman, rather startling. They are "a liberal education" and "a good appearance." These, however, are explained by the indisputable and illuminating fact that the radio announcer's profession brings him constantly in contact with celebrities, when such advantages as appearance and personality are, of course, important.

It is, therefore, the custom for radio announcers to be likely young men. It is also their endearing custom to wear dinner clothes during evening broadcasts; and the Columbia Broadcasting Studios have even gilded the lily a little by suggesting a suitable ensemble for summer evenings, which consists of white flannel trousers, a blue coat and black-and-white sport oxfords.

■ Although the invisible audience may never become aware of it, many of the performers behind the microphone dress in gala costume. Sir Walter Raleigh, the master of ceremonies during the Raleigh Revue, disports himself nonchalantly in doublet, trunks and tights worthy of the presence of Queen Elizabeth herself. And he is very much at home in the chatter of a Londoner since he is Alfred Shirley, an English actor drifted fortuitously to these shores.

Another radio personality who adds stage property to his performance is Old Topper. This Mr. Perkins, or "Judge Junior" as he is known to many, dons a high silk hat when broadcasting, as the token of his mood.

This setting of the scene is done chiefly for the benefit of the audience present in the studio itself. Among the watchers there have been many great personalities famed in every field of human endeavor. There have also been many people who came to see "close up" the personages whom they could not approach in any other way.

Amos 'n' Andy are among the few radio artists who do not like an audience. Indeed, since they will allow no one to watch them, there is a profound curiosity concerning their manner of broadcasting. Neither of them uses a blackface make-up. It is said that Amos and Andy share the same microphone which rests on the desk in front of them as they face each other at an angle of about ninety degrees. When Amos disappears in the taxi or Andy cedes to one of Amos' insistent demands they achieve that celebrated "fading" of their voices by slipping from their chairs to a crouching position so that their heads are brought below the microphone to the level of the desk top.

DO YOU KNOW—

How Amos 'n' Andy achieve that celebrated "fading" of their voices over the radio?

What the announcer will—and must—wear after eight o'clock in the evening? Why?

How many microphones are used when two or more people are broadcasting?

How and why the tender passion has presented the greatest problem to radio, a problem not even yet satisfactorily solved?

Will Rogers, on the other hand, prefers a visible audience. This is so because Mr. Rogers is primarily a stage comedian, accustomed to seeing the faces of his listeners. His performance is not completely prepared and rehearsed as are those of most radio artists. Instead of writing a script of his words in advance, Mr. Rogers limits himself to an outline of his subject, formulating his phrases and quips as he adroitly estimates the mood of his audience. With this manner of approach, it would be very difficult to gauge the power of his performance unless he could see and hear the response.

Those who have painstakingly sought to discover the most favorable vantage point in an auditorium for the enjoyment of symphonic music are fully aware of the unfavorable performance to be enjoyed from a seat too near a particular section of the orchestra. Yet so little is known of the forethought which the scientist and musician expend upon great orchestral broadcasts, that these very people who should be most appreciative fail to marvel at the excellent reception when radio brings their favorite symphonies into the home.

During the broadcast of symphony music, anywhere from six to twelve microphones are used. Some of them are suspended above the various sections of the orchestra. One or two stand near the dais of the conductor. A wire runs from each microphone to the control room of the radio station. Here they meet in what is called the mixing panel, at which an expert sits, earphones over his ears, blending the sounds to the rich timbre we call symphony music. Often an assistant musical director is placed in the control room with the engineer to contribute his knowledge to the shading of the melody.

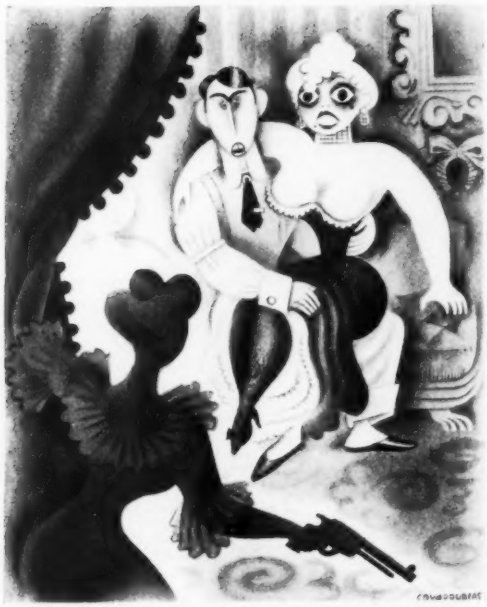
When the director knows that the program, which will be heard by many hundreds within the concert hall, is also being broadcast to many thousands tuning in throughout the country, he will conduct his orchestra as though he were in the broadcasting studio, deeming it more important to reach his radio listeners with the presentation most suited to the air. It is not infrequently that the conductor will revise his program to make it more suited to the tastes of a national audience. When, as in the case of Mr. Damrosch, the conductor is faced with an audience of ten million people each week, the care with which a program is planned and rehearsed is unlimited.

The three broadcasts of Leopold Stokowski stand among the most significant performances in radio history. Because Mr. Stokowski believed that his knowledge of musical presentation was probably finer than that of the man at the controls, he had a galvanometer placed upon his own music stand that he himself might fade or swell the music without causing the members of the orchestra to become unnecessarily conscious of the mechanics of broadcasting.

■ Radio programs depend to a large extent upon the technique with which they are staged. Microphone technique, which is the ability to get the melody or voice into the microphone in a smooth, even flow, is the basis of the radio artist's success. In the early days of radio more than two microphones were seldom used for a dramatic broadcast. This meant that three or four people had to stand about the same microphone. Of course, the voices differed according to the part the actor played, some being high or low, some loud or soft. Voices of equal volume were used at equal distances from the microphone. As soon as the voices differed in volume, a new problem was born. This gave rise to the science of placement before the microphone, which required that the more powerful voice be employed further away from the microphone than the less powerful one. (*Continued on page 110*)

"Frankie and Johnny"

Johnny's mother told him and she was mighty wise,
"Don't spend Frankie's money on that parlor Alice Pry."



Frankie went down to the Hotel, looked in the window so high.
There she saw her loving Johnny, loving up Alice Pry.

Frankie went down to the corner, to buy a glass of beer,
Says to the fat bartender, "Has my lovingest man been here?"

■ The illustrations on these two pages which mirror certain dramatic episodes in the famous ballad of *Frankie and Johnny* are by Miguel Covarrubias and will appear in John Huston's book entitled *Frankie and Johnny*, bearing the A. & C. Boni imprint Until recently, though known throughout the length and breadth of America, the ballad of *Frankie and Johnny* did not find its way into print, doubtless due to its rather ribald theme. However, its persistency, even in its expurgated forms, and the mutations undergone in its travels by word of mouth, have not impaired its integral plot. There are at least twenty familiar versions of this tragic, and somewhat lurid ditty, in which the characters are variously called *Frankie* and *Johnny*, *Nellie* and *Albert*, *Alice Bly* and *Katie Fly*, depending on the locale in which the song is sung. But whether on a Texas ranch or the Louisiana levees, in Chicago saloons, Harlem flats or New York night clubs, the theme and the chorus remain the same—"She shot her man 'cause he done her wrong." Concerning the present *Frankie and Johnny* vogue in the theatre, a page depicting a scene in Billy Rose's current Revue will be found in another part of this issue

Third time she shot him, O Lordy, there was a new man's face in hell.
She killed her man who had done her wrong.

Frankie walked up to the scaffold, as calm as a girl can be,
And turning her eyes toward Heaven she said,
"Good Lord, I'm coming to Thee."

After thirty years of celebration in song, the unfortunate love of Frankie for Johnny is further immortalized on the stage, and in a new book illustrated by Miguel Covarrubias

Oh, bring on your rubber-tired hearses, bring on your rubber-tired hacks.
They're taking Johnny to the cemetery and they ain't a-bringing him back.

Blue skies

A camera portrait by Edward Steichen, the distinguished photographer, of his wife, formerly Miss Dana Desboro

A theory about corruption

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

How the recent revelations about the New York City administration indicate an awakened civic conscience

■ It would be impossible for an historian to write a history of political corruption in America. What he could write is the history of the exposure of corruption. Such a history would show, I think, that almost every American community governs itself by fits and starts of unsuspecting complacency and violent suspicion. There will be long periods when practically nobody except the professional reformers can be induced to pay attention to the business of government; then rather suddenly there will come a period when every act of the administration in power is suspect, when every agency of investigation is prodded into activity, and the civic conscience begins to boil.

It is a nice question whether a period of exposure signifies that politics has recently become unusually scandalous or that an unusually efficient prosecutor has appeared on the scene. The current revelations about the Walker-Tammany régime in New York City, for example, relate to events that took place two, three, and four years ago. That they have come at this particular time is due largely to the ingenuity of United States Attorney Tuttle who within the last few months has discovered that a comparison of federal income tax returns with transcripts of bank accounts may provide useful clues to the hidden transactions of politicians. Mr. Tuttle's success in cracking the polished surface of the Walker Administration was due to the invention of a new political weapon. He may not be the original inventor, but he has certainly developed the invention remarkably. As a result, he is the first man in a long time who has penetrated the defenses of Tammany.

■ The contest against political corruption in America is very much like the competition among designers of naval armaments. At one time the reformers have a gun which can pierce any armor plate; then a defense against that gun is developed. I do not think it is a too cynical view of the facts to say that the traffic in privileges, which is what corruption is, has never long lacked men smart enough to find ways of defeating the ingenuity of the reformers. I do not mean to say that American cities are not better governed today than when Bryce said nearly forty years ago that they were the one conspicuous failure of the United States. They are much better governed. They are governed by men who often take a considerable pride in doing a good job. That is true today in New York City under Tammany.

Nevertheless, the fact remains, I think, that the ultimate power over appointments, nominations and policies is in the hands of professional politicians who in one way or another make the public business more profitable to themselves than any private business in which, with their abilities and opportunities, they might engage. I have heard, here and there, of a district leader or even of a boss who remains a poor man, and I am not forgetting men like the late Chief Magistrate McAdoo who, after a lifetime in politics, died in poverty. I am not forgetting rather high officials in Tammany about whose integrity there cannot be the slightest doubt. Yet it cannot be denied, I think, that the mainspring which moves the whole complex human organization behind the public government of New York is private advantage.

■ It certainly is not undiluted patriotism. District leaders are not primarily interested in the administration of justice when they insist on naming magistrates. They insist on naming the magistrates, in some and perhaps in many cases, because the candidate pays for the appointment; in all cases they insist because they wish to control the favors that a magistrate can dispense. The power of the district leader over the voters depends upon his ability to dispense favors. He is recognized as a political leader, not because of his views on public questions, but because he is able concretely to demonstrate day after day that his word is law. Because he controls government, he controls votes and because he controls votes he controls government: because he has power he is cultivated by those who have favors to give, and leaving out all items of bribery, he occupies a place where he has, so to speak, a multitude of business opportunities. If he is a lawyer, he has law cases which require his political influence rather than his legal ability. He is remembered by real estate syndicates and by corporations that are affected by government. In short he capitalizes, most often nowadays, I think, in accordance with the strict letter of the law, the political power he possesses.

The prosecuting agencies, when spasmodically they set to work, can deal only with the crudely overt features of political corruption. Anyone who has observed closely a prosecutor's office on the trail of a political ring knows how enormous is the gap between scandalous political conduct and specifically indictable offenses; in my time I have seen case after case of politicians who could not be indicted, or, if indicted, convicted, though they were guilty as Satan, because the development of conclusive legal proof was lacking. The truth of the matter, I think, is that an entirely objective view of political life at its base where political organization is in direct contact with the population, would show that corruption in some form is endemic. I do not mean that everybody is bribed. I do mean that the exchange of favors is the elemental and essential motive power which operates the semi-private machinery inside the political parties which in their turn operate the official machinery of government. It is, I think, literally true that if the exchange of favors were suddenly and miraculously abolished, there would be a wholesale voluntary retirement of petty politicians to private life, for they would lack then the incentive to stay in politics and the very means by which they maintain their political influence. The best proof of this is that the reformers who operate only with ideals and indignation never really make a party which lasts; they soon discover, when they deign to get down to the base of politics, that the motives they appeal to are unsubstantial.

■ If it is true that the exchange of favors is an essential element of politics, then the common American assumption about political corruption is naïve and misleading. The assumption, inculcated through patriotic text books, is that in the year 1789 a body of wise men founded a new government in a new world, and that corruption is a lapse from this contract to which all their descendants automatically subscribe. Almost all of us feel, I think, that Tammany, for example, is a kind of disease which has affected the body politic. There it is, to be sure; it has been there a long time, and the counterpart of it is to be found in virtually every American community. Nevertheless, we feel that it is not supposed to be there, and that if only we had a little more courage or sense or something we could cut away the diseased tissue and live happily ever after. The implications of this notion seem to me to be false, and I believe that our political thinking would be immensely more effective if we adopted an entirely opposite theory.

That theory would hold that organizations like Tammany, which bind together masses of people in a complex of favors and coercions, are the ancient form of human association. They might be called natural governments. Our modern, artificial constitutions were superimposed upon them partly by coalitions of the stronger factions and partly by compromises of interest. The natural governments are not abolished when this happens. They continue to a decisive degree to operate through the artificial government. When the conflicts between these natural associations become too momentous (*Continued on page 90*)

The college football industry

BY PAUL W. GALLICO

The business of sport is once more flourishing as a new season progresses in our halls of learning

■ "If you won't do it for the sake of old State Agricultural Polytech, men, go out there and do it for *me*. A little of the old pepper, men, for God's sake, the old pepper . . ." The coach presses his crying towel to his brow and staggers brokenly from the locker room. The senior tackle inspects his aching carcass, tenderly fingers the spot where four inches of his hide have been removed and snarls—"The old pepper my eye! It's the same old boloney. And he isn't even slicing it thin."

The football industry is again in swing. Locker room oratory is at its height, for the boys are getting a little tired and are no longer quite as eager to die for dear old Rutgers as they were a month ago. Three weeks more and it will be all the athletes can do to go out there and perish for dear old Grantland Rice. However, the mortgage money on the Memorial Stadium is also due this month and if the boys don't get together and show a little of the old fight, the old pepper, why . . .

For although the University is not officially in the pepper business and its interest in football is supposed to be purely academic, still and all, it stands behind its own particular pepper dispenser with considerable grimness. No pepper, no money: an elementary theorem. Thus, this mad and exciting football season is always a trifle embarrassing to many universities whose austere campuses are being trod by old grads, pennant and peanut venders and any of the *polloi* who can lay their hands on what are known as coveted pasteboards. They are all en route to the various stadia where they will help to support the minor sports of the college, the tennis courts and the swimming pool, keep the football team in their costly sweaters, and pay the rent on the Pullman cars which last year caused Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, head of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, such acute anguish. The schools get their faces a little out of kilter at this time, officially drawing down the corners of their mouths as they deplore the enormous crowds who come each Saturday to disturb the classic solitude of the quadrangle or the Senior fence or the Junior walk, while at the same time they try not to burst out laughing when the graduate manager locks up the box office at night and strolls over to report the amount of the swag. This is a difficult physiognomial exercise and accounts in part for the strange expressions sometimes found on the solemn faces of certain prexies during the football season.

The universities, however, manage to square their consciences by making their stadia as inaccessible and uncomfortable as possible so that if the customers keep on coming, it is practically their own fault and the colleges have done their bit to keep pure. One way or another, the university gets square with the ninnies who give it a bad name with the Carnegie Foundation by attending the big games there in groups of 80,000.

The harrowing effects of the Foundation's disclosure that some of the athletes were being paid as much as seventy-five cents an hour for cleaning out furnaces, hauling coal, waiting on table and manicuring the Dean's lawn seem to be reflected in the current season, the customers recoiling with horror from a sport which maintains some of its heroes on scholarships worth $120.69 annually. Thus, when Yale plays Harvard soon, there will be only 83,000 in the bowl, a mere 90,000 will witness California's meeting with Stanford, which amounts practically to ignoring it; 70,000 will be present for Army vs. Illinois, the fact that many players on the Illinois team are notorious table waiters, holding the attendance down. And the disclosure that the Notre Dame team wears costly sweaters and travels about in Pullman cars will probably limit the attendance at the annual Notre Dame–Army game in Chicago, to 130,000 or as many as Soldier's Field can hold.

Actually, it pains me to have to report, as a matter of fact, that football emerges brighter and gayer than ever from the dry, glum report of the Carnegie research professors, proving that the public is lacking in the finer and higher ideals of education. Once again the press is singing "Praise Knute From Whom all Football Flows," Harvard is delighting in an eleven composed of socially eligible but efficiently brutal young hooligans from Back Bay and Chestnut Hill, Yale as always has a great pair of guards and tackles, Fordham University again has a team composed of fellows named Wyscznyszkywitztz and Hogan and the West Point cadets, rolling their gray phalanx onto a gridiron, company guerdons snapping, arms and legs all a-tune, pushing aside or swallowing up the stray substitutes and second string men pegging the football about the field are still the prettiest sight of the year.

■ This digging up of new and unheard-of college teams for opening games used to constitute one of the keener winter diversions of the schedule committees, but ever so often they would make a mistake and turn up a hot one, and these days, once a college has found a really dependable sucker they like to keep him on the list. Thus, Columbia has again entertained Middlebury, Union and Wesleyan, West Point exhumed one called Furman, while Harvard stole Vermont—a sure-fire rabbit—away from N. Y. U. and Yale who beat them last year by respective scores of 77 and 89 to nothing, a very high recommendation. Yale made the best of this serious loss by inviting the University of Maine to what is laughingly known as a football contest in Yale Bowl.

Professor Rockne, the great Notre Dame pedagogue, alone scorned such tactics by meeting Southern Methodist three weeks ago for his opener, following with Navy and Carnegie Tech, and I will lay you a little wager that the Professor does not do it again.

The latter day insistence of the football authorities at Harvard that their pupils exhibit great firmness mingled with as much refined assault, battery and mayhem as they can get away with is a hangover from the days of the breach with Princeton, and still earlier times when the comic magazines promoted the notion that the fine old school was one step removed from Paul and Joe's because they pronounced it "Hahvad," up around there. The notion that young men who speak good English leave their fingerprints on their hips has not yet expired in some sections, and so of late the Harvards have been employing large and violent patricians who do not always win their football games but who do succeed in ruining their opponents so that they are not much good thereafter.

■ It was a set of these cultured but vulgarly pugnacious Harvard athletes who demonstrated with great thoroughness last year that the hastily concocted notion that little Albie Booth of Yale was the world's greatest football player, was just another creation of the enraptured reporters, thus contributing one of the more delightful episodes that go to make up American football history.

Booth, it will be recalled, by virtue of an excellent forward line, a swiveling motion of the hips practiced also by ladies of the ensemble and night club cuties, and the aforesaid reporters, established a reputation as an unstoppable ground gainer. He furnished the newspapers with copy for their annual Fall hysteric, and was he Written Up? His entrance into the Harvard game at Cambridge last November was magnificently stage-managed. About the middle of the first period, play was stopped, and a figure swathed and muffled in many coats and blankets ran out to the center of the field attended apparently by his valet. A most reverent hush fell upon the great assemblage as the figure began to unveil, passing the discarded garments to the valet until he reached the number on his back and disclosed that it really was Booth! Albie Booth! The stands shivered his name in ecstasy. Harvard was supposed simply to be slain.

The New Har- (*Continued on page 111*)

Vilma Banky

A star of the silent screen comes to the New York stage in "Cherries Are Ripe" by John Emerson and Anita Loos

• The increasingly fastidious first-nighters who ornament the beginning of each theatrical season in New York should have, this year, something to talk about in the stage appearance of the film players, Miss Vilma Banky and her husband, Mr. Rod La Rocque, in *Cherries Are Ripe*, a romantic play by Anita Loos and *her* husband, John Emerson. In this piece, the scene of which is laid in Hungary, Miss Banky plays a young wife and Mr. La Rocque the villain, her former lover who comes with a band of Gipsy singers from Budapest to cast that disturbing note into her home life without which no such play could achieve a third act.

Miss Banky was best known to film audiences through her association with Ronald Colman in a long series of silent pictures. Mr. La Rocque, well-known upon the talking screen, has played opposite many stars

Our own popular science department

BY COREY FORD

A few modern inventions in the style of "Popular Mechanics" to brighten up the American Household

■ (Editor's Note: It is with pardonable pride that we present herewith the first, if not last, installment of our Popular Science Department. For some time we have felt that in our preoccupation with Art and the Theatre, we have failed to keep abreast of the March of Science; and in an effort to remedy this situation, and acquaint our readers with the latest inventions and devices of our efficient age, we have persuaded our Popular Scientist, Mr. Corey Ford, to inaugurate in this issue *Vanity Fair's* new Scientific Service, profusely illustrated and written in the style of our best scientific monthlies.)

■ The history of Science through the ages is a long and elaborate one, and as a matter of fact is pretty terribly dull. I don't think we want to go into the history of Science through the ages. I think we'll just skip all that.

For the embryo scientists among our readers, however, we have gathered together on this and the ensuing page some eight or ten modern inventions which are intended to increase the efficiency of the modern home. Here we find such varied and up-to-date devices as a huge Blowing Machine, used for blowing; a Musical Bicycle, destined in time to supplant the radio and television; and a novel Burglar Alarm, one original feature of which is the fact that *it is operated by the burglar himself*. If the reader will study these devices carefully, observing the illustrations and noting the scientific text which accompanies them, it is hoped that he will be able to understand clearly just how they work.

If he does, it is also hoped that he will explain them to the editor of this Department.

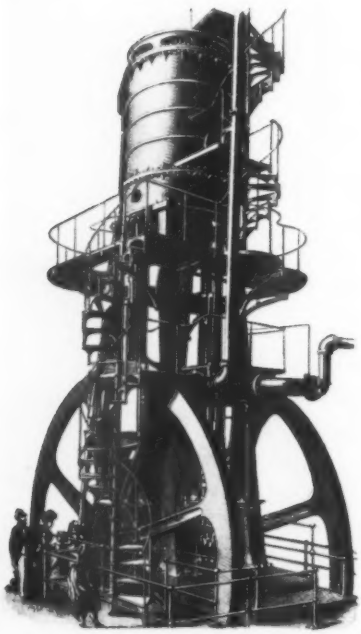


FIG. I: HUGE BLOWING MACHINE

Fig. I: Blowing Machine

The huge Blowing Engine which is depicted in *Figure I* on this page is equipped with a Wanich equilibrium valve, consisting in the use of a ring cast on the back of the main valve, extending upward, and bored out so as to envelope and slide freely upon another ring cast on the steam-chest bonnet. In addition, the cam shaft is driven by spur gears fitted to the main shaft, and the rim of the fly-wheel on the side in line with the crank pin is cored out, so that the preponderance of weight will counterbalance the weight of pistons, rods, crossheads, etc. Another fascinating feature of this machine is the fact that the crosshead is provided with spherical journals, and *swivels in the yoke*. The dimension of the blowing cylinder is 90 inches diameter, with a 7 foot stroke, the bed-plate is 13 by 8, the total height of the engine is 36½ feet, and its blowing capacity is 10,000 cubic feet of air per minute.

No one knows what it is for.

Fig. II: Printing Press

Figure II shows an up-to-date Rotary Printing Press, one of the most modern in existence. A glance at this elaborate monster of steel and iron, with its huge *tweezles*, or rollers, its long steel *clobbers*, and the gigantic *maw*, or *paw*, shows at a glance the progress which modern science has made from the early days when books were printed in pencil, and the *press* consisted of a large Atlas on which the author himself would sit, thus printing one volume while he wrote the next.

A far cry, indeed, from that crude forerunner to the modern machine depicted here! Obviously it would be impossible to describe this elaborate printing-press fully to our readers, owing to the fact that we do not understand it ourselves. Suffice it to say that the press consists of a couple of round rubber discs, like a clothes-wringer, which are turned by horses. All that has to be done, in order to secure a complete book—printed, bound, and profusely illustrated—is to put a roll of paper (weighing about a hundred pounds)

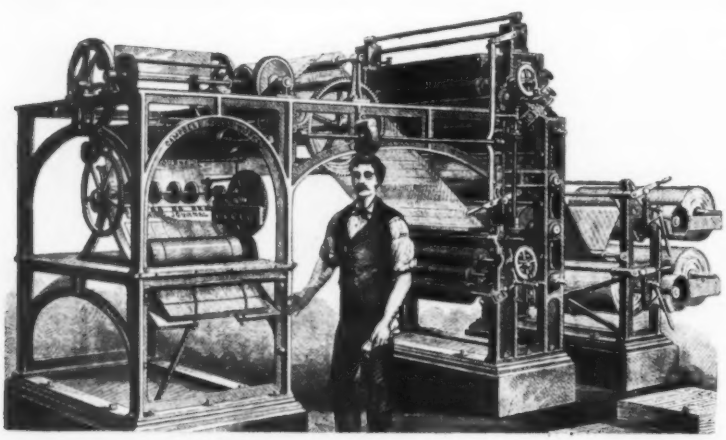


FIG. II: A PRINTING PRESS, I THINK

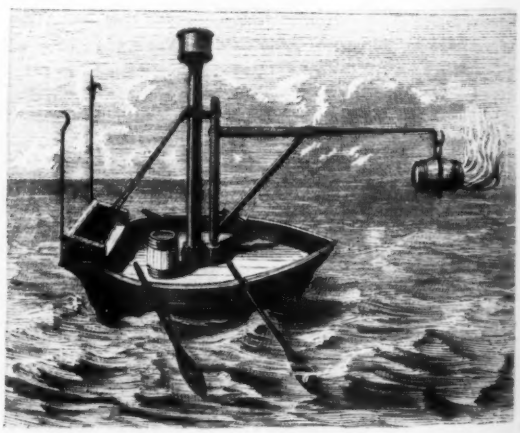


FIG. III: MUNICIPAL FIRE-BOAT

into the feeding apparatus, push a button, press a lever marked "Harriet", put on your hat and coat, and walk across the street to the nearest bookstore, where you may secure a brand-new book, just off the press, on any subject that is desired.

If you are sincerely interested, I should suggest a book on Printing-Presses.

Fig. III: Fire-Boat

The Crane-Rigged Fire Ship depicted in *Figure III* is a development of the old-fashioned (or land) fire-engine, and operates in the following manner: The water is contained in a small barrel in the center of the deck. Below this barrel is a small hydraulic engine consisting of a pair of corrugated cams running together within an elliptical steam-tight case. The steam enters on one side of this engine and exhausts on the other, thus revolving the cams in its passage, and blowing a little whistle at the top of the mast. At the sound of this whistle, two firemen lift the barrel of water and throw it on the fire, putting it out.

In order to eliminate the danger of a "false alarm", moreover, another barrel filled with blazing rags is suspended from a long crane projecting out over the bow (see illustration). Inasmuch as this barrel reaches the scene of action before the rest of the boat, it can start a second fire in case the first fire has inadvertently gone out.

Fig. IV: Aquarium

A Combination Arched Aquarium, Flower-Stand and Canary-Cage, embodying the best features of the up-to-date flower-stands, with catch-basin, moss-bed, hub-collar, trough-arm, and dripping-saucer, is shown in *Figure IV*. It is not compulsory.

FIG. IV: ARCHED AQUARIUM

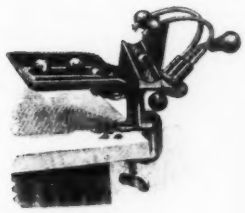


FIG. V: "THE CHERRY-O"

FIG. VI: NOVEL BURGLAR ALARM

FIG. VII: LIBERIAN COFFEE HULLER

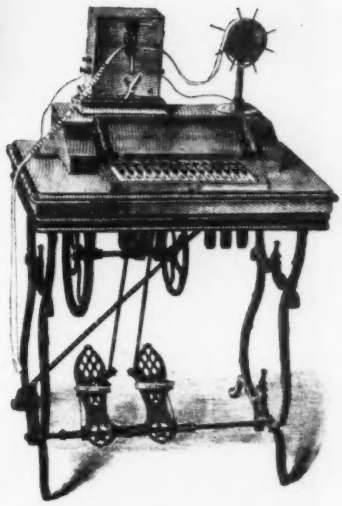


FIG. VIII: MUSICAL BICYCLE

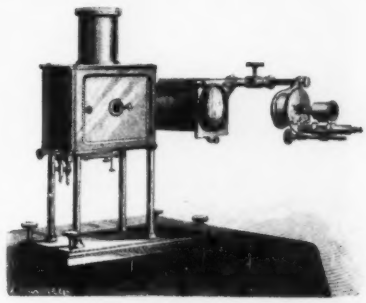


FIG. IX: PENCIL SHARPENER

Fig. V: "Cherry-O"

A convenient device for stoning cherries at the dinner-table is shown in *Figure V*, entitled the "Cherry-O." This simple and rapid-working implement is specially adapted for use at a formal dinner-party, and may be screwed on the table at the left elbow of the guest. As a result, instead of employing the old-fashioned and awkward method of removing the cherry-stone from the lips and conveying it to the plate between the thumb and forefinger, the modern guest pours his dish of cherries into the tray of the "Cherry-O" provided for the purpose, works the lever, and punches out the pits from the cherries one by one. He then releases a steel spring, catapults the seeded cherries into the air, and catches them in his mouth as they descend.

Fig. VI: Burglar Alarm

The improved electric burglar alarm (*Figure VI*) is of peculiar interest, since this alarm is the first in existence which is operated by the burglar himself. The alarm box in this unique device is marked with six indications, or points, from which the alarm may be given: kitchen, dining-room, hall, parlour, library, and second floor. The burglar moves the indicator over to the room which he is planning to burglarize and then turns the handle directly beneath the designation, which rings a bell in police headquarters. When the patrolman arrives in answer to this alarm, he has only to glance at the indicator in order to locate the intruder.

In case the burglar is entering a section of the house not mentioned on the indicator, such as the solarium or butler's pantry, he may leave a small note to this effect, pinned to the outside of the alarm-box.

Fig. VII: Liberian Coffee Huller

Figure VII shows a Liberian coffee huller. The man standing at the right is evidently a Liberian, and he is leaning one elbow on the huller. The illustration also shows an American flag and a Liberian flag.

Fig. VIII: Musical Bicycle

The most unique feature of the Musical Bicycle shown in *Figure VIII* is the fact that it is neither musical nor a bicycle.

Some scientists argue that it is a sewing-machine, others that it is either a new form of stock ticker, or a molasses-taffy stretcher.

The device as a whole is indispensable.

Fig. IX: Pencil Sharpener

Figure IX shows a new type of pencil sharpener. It has no handle, and is perfectly useless.

STEICHEN

Gloria Swanson

A screen actress whose gift for the talking pictures may currently be noticed in the new film, "What a Widow"

■ Little more than a year ago, melancholy rumours began drifting from New York to Hollywood and back about Gloria Swanson. Her last few silent pictures had been unsuccessful; more than that, the dim but dauntless specter of the talking pictures was beginning to stalk the successful silent stars until not a few of them were standing with reluctant feet where the spook and shiver meet, and it seemed as though Miss Swanson, who had waded sturdily to fame through the ocean waves of Mack Sennett and the marcel waves of Cecil de Mille, was to be among those engulfed by the torrent of the talkies. Then Edmund Goulding wrote *The Trespasser* for her, and directed her in it; and a not too credulous audience at its New York première rose and cheered as the indomitable and really talented actress talked and sang her way back to a screen prestige which now renews itself in her new film, *What a Widow*

Questions and answers

BY MRS. S. CARPS MADMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to the storm of eager letters which greeted the first appearance of Mrs. S. Carps Madman's Department in the September issue of Vanity Fair, the Editors are proud to see that she is with us again this month. Mrs. Madman is an ardent student and disciple of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the thinker, and has already answered 764,984 common, ordinary, everyday questions, while Dr. Cadman, at the last counting, had answered 764,992—beating her by exactly eight questions. Dr. Cadman, however, had a considerable headstart, since Mrs. Madman was away for a week, visiting friends.

Is something fretting you? Is there some question to which you do not know the answer? Write to Mrs. Madman and tell her all of your problems! Careworn reader, this page is for YOU!

And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all it knew . . .

QUESTION: Do you consider that a divorced woman is socially and morally *non grata* even if she has children of her own?

ANSWER: Public opinion concerning divorce has broadened considerably during the past twenty years. No longer is the divorced woman looked at askance by moral people, no longer is she shunned by them. Your letter, however, brings up another, or second question of moral behaviour to which there can be but one reply. And I think that the answer may be summed up in a nutshell: a divorced woman is not of necessity socially or morally taboo—*unless* she has children. Having them would, of course, be a very wrong thing for her, as an unmarried woman, to do.

QUESTION: I am a student of humanity, fatally stricken with *die Wanderlust*. I burn with a consuming desire to roam the whole world o'er, studying conditions. I see a ship, and I want to be aboard her; I see a train and I want to be on it. Last week I saw a horse, and so earnestly did I long to be galloping over the wide plains that I leapt upon its back and was off. But I am a creature of many moods, and although I now regret my impulsive step, I still have the horse. What should I do?

ANSWER: You seem to be suffering from restlessness. Recall your vagrant wits. This horse belongs to another man; return it to him by all means, and do not return it anonymously. Accompany the horse in person to its own door, and make your explanation like a man.

As for your desire to travel in order to study conditions, remember that conditions exist everywhere. I cannot think of one place on the map that is not in one condition or another. Why not investigate those which exist in your own home town?

QUESTION: Do you agree with Freud that all our dreams come from having "sexy" thoughts? I have the strangest dreams every night. Usually I am in a whirlpool of some kind, or else I seem to be suspended by a single hair over a vast and terrible abyss. Sometimes, in my dream, I am just sitting somewhere, but somehow I seem to be going somewhere else very rapidly. Often I dream that a large, blue man is taking me apart and putting me together again, just like a clock, and since I cannot distinguish the dream from what is real, I frequently (on awakening) insist, to my husband, that my arms and legs are in the hall-closet. He is beginning to feel pretty sore about all this.

As I am a married woman, and do not have "sexy" thoughts, I am at a loss to explain my dreams.

ANSWER: Let X equal the whirlpool (your subconscious) and Y the abyss (your fear of the unknown); Z (your suppressed desire, indicated by the illusion of going somewhere from nowhere) then reacts with catastrophic effect, not only upon X and Y, but upon A, the large, blue man (your own Ego) which therefore torments you, and will not let you rest. No wonder you are worried; mental strain such as this can, and frequently does, lead many unfortunate creatures to that borderline between sanity and insanity which is, after all, only a hair.

However, I should not worry if I were you. What you are probably suffering from, without being aware of it, is a nervous breakdown, and if I were in your place I should just forget it and devote myself to my home, my husband and my kiddies.

QUESTION: Do you approve of passion?
ANSWER: No.

QUESTION: My wife is a splendid woman, brave, affectionate and brilliantly educated. However, she has not been home for three months now, and our two little children are outgrowing their clothes and wondering where "Mummy" is. What would you advise?

ANSWER: If you do not wish to employ detectives—and I can readily understand *why* one does not wish to employ detectives on account of the little ones—why not simply bide your time? When your wife returns, do not take her to task; recite to her, in a tone of gentle raillery the lovely lines of the poet, Linden:

Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer—
The hope to meet again.

If she has a sense of humour, she will see the point.

QUESTION: What is Einstein's theory of Relativity?

ANSWER: That everything,—whether in relation to that ultimate core of self-relation into which all philosophy is resolvable, or to Hobbes's dictum that always to be aware of the same thing, and not to be aware of anything, amount to one and the same—is relative.

THE INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

Every Month He Asks a Question and Pictures Those Questioned

THE QUESTION.

Are you in favor of Charity Bazaars?

THE PLACE.

Crossing the street in front of Pierre's, Park Avenue, New York City.

THE ANSWERS.

Miss Natalie Flick, Lenox, Newport, Tuxedo Park, and wherever her mother exhibits her. Occupation—daughter: "I certainly am. It gives the younger set a chance to dress up in gypsy costume and sell doughnuts. We have: Watching the races at Belmont, walking up Park Avenue, Introduction to Society, announcement of engagement, leaving the apse of St. Thomas' and Charity Bazaars. If Charity Bazaars are eliminated we will have to walk up Park Avenue twice each season."

Mr. George Mitt, Avenue T, Brooklyn, motorman: "Not on your life! I want a full dinner pail and an empty street car. If I ever have a daughter of my own I want her to keep out of Society. I been a motorman for 28 years and I know what all that fancy stuff leads to. What they ought to have is less of them bazaars and more wages. A lot of that trouble starts in street cars."

Mrs. Richard Van Nest Burden, Newport, Palm Beach, Park Avenue, the Barclay, St. Jean de Luz and private car, *Esmeraldine*, débutante owner: "Charity begins at home. Home is where the bazaar is. Naturally, I favor the Charity Bazaar. If the 400 can afford to place its eligible daughters in a lovely popcorn booth one week out of the fifty-two why shouldn't they do it?"

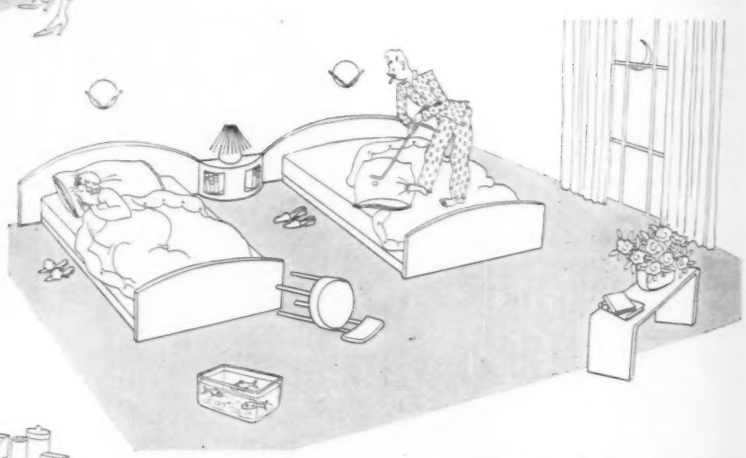
Miss Jane Clay Breeze, Tuxedo Park, and Hackensack, maternal niece: "I've just paid $1,400 for a costume to represent the spirit of frozen mousse or something, this Winter in Palm Beach. Isn't the Charity Bazaar better than posing in the sand under a beach umbrella or attending a rummage sale on the St. Regis roof?"

Mr. Frank T. Adams, *Town & County*, editor: "Next to society matrons holding a lapful of curly-headed future vice-presidents of the Guaranty Trust Company I can't think of anything nicer than a full page of some costumed débutantes participating in a Charity Bazaar."

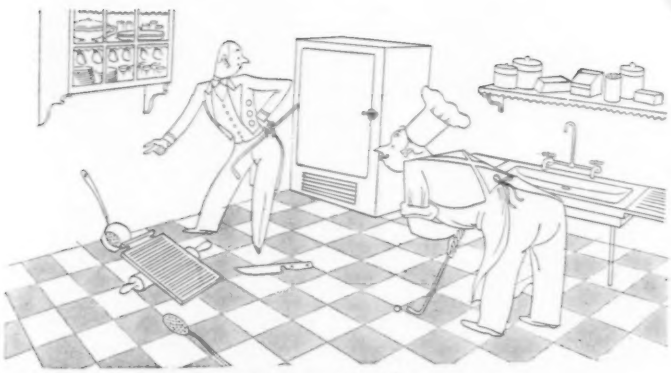
The Tom Thumbers follow through

Little Bobby and Glenna at the water hole

Tea-ing up for the Four-O'clock



A twosome lost in the bunkers



Bisques among the biscuits, or putts and pans

Miniature golf assumes gigantic proportions as its insidious influences are felt throughout the nation, until upstairs and down, American home-life is dedicated to the cult of the putter

The Park Avenue Dinner Invitation Tournament

The perfect backgammoner

BY JULIAN JEROME

Light-hearted but sound advice about the etiquette of a new game for the benefit of its enthusiasts

■ The year nineteen thirty has been a memorable one in the world of fashion, for it has seen the romantic revival of long skirts, a crash (with social reverberations) in the stock market, the sprightly advent of Tom Thumb golf, and the sudden and wide-spread vogue for the ancient and all but forgotten game of backgammon. Now, some philosophical soul might find in the extraordinary popularity of this latter fad a combination of the elements of all the other three: like long skirts, its reversion to antiquity is a pleasant revolt against a too rigid modernism. Again, the game is an exciting, if miniature, re-enactment of the stock-market crash, with its sudden adventurous ups and downs, its rapid, unpredictable and dizzy turns of fortune. In addition to this heady wine of chance it offers the same childish mental hazards and imaginative possibilities as Tom Thumb golf. Thus the philosophical soul might make an excellent case for the theory that this latest parlour phenomenon, backgammon, which is both modern and romantic, dangerous and frivolous, lucky and skillful presents a perfect portrait of the modern mind.

However that may be, backgammon is here and, we may suppose, here to stay: meaning, exactly, that it is here to stay until some game with more exciting possibilities is evolved, invented, or resuscitated. To prove that the new backgammon (unlike the late unlamented Mah-Jong) is not a transient vogue, several fair-sized volumes about it have already appeared. But in all truthfulness it must be said that they contribute little more to the knowledge and directions given by the classic Mr. Hoyle and the *Encyclopedia Britannica* article than certain added facts about doubling, the only new development of the game, and some diagrams which simplify the playing directions for the novice.

And none of the volumes which have appeared until now (nor indeed any of the newspaper or current magazine articles) have contained a word about the *etiquette* of this game—a deplorable omission, for, as any backgammon fan will tell you, there is no game, not even Contract Bridge, in which a player, without infringing any of the written rules, may be more annoying, more irritating, and more of a bore to his opponent, than at backgammon. The variety of ways in which a man or woman, armed with a dice-cup and dice, can sit down before a board and quite unconsciously, perhaps, exasperate or exhaust an adversary, are numerous enough to deserve some mention.

■ Into the category of backgammon nuisances the blatant novice does not precisely fit, for while he is an obvious bore to the experienced backgammoner with whom he insists on playing, he is often a blessing in disguise, a lamb preparing himself for the slaughter, something, one might almost say, handed to you on a silver platter. And unlike the bridge novice who assumes, with disastrous and embarrassing results, the responsibility of a partner, the backgammon neophyte is on his own—lives, dies, doubles, and loses on his own. And while it is always tedious for an expert to play backgammon with a novice the monetary rewards usually make it (to speak brutally) worth his while.

But it is the trying habits of the experienced opponents—those who can ably roll their own—which have made more than one backgammoner vow never to throw a pair of sixes again.

First, there is the Lazy Player (women are the greatest offenders in this) who sets up the board and arranges the men in as leisurely a fashion as if only one game were to be played every three hours—meanwhile chatting, smoking, or drinking, and then at long last, noticing, with a little gurgle of amusement or embarrassment, that her board is set up quite differently from your own. While you start rearranging your board to match hers, the Lazy Player begins apologetically to do likewise, so that the whole performance becomes a constant shifting and pushing of men to all four corners of the table. (The simplest way with such scatter-brained lazy players is patiently but firmly to say, "May I set up your board for you?")

The Slow Player is the over-thoughtful one who ponders for long, weary minutes over every possible and probable move combination of his throw, and takes also into lengthy consideration the chances of your next throw. In a game whose greatest charm is a certain swift and fluid quality, the exaggerated brain-wrackings of a Slow Player are both tedious and out of place.

■ One of the worst backgammon offenders is the Cup Rattler. With infantile glee, he grasps his dice-box in his hand, and from the moment your first throw is made to the moment his last man is borne off, he frantically, loudly, and passionately rattles his dice. Nothing can stop him, for the better your throw, the more vigorously he rattles his box, and when he himself is winning, it sounds like the gourds of an entire Havana Rumba band, without, one might add, the exhilarating cadences of those primitive instruments.

There is also the Fast Shooter. This type of pest never waits until your dice are back in your box to hurl his own upon the table with the speed of a machine gun, and his do-or-die expression manages to make you feel as if the destiny of an empire hung upon the cast of his dice. In his painful eagerness to see what that destiny will be, he acts as though he hoped to see, not only double sixes, but quadruplets as well.

Again, there is the School-Teacher Player, who knows just as well as you and I, or his youngest child, that three and two make five, but who, in a loud, monotonous, and cheery voice, counts out every throw something like this: "Well, *there's* my three, and *there's* my two! And here's a four, and there's a six. And that's *one* one, (*Continued on page 108*)

The Nineteenth Hole in the Speakeasy

STEICHEN

George S. Kaufman

Another playwright turns actor in his own play, "Once in a Lifetime," written in collaboration with Moss Hart

■ This arch collaborator, who in partnership with such writers as Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, and Ring Lardner, has evolved a long succession of comedies like *Merton of the Movies, The Royal Family,* and *June Moon,* has turned actor this season. As re-write man and director, he was at work on *Once in a Lifetime,* a play that gives three jeers for Hollywood, when one day, while his collaborator, Moss Hart, was looking the other way, he wrote in a part for himself. In the preliminary engagements of the comedy on Long Island and in Philadelphia, he proved to be quite the hit of the show. At the Lambs Club there has been some bitterness about this playwright's taking lines out of the actor's mouth. They point out that he has foxily written himself one of the most comfortable rôles in the modern drama. Every speech is a laugh. He has any one of four doors through which to make an exit, and he does not have to get to the theatre until nine-thirty

Hot shots from a big hand

BY TEXAS GUINAN

■ You may be all the world to your mother, but you're just a cover charge to me.

There comes a time in every woman's life when some man needs fifty dollars.

Let's be friends: we'll bury the hatchet—in each other's neck.

I believe in marriage, but it does seem like carrying love a little too far.

Don't worry about the stock-market. Stocks will come back—but not to the people who owned them a year ago.

In Chicago you can't shoot a guy within 14 feet of a fire-plug—it's against the law.

Aimée Semple McPherson is not only an evangelist but a miracle-worker; any woman who can go down in the Pacific Ocean and come up in the Mexican desert gets my vote on every ballot.

My first husband would have made a good aviator: he was no good on earth. My second husband was all right, as husbands go—and he went.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce does not want to be buried or cremated when she dies—she just wants to be put back into Tiffany's.

Reach down in your heart, dear, and get me a little cracked ice.

Lindbergh once crossed the country in a day, but the Senate double-crosses it *every* day.

Advice to Sheiks! Change the oil on your hair every thousand miles and you may go farther.

Business may be bad in New York, but the business is still holding up in Chicago.

If stocks continue to go down there won't be a pick-pocket left in Wall Street.

When the crash came my broker carried me. He carried me four blocks—after I had fainted.

To the average girl a wedding bell is only a dinner gong.

One woman's curse to another in 1930: I hope that everything you eat turns to fat.

TEXAS—DRAWING BY NAT KARSON

Don't go around with a chip on your shoulder, it's an indication of wood a little higher up.

The world is a comedy to those who drink—a tragedy to those who don't know where to get it.

The average girl today doesn't believe everything she hears—but she repeats it just the same.

A Ziegfeld show-girl uses a pill-box for a hope chest. *(Continued on page 106)*

Rah-rah boys in Hollywood

BY FRANK LYNN PARKE

■ The gaily-coloured roadster came to an abrupt stop before the Administration Building, a towering edifice, across the façade of which was a huge sign, reminiscent of Broadway, shouting, "Welcome to Wilgate!" From the steps, the jovial old professors were flinging confetti on the hordes of students—powerful boys in checkered sweaters, autographed slickers and baggy knickers and eager co-eds in bathing suits, Apache costumes and the nude. Ethan Marx, a tall Adonis, in overalls, with a pitchfork under one arm and a set of the Harvard Classics under the other, disentangled himself from the automobile. He gazed about, stunned at the frolicsome splendour of it all. He murmured, perhaps naïvely, "By Jinks! So this is Wilgate! Hot damn!"

A girl, a charming creature, with Grecian proportions and a Polish accent, approached him and throwing her soft arms around his neck, kissed him again and again.

A half hour later she spoke. "Today," she confided, "is the first day of college. Tomorrow is the big game. You must be our captain!"

At this point, all the collegians joined hands, dancing about and chorusing merrily, "He must be our captain!"

But they all suddenly fell silent when, from out of the crowd, came the handsome school bully, Marvin de Vere. He was an imposing sight, indeed: with his riding boots and fireman's hat, a pennant in his hand, and his hairy chest exposed to the elements. He cursed several times, then he suggested, "You must first prove your mettle, my fine fellow. You must be initiated."

Catching the holiday mood, the loyal men and women of Wilgate, then and there, disrobed. On the other side of the quadrangle, an accordion was playing: *Ach, du lieber Augustin.*

"Carry those garments to the tailor," commanded the villain, sneeringly, "And mind you, the need is pressing!"

The task was utterly impossible but Ethan Marx was equal to it.

"Ha, ha," he assented, "who am I, to refuse? I am only an Irish boy. But I shall do it!"

He proceeded to carry out his intention.

The beautiful sophomore turned to the tormentor and he turned to crimson. In her eyes was that firmness of purpose which Fannie Brice displays when a stage-hand steps on her foot.

■ "By gar," she pouted, "I tink mebbe you wise guy, perhaps. So, I no let you take me to ze Prom after ze game, how you like dat?"

She faced her freshman lover who stood smiling, his task well done. A group of fraternity men surrounded him.

"Will you go *(Continued on page 102)*

VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA

PACIFIC & ATLANTIC

PACIFIC & ATLANTIC

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR

TIMES WIDE WORLD

MISS AMY JOHNSON

TIMES WIDE WORLD

MISS JOYCE WETHERED

Strong members of England's weaker sex

▪ Englishmen never will be slaves, and, apparently, neither will modern Englishwomen. Lightly hurdling the generally accepted limitations of their sex, these six British ladies have managed to distinguish themselves notably in so-called masculine fields of endeavor, driving, flying, shooting, publicizing, and declaiming their dainty ways to hardy preëminence. ▪ No less an authority than Robert T. Jones, Jr. himself proclaimed Miss Joyce Wethered "the finest golfer I have ever seen". Miss Amy Johnson, earned the title of "The Lindbergh of England" when she manfully flew her Gipsy-Moth Bi-plane on a solo flight, 11,500 miles to Australia. ▪ His Majesty George V, eyeing with some astonishment the two hundred crack marksmen of his Empire, saw Miss Marjorie Forster win the King's Prize for Marksmanship at Bisley. ▪ Even the hard-boiled strongholds of high finance and politics have been successfully assaulted by Viscountess Rhondda, big business woman and influential editress; while the American-born Lady Astor, Member of Parliament, lends more than a modest share of fillip, fire, and filibuster to the manly goings-on in the House of Commons

TIMES WIDE WORLD

MISS MARJORIE FORSTER

Lost—one yacht

BY JACK CLUETT

The strange disappearance of a palatial pleasure craft causes serious distress to its poor millionaire owner

Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

T. Shaw Goelet
The Greenbrier
White Sulphur Springs
Dear Shaw:

I wish you had been here last night. I acted as dinner hostess to about sixty guests, they tell me. Unfortunately I had another engagement, but no one, apparently, noticed my absence, as Mrs. Ten Eyke Bingham told me this morning what a charming time she had and what a delightful hostess I was, although I don't see how *she* knew, for somebody else told me that Mrs. Bingham was in New York last evening. Nevertheless, Shaw, according to this morning's *Times*, my dinner was one of the most successful functions of the season.

Now, what I really want to ask you, dear, is: where is our yacht—the *Moby Dick*? I *know* we have it lying at anchor somewhere. I don't recall having seen it at Newport last summer. Perhaps you may remember where we put it—moored it—or parked it—or whatever one does with a yacht.

I only ask because of Palm Beach. It is almost time to go South, and I certainly do not intend to take that awful trip in the *Arabella*, that stuffy private car of ours, another year. Last year I very nearly had a collapse. By the way, I told Mr. Willoughby, your secretary, to sell the *Arabella* as soon as possible. You remember that you gave it to me two Christmases ago. I hope you won't mind.

Now, if you gave Junior permission to take the yacht to Yale with him, without first consulting me, I shall be perfectly furious with you. Fortunately, Deborah May is at school in the mountains or I should suspect you of having let her have it.

However, dear, I shan't worry about the *Moby Dick*. You probably know just where you can put your finger on it.

Besides, I have other things to do than chasing about the country looking for yachts, so Shaw, will you please answer this letter?

Your affectionate wife,
Eleanora

White Sulphur Springs

Mrs. T. Shaw Goelet
Weedlawn
Tuxedo Park
Dear Eleanora:

I have been checking up on the yacht situation and I find that we must still own it. It *must* be somewhere. I distinctly remember giving orders to the captain—his name escapes me for the moment—to keep steam up while you were in Newport. If I had been there myself, I should be able to be of more help. But you know how busy I am with the golf tournament here at White Sulphur, and the Shrill Oil deal, not to mention the railroad merger, and the South American rubber deal. So, as far as I know, steam is still up on the boat. Moreover I received some bills, which would seem to remove all doubt about our ownership. There was a bill for $250 for new burgees (what is a burgee?), $2725.90 for oil (this leads me to believe that steam was kept up), $8500 for the crew and several odd thousands for other items. I also remember that when my valet packed my things to come here, he came across a number of yachting caps with gold braid on them.

I certainly did *not* give Junior permission to take the yacht back to college with him! I want to discipline him. As I recall it, I cut him off with $10,000 a year until he made either the crew or the squad.

Don't worry, darling. The boat will turn up when you least expect it. So, as soon as I return to New York I will have a look around.

I am glad to see by the papers that you are having a very successful Fall.

Devotedly, your husband,
Shaw

Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Mr. T. Shaw Goelet, Jr.
Yale Station, New Haven
Dear Junior:

Your father and I plan to go to Palm Beach on the yacht next month and I am anxious to get it in readiness for the trip. But I have hunted high and low, and cannot seem to find it anywhere. Have you any idea where it is? I am not accusing you, dear, but if you *have* taken it to New Haven with you, do not hesitate to be perfectly frank with Mother, because I shall never scold you if you tell me the truth. Even if you went aground in it somewhere, do not be afraid to tell Mother.

How are you doing with your studies? And have you made a fraternity or team yet? Remember, dear, my reward—$25,000 if you don't drink while you are in college; $5,000 for every "Y", and, if you make the football team, your father can probably get you a vice-presidency in the Guaranty Trust Company, if you happen to want one. I'm sending your garters along to you. You must have forgotten them.

Your loving
Mother

Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Miss Deborah May Goelet
Miss Watter's School
Simsbury, Conn.
Dear Deborah May:

Do you remember going for a cruise when you were visiting me in Newport last summer? If so, can you recall the name of our Captain, or anything, however trivial it may seem, which would help Mother locate the boat? After you're "out" and married you will know how badly Mother feels, darling. Having so many *(Continued on page 102)*

"If I don't come out in ten minutes please notify the police."

The archdeacon's pyjamas

BY EDMUND PEARSON

A churchman forsakes the simple nightshirt of his forefathers and is lured astray by a woman in blue

■ "There remains," said the Lord Chancellor, "the very serious difficulty with the pyjamas."

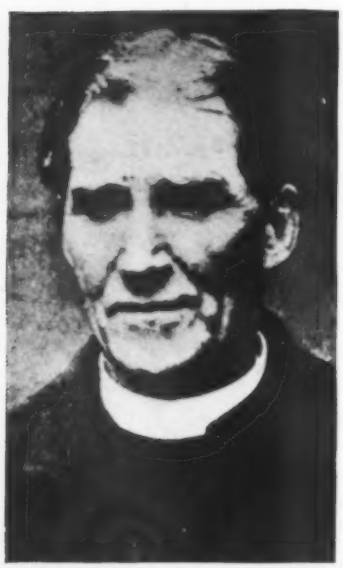
The scene was as impressive as any the mind of man may conceive; the Court as august, its robes, suits and trappings more splendid than any other on this planet. To the right and to the left of the Lord Chancellor sat Lords Buckmaster, Dunedin and Shaw; while these peers were flanked by four lords spiritual: the Bishops of London, Gloucester, Rochester, and Ely. These Right Reverend prelates sat "as assessors".

And I trust that you know what that means, because if you do not, I am too ignorant to be able to inform you.

These great personages, forming the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, representing the King's Most Excellent Majesty, holding in their hands the thunderbolts of the law, and the keys of heaven and of hell, had at last reached the crucial question of the Archdeacon's pyjamas.

In the gloom of the great Gothic hall in which they sat, its crimson and purple lights falling upon their gowns, their wigs and their lawn sleeves, they were forced to admit the perplexing nature of the problem why the Archdeacon of Stow (who was also Canon and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral) should have suddenly abandoned his life-long devotion to the old-fashioned nightshirt, in favor of these new-fangled garments.

Upon one point everyone agreed: all these lords; all the array of counsel before them; and all the swarm of witnesses—bishops and rural deans, waitresses and chambermaids, poets, peasants and policemen, school-teachers and horse-traders.



THE ARCHDEACON OF STOW

This was that the Archdeacon of Stow, who was also Vicar of Kirkstead (in addition to his other titles already mentioned) had twice visited the Bull Hotel at the cathedral town of Peterborough. These visits happened in the spring of 1920.

Alone, said the Archdeacon. Yes, alone, said a cloud of witnesses. Bringing with him the simple nightshirt of his forefathers, and no other sleeping-clothes, said the Archdeacon.

■ By no means alone, said the Bishop of Lincoln, and the Rector of Nether Seale, and a considerable body of hotel people, policemen and others. Bringing with him not a nightshirt, but pyjamas, marked with his name, and *also* bringing with him a night-gown too much trimmed and decorated for masculine use. And also bringing with him an occupant for that gown. She had been seen, the hussy, dining and breakfasting with the Archdeacon, and visiting points of interest in the town.

She was a myth, a fancy, retorted the Archdeacon, and his host of sympathizers; a myth, concocted by wicked and vengeful men.

And so the issue was joined, the battle was on. For except on the bare fact that the Archdeacon did twice put up at The Bull, the opposing factions agreed on nothing. The time of his arrivals and departures, the rooms he ate in, the wine he drank or didn't drink, the state of the weather, and the clothes he slept in, were all hotly disputed by these-folk of Peterborough.

The Consistory Court of the Diocese of Lincoln had believed in the pyjamas, and the other garment, and all the scandal which these implied. They had condemned the Archdeacon, and sought to cast him out from his numerous holy offices, and perhaps from the priesthood as well. But the Archdeacon, who never lacked the courage to fight, had appealed to this highest Court of all. So the Lord High Chancellor, and these others, were hearing again all that the snoopers—or the horrified and godly folk—had discovered.

In some instances, such a case might be dismissed as "sordid". But scarcely, in these ecclesiastical and exalted circles. There is, moreover, another very curious aspect to the appeal of the Archdeacon against his overlord, the Bishop of Lincoln. It was a conspicuous example of a trial which resulted in flat contradiction of testimony between people, most of whom had no apparent object in lying. It had also at least one instance of the method in which testimony against an accused man may be invented or perverted by a careless or overzealous witness.

The Archdeacon was sixty-one; he had a good reputation, and was everywhere in demand as a preacher. His wife and family, and many of his friends and associates in the Church testified in his behalf. His character witnesses included the Bishop of Lichfield, and one of the other Canons of Lincoln.

He came, so testified the inn-keeper, to the Bull Hotel on a Sunday evening in Lent. He was accompanied by a lady in a dark blue dress.

The inn-keeper's wife saw the lady, but her testimony and that of other employees varied from that of the inn-keeper in certain details. The latter seems to have changed his testimony at some time, in order to make it square with the others.

■ The Archdeacon and the lady, to go on with the case for the prosecution, dined together, in the grill-room, or in a private room (the hotel people disagreed) and shared a bottle of Pommard. On Monday, they breakfasted together (again a dispute about the room) and visited a "tapestry school" near the Cathedral. The lady who superintended this school saw them and recognized the Archdeacon.

Later, they visited Peterborough Cathedral. There was a snow-storm that day, and these sight-seers got their clothes wet. The "bathing apparatus" at the Bull was out of order—that is, the arrangements for heating water—and no baths being available, the two visited another Hotel, where they took hot baths and dried their clothes. The chambermaid remembered drying the clergyman's socks.

The police seemed to have marked them in the streets, though why an Archdeacon, in gaiters, apron and shovel hat should have aroused suspicion in a cathedral town is not clear. Anyhow, they inquired at the hotel, with the result that the inn-keeper, or his wife, became disquieted, and found fault with the entry in the register. They wished the lady to sign, as well as her husband. The Archdeacon refused the request.

So the inn-keeper's wife went upstairs and looked at the night-clothes. There was a pair of pyjamas, marked with the Archdeacon's name, and there was also a night dress. They thought the name on the pyjamas and that on the register did not agree.

Counsel for the Archdeacon, Sir Edward Carson, at this point asked:

"Instead of peer- (*Continued on page 92*)

VON HORN

Ethel Barrymore Colt

The daughter of America's foremost actress makes her stage début, with her mother, in "Scarlet Sister Mary"

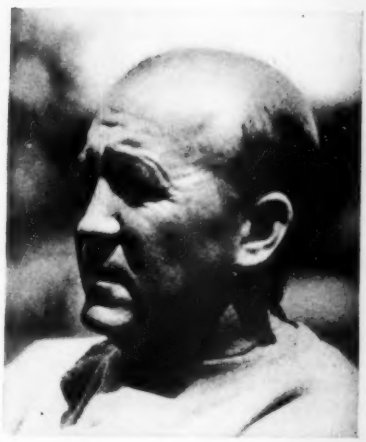
• It is an exciting day for the American theatre when the Barrymore tradition renews itself and another member of that stirring and illustrious family steps upon a stage. It happened in the 'nineties when Lionel Barrymore first appeared in *The Rivals*, with his grandmother, the first Mrs. John Drew, playing the rôle of *Mrs. Malaprop*; it happened when Ethel, as a young girl, made her memorable appearance at the Empire Theatre with her uncle, John Drew—and when John Barrymore gave up drawing cartoons for newspapers to be an actor. Now the Barrymore legend is revived in the stage début of Ethel Barrymore Colt who, in the dramatization by Daniel Reed of Julia Peterkin's novel, plays *Seraphine*, the daughter of Mary, with Ethel Barrymore herself in the rôle of *Scarlet Sister Mary*.

VANDAMM

MR. AND MRS. JAMES P. WARBURG—SONG WRITERS

COSTER

A. P. HERBERT—HUMORIST



KNUTE ROCKNE—COACH

PIRIE MACDONALD

JOHN RUSSELL POPE—ARCHITECT

We nominate for the Hall of Fame

■ **MR. AND MRS. JAMES P. WARBURG** (Kay Swift and Paul James), because they composed the words and music of last year's song-hit *Can't We Be Friends?*, and are the lyricist and composer of Joe Cook's latest musical comedy *Fine and Dandy;* because she is a well-known composer for pantomime and ballet; and finally because they still find time to be devoted, old-fashioned parents to their three small children

■ **A. P. HERBERT,** because he is the A. P. H. of *Punch;* because he emerged from the World War with his sense of humour; because he published *The Secret Battle* ten years before *All Quiet,* and *The House by the River,* a great murder story, five years before S. S. Van Dine; because his new novel, *The Water Gypsies,* is so old-fashioned it is original; and finally because he is a practical believer in beer and skittles

■ **KNUTE ROCKNE,** because he is the greatest football coach in the history of the American gridiron; because he is at present supervising a series of six football films which will familiarize the American public with the finer points and most brilliant moments of the game; and finally because his compelling personality as well as his inspired coaching have earned him the warm admiration and the friendship of sportsmen everywhere

■ **JOHN RUSSELL POPE,** because he is the architect who seems, by some miraculous means, to have designed most of the distinguished museums, stations, clubs, churches, and residences in New York; because he was the architect for America's recently completed war monument at Montfaucon, in France; and finally because a noble memorial to Theodore Roosevelt is about to rise in New York—the creation of his hands and brain

Tripe

BY JOHN RIDDELL

An intimate conversation, in the manner of the Norrises (Charles G. and Kathleen), on a rather moot question

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Aroused by the frank discussion of Birth-Control in Mr. Charles G. Norris's latest tract *Seed*, as well as in Mrs. Kathleen Norris's *Passion Flower*, our Mr. Riddell has determined this month to try his own hand at another angle of this important theme of limiting our excess productivity. In the ensuing argument, therefore, the pressing necessity for some sort of Literary Contraception among our native novelists is discussed, appropriately enough, in the respective manners of the Norrises themselves—Charles G. and his prolific wife, Kathleen, mother of thirty-three novels at the time this issue went to press. Here is a daring, frank, brilliant presentation of the most absorbing problem of contemporary writing! A theme with a moral and definite purpose—showing with graphic power the causes of literary degeneration! An epic of the decline of the American Novel!)

■ It was early in the summer that Kathy told him that Edgar Wallace was going to have another novel.

It was a heavenly warm bright shiny clear happy Sunday morning, and the broad green velvety smooth flat rolling croquet field in the middle of Central Park was filled with gay yellow warm sunlight. She and Charles were moving idly among the wickets, swinging their mallets at the smooth fat shiny round balls. Charles had tried for the stake and missed it, and now he sat on his upended mallet, his smooth fat shiny round face puckered into a frown.

"Edgar thinks he's going to have another novel, Charlie."

"Gosh, that's tough!" Charlie commented absently. He was trying to remember whether he was dead on her.

"He's been typing his eyes out," Kathy continued in a rather faint voice. "He says the first ten novels aren't so bad, or even the first twenty," she pursued. "But when you get to write the fiftieth novel or so, it's terrible."

Charlie extended his toe, slyly moved his ball over an inch or two in front of the wicket, and faced her with a great wholesome happy cheerful laugh.

"What's terrible, honey?" he asked.

"The novel, of course!" she conceded honestly. "Charlie," she went on, suddenly, deliberately, not looking at him as she knocked her ball into position for the center wicket, "I wonder how you'd feel if I were going to have another novel?"

"I know how I'd feel," Charlie said promptly. "I'd take it out into a vacant lot somewhere and burn it!"

■ "Oh, Charlie, why?" Kathy asked, widening her big dark round bright eyes reproachfully. "Everybody writes them." Her cheeks were suddenly red, and her eyes full of tears. "Look at Arnold Bennett. Or Hugh Walpole. Or Mary Roberts Rinehart, or Fannie Hurst, or Joseph Lincoln—they deliver one every year. Sometimes they even have twins."

"Well, if I was in Edgar's place," Charlie said, as he judged his distance and then rapped the stake smartly, "I'd go to my publishers and have them decide that the public couldn't stand another novel just now, that they'd have to save his reputation by—well, doing something about it."

"Oh, but Charlie! Isn't that a terribly wrong thing to do?"

"What's wrong with it?"

"Well—well—" She stopped, puzzled and a little sick. "It seems so unfair to the novel. It—it ought to have its little chance."

"Don't you think the public ought to have a chance, too?"

"But—but there seems to be something so *humiliating* about it," Kathy faltered, her cheeks burning. "To have a whole season go by without being on the best-seller lists! To have to give up the first-serial rights—and the second-serial rights—and the movie-rights—and the foreign rights—"

"It isn't half as bad, I should think, as writing it," Charlie argued.

"Oh, no, Charlie, that's natural!"

"I don't know about that," Charlie began, laying his mallet down and pointing an argumentative forefinger at the woman before him. "I've been doing a lot of thinking about this whole subject of book-control. Of course, my publishers don't agree with me. They believe that the practice of Literary Contraception profanes the sacrament of Inspiration, and is a frustration of the creative instinct in Art. It is my opinion, however, that reckless breeding should be checked for the sake of the author's reputation. It unquestionably takes the lives of thousands of writers annually, ruins the careers of as many more, and in addition brings hundreds of thousands of diseased, crippled and deformed novels into the world that should never have been written. Some of them die, many linger on in dire poverty, shivering in their paper jackets, while others roam at large, doubtless interbreeding in the movies and producing a weak and imbecile line of sequels that threaten to lower the whole stock of American literature.

"Several authors that you and I know are—or were—examples of such reckless breeding. You may recall, Kathy, an author by the name of John Erskine?"

"Very well."

"His history came to my attention very forcibly the other day in a Liggett's window. He's confined now in the dollar reprints; but before he was put where he couldn't do any further harm, he had brought a weak and helpless novel into the world named *Uncle Sam*, which was totally unable to exist alone, but was forced to depend on its older sister Helen and its brother Galahad for its entire support. Thus the future happiness of two healthy novels was threatened by this imbecile brother; and the poor author—whose health had been none too good after having *Adam and Eve*—went into a serious decline.

"Another man, a friend of us both, would have saved himself and his reputation if he had been instructed to use contraceptives."

"Carl Van Vechten," Kathy nodded. "We used frequently to speak of him as a 'horrible example.' We didn't want ourselves or our novels to go his way."

"Too many novels on the same theme, and having them too fast, did for poor Carl. After he'd had six, he needed a long rest—to say nothing of the public."

"It ruined his style."

■ "Ruined his whole racket," Charlie amended. "His first offspring were healthy enough, but he didn't know when to stop. They began to degenerate—negro blood crept in—the original stock of wise-cracks, sophisticated characters and smart conversation thinned out. His latest one—*Parties*, if I remember the name—was still-born. If he had practiced literary contraception, things might have turned out differently."

He shook his head.

"The saddest case of all comes closer than either of these. It's Emil Ludwig. The poor fellow has just produced a biography of Abraham Lincoln!"

"Uncle Emil! (*Continued on page 103*)

CHARLES AND KATHLEEN NORRIS

More thoughts on the golf swing

BY ROBERT T. JONES, JR., BRITISH AND AMERICAN OPEN CHAMPION

The start down, from the top of the swing; the location of the ball; the danger of tension and the need for smoothness

■ In a golf swing there are a number of crucial points where proper or improper action may determine the ultimate success of the effort. An error here may be corrected there and the effect of the mistake avoided, but a proper start of the swing places one far along the road to a happy ending.

This is particularly true of the start of the downward or hitting stroke. The backswing is, of course, important because it is the means of placing the player in a position to hit. But it is possible to reach a proper position in any number of ways, and corrections are more easily made when the motion is leisurely. Once started downward, the player launches himself upon his venture and, right or wrong, he must go through with it.

Now there are a number of important things to be watched in the position at the top of the swing. It is possible to write many pages on this phase of the stroke alone. But the one feature which I have in mind now is one which the duffer ignores entirely and which has everything to do with the success of the stroke.

At the top of the swing the shaft of the club, which for the long shots is in a position approximately in a horizontal plane, should at the same time be pointing to a spot slightly to the right of the object at which the player is aiming. This will be found to be a uniform practice among the best professional golfers. It is the result of swinging the club back to the top rather than lifting it up as so many beginners do.

■ Now from this position it is important to determine the manner in which the club is started downward. The necessary elevation of the hands at the top of the swing draws the right elbow away from the ribs where it should have remained until the last possible moment. The elbow is not, however, lifted into the air like the wing of a wounded bird. The right forearm should point obliquely, almost vertically, toward the ground, and be drawn away from the side only by what is necessary to accommodate a full swing of the club.

A good many players advance thus far with fair success. But the next step usually trips them. Their almost irresistible impulse now, when all is in readiness to wallop the ball, is to allow the right hand too much freedom. They allow that ubiquitous member, which has to be watched continually, to whip the club over their right shoulder, towards the front of the player whence it must approach the ball from *outside* the line of flight. Whether a smothered hook or a bad slice results, depends only upon whether the club face is shut or open when it reaches the ball. If anything like a decent shot results from such a procedure it may be ascribed to accident.

The proper beginning, from the position I have described, is in the direction in which the grip-end of the shaft is pointing. As the head-end of the club is pointing slightly to the right of the objective aimed at, the grip-end will be directed away from the vertical plane in which the ball rests. In other words, instead of immediately beginning to approach the line of flight as the downward stroke commences, the clubhead should first be made to drop away from that line.

The importance of this movement cannot be overestimated. The right elbow quickly drops back into place close to the side of the body, and the player is in a compact position ready to deliver a blow squarely at the *back* of the ball. There is no possibility of cutting across the shot.

■ In this connection it may be said that one of the great reasons for the consistency of the best players is the possession of a sound swing, by which we mean nothing more than a swing in which the successive positions are taken in accordance with accepted practice among expert players. It will be found that the man who departs far from what we call the orthodox, if he is even at times effective, is yet an erratic and unreliable player. He who starts in an unexciting position and commits no unwarranted extravagances is usually the more consistent player because he places himself in positions and moves his club in paths from which, and through which, other successful players have found the going easier. All men are enough alike to make it safe to follow examples which have been proved effective by the best of the others.

As to placing the ball. The exact location of the ball with respect to the feet is not a matter of first importance so long as certain other considerations are not lost sight of. The first of these is that a preponderance of weight must not be upon the right foot. There should be an approximately equal division of the burden but if either foot is to carry more it should by all means be the left.

The most usual position of the ball is on a spot opposite the left heel of the player, or perhaps a very few inches back of that point. There is an important requirement of good form which limits the advance of the ball beyond the left foot just as the requirement of weight distribution makes it necessary to keep the ball ahead of the right foot.

It will be observed that the best pros almost without exception place the right foot so that the toe points almost exactly straight to the front, at right angles to the line of play. Never in select golfing company do we see a right toe pointing more than ever so slightly outward away from the ball. The left toe on the other hand, usually is turned slightly outward away from the ball, and never inward toward the ball.

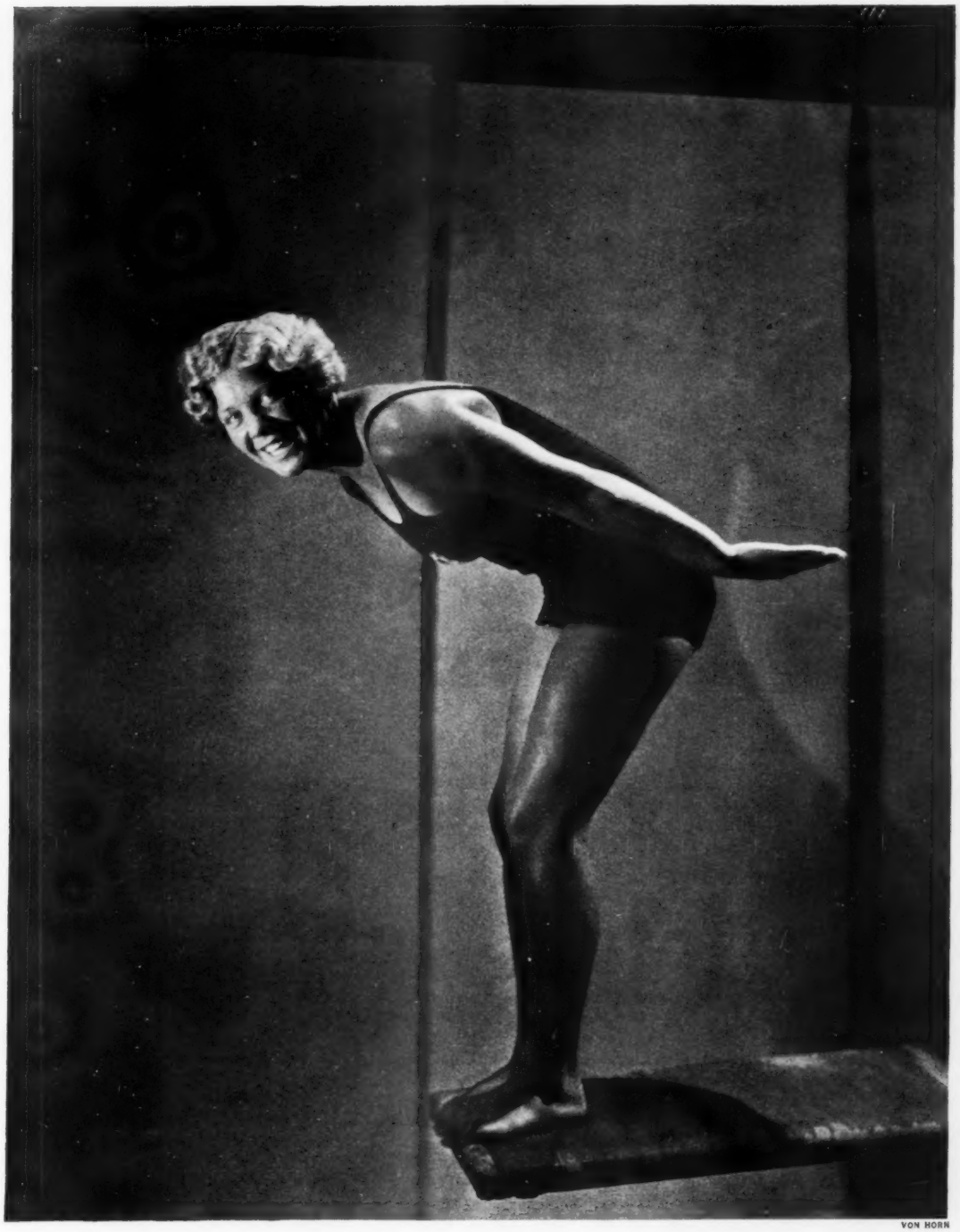
This is the correct position because it is the position from which it is easiest to complete the swing. With the right foot pointing almost straight ahead, a turn of the hips causes the left knee to swing back and form a splendid brace, as it must. If the foot were turned either way it would interfere with the stroke either going up or coming down simply because the motion of the leg could not conform with the hip turn if the foot were far from the proper place. Turning the right toe outward destroys the left leg brace and interferes with a free swing through the ball; turning the left toe outward prevents a full backswing by restricting the action of the left leg.

When one stands naturally erect, with feet approximately twelve inches apart and each in a natural position, as in walking, there is a perfect balance of the body, and a perfect facility of movement in any direction without destroying that balance. Hips and shoulders can be twisted and turned, arms swung, and the entire torso turned to either side with equal ease. That is what we are striving for in addressing a golf ball, and the positions of the feet have a great deal to do with the value of the position. The more like a natural standing posture the thing can be made the better off we are.

■ I believe most everyone will agree that the source of the greatest trouble in golf, not only for good golfers but poor golfers, is tension. The first step is to find some method or methods that will help to relieve tension as much as possible. I think one mistake the average golfer makes along this line comes from trying to keep his swing too compact. He has the idea that this will help him control the head of the club, but about all it does is to make him tighten up and to bring about much more tension than would exist otherwise.

I have seen many fine golfers in attempting to illustrate what they thought their swings were, for pictures or otherwise, stop well before their backswings were completed, when it so happened that in actually hitting the ball they let the clubhead dip a foot or so below the horizontal. What the golf swing needs is all the freedom it can get with as few restrictions as it is possible to make. Don't be afraid to let the swing take its natural course.

It seems to me that there has been a tendency to overemphasize the matter of compactness, or at any rate, that a great many golfers are inclined to go too far in striving for what they *believe* to be (*Continued on page 94*)



VON HORN

Georgia Coleman

The greatest woman diver of the aquatic world, shown in her graceful rôle of United States springboard champion

▪ Not since Annette Kellermann in long, black silk tights, flashed into the public eye—and plunged women for the first time into the forefront of aquatic sports, has any woman diver caught and held the attention of swimming fans everywhere as has Georgia Coleman. This eighteen-year-old American girl has been unanimously acclaimed the first mistress of all classic methods of leaving the diving platform. Her perfect execution of the eleven types of dives, including the Swan, Jackknife, Flying Dutchman, and Back Dives, has not only won her the rapt admiration of audiences, but countless titles as well. Georgia Coleman, as a member of the Olympic Team in 1928, gained second place in the High Diving and Springboard contests and she will be an important contender in the Olympic games to be held in Los Angeles in 1932. She is at present the National Champion of the High, Ten-foot, Fancy, and the Indoor Springboard Dives

Simplifying contract bidding

BY SIDNEY S. LENZ

In which an expert player demonstrates the absurdity and danger that may result from too many conventions

■ Millions of card players are giving serious thought to the battle that is raging over Contract Bridge. It all concerns the convention bugaboo! If it can all be smoothed out, Contract may become the universal card game again.

Several decades ago, the then prevailing game of Whist was deluged with a lot of new conventions. The present "down and out call" was then used as a signal to the partner that a trump lead would be highly appreciated. In England this was called "petering" and the old-school players designated it as nothing better than legalized cheating. The old established long-suit leads, after enjoying a century of exclusiveness, were opposed with short-suit openings and certain "unscrupulous" players would even descend so low as to lead a sneak.

When Auction superseded Bridge, arbitrary conventions were suggested to make it easy to get into the best declaration for the combined hands. Spades, in those days the lowest ranking suit, were bid in multiple form to force a prearranged response from the partner. Now, in Contract, a one-Club bid and a two-Club bid are being advocated for informative purposes only.

It is true that in Contract, quick and accurate information to the partner is of vital importance—much more so than in Auction. Ability to show three types of hands would produce the Elysian condition in Contract. When an original bid can be interpreted as designating a minimum hand, a good hand or an excellent hand, and the partner's response can show the three grades of support, then Contract bidding will be well nigh perfect. Practically all the specialized bids show two conditions, but the third is somewhat of a speculation.

■ On Demand-bids—a bid that forces a response from the partner—a wide divergence of opinion exists as to whether such bids can be made only with overpowering hands or with hands that may require some assistance from partner to land the game. The school that favors the first premise does not have many opportunities to use Demand-bids, unless they are very unlucky—at love, or lucky at cards.

Being compelled to make a one-trick declaration on a hand that is but little short of game, the partner is forced to keep the bidding open with very little assistance, so that when the original bidder has a good hand, he may get into a game contract. If, however, the opening declaration was made on a minimum holding and the adversaries are alert, a nice penalty double may chasten the adventurous spirit of the big game hunter.

Personally, I am in favor of a Demand-bid that is not necessarily good for game, in itself. But, with an even break on the deal, I hope to hold at least a few such bids in the course of an evening. However, the more important thing is that the partner is not asked to assist a one-trick declaration without real support. Of course, when my minimum Demand-bid finds a trickless hand with the partner—and again we have the wide-awake opposition—a penalty double is apt to be chalked up. It all seems to simmer down to this: As some penalties must be taken at Contract, how can we take as few as possible and how can we have the greatest fun in the process?

■ The artificial conventions, such as bidding one or two Clubs to indicate specified quick-trick values, can be made to show so much, that it might be as well to make use of a pocket radio. Arbitrary conventions, that a good card-player could not be expected to understand without a previous explanation, are, in my opinion, not for the best interests of the game.

If such artificial bids are to be allowed, what is to prevent any player's devising a highly complicated system, legalizing it by a full explanation to the adversaries and insisting upon the right to use it?

It would assuredly seem that if artificial Club bids are desired by Contract players, we should endeavor to find the most informative type of Club bid, irrespective of its complexities.

I should like to publish here a Club convention that I call, "The Little Joker". I could have made it a bit more complicated, but in deference to Herr Einstein, I desisted. All players who sincerely believe that artificial conventions are fair and proper—and helpful—should pause and ponder over "The Little Joker".

As in the Vanderbilt Club Convention, a one-Club bid shows (if playing "The Little Joker") not less than three quick tricks, while all other original bids have merely normal significance.

The partner's response, when there is no intervening bid, shows the exact quick-trick value of the hand and then the original bidder discloses all additional values his cards are worth. After these three "cue declarations" the real bidding starts. When the response to the one Club is one Diamond, everything is off! Less than one trick is shown by the one Diamond response and the original bidder proceeds as if nothing had happened, except, the bid to be overcalled stands at one Diamond.

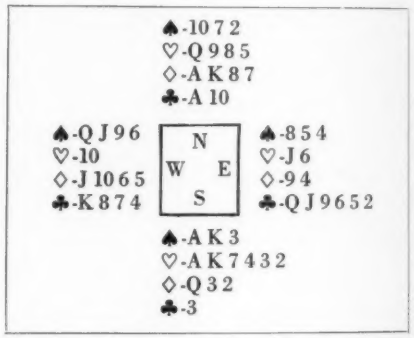
If, however, you have bid one Club and your partner holds one trick, the response must be one Heart and for every additional half-trick contained in the hand, the declaration is raised one notch higher. So, the partner's response to a one-Club bid runs as follows:

Less than One Trick would be One Diamond

1 Trick would be	One Heart
1½ Tricks would be	One Spade
2 Tricks would be	One No Trump
2½ Tricks would be	Two Clubs
3 Tricks would be	Two Diamonds
3½ Tricks would be	Two Hearts
4 Tricks would be	Two Spades
4½ Tricks would be	Two No Trumps
5 Tricks would be	Three Clubs
5½ Tricks would be	Three Diamonds
6 Tricks would be	Three Hearts
6½ Tricks would be	Three Spades

Now if the original bidder has no more than the three tricks already shown, he so informs the partner by raising his partner only one notch, while each additional half-trick is designated on the same principle of raises.

An illustrative deal will better show the *modus operandi:*



The Bidding:

South	*West*	*North*	*East*
1 Club	Pass	2 Diamonds	Pass
2 No Trumps	Pass	3 No Trumps	Pass
4 Hearts	Pass	5 Hearts	Pass
6 Hearts	Pass	7 Hearts	Pass
Pass	Pass		

■ North's two-Diamond bid shows three tricks and South's "three-notch" skip means two additional half-tricks or four in all. On the next bid, the first bona fide declaration, North, holding no outstanding suit, bids No Trumps and South shows the Hearts. As North's three tricks may consist of the Ace-King of Diamonds and the King-Queen of Clubs, South must stop at a Little Slam and North is speculating in trying for the Grand Slam.

In the play of *(Continued on page 98)*

Paris introduces new details for the 1930 ensembles

New York follows Paris in adopting the ensemble with the full length coat to wear for semi-formal occasions

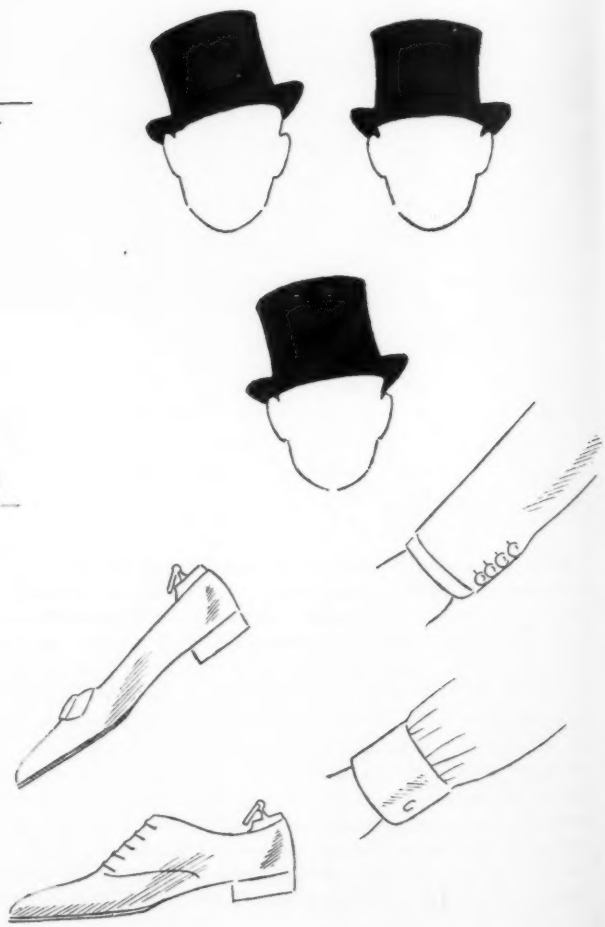
▪ At the Paris openings many of the smart houses showed ensembles with full length coats, often lavishly trimmed with fur and worn over silk or wool dresses. These are both smart and appropriate for town wear in the autumn before fur coat days begin. Of the three costumes above, the two at the left are quite formal, being best suited for afternoon wear, whereas the one at the right would be equally smart in town or in the country. Lucile Paray's ensemble, at the left, is red broadcloth trimmed with black baby lamb. The one-sided collar and the broad fur cuffs add great chic to this costume. The dress worn with it is of red crêpe de Chine and has an interesting scarf collar; from Bendel. Nicole Groult made the charming ensemble in the center, of dark green soft woollen trimmed with mink. The coat has the very smart new fitted line that achieves such a flowing, slender look, and the dress is of matching green crêpe de Chine, from Chez Ninon. The Yvonne Carette ensemble at the right has a straight-lined coat, and its two-piece dress, an amusing tunic with a collar with ruffles which continue down the front and around the bottom. The blouse and revers of the coat are of red, white and black striped jersey; the coat and skirt are black; from Chez Ninon

For the well-dressed man

Timely interpretations of the indispensable evening tailcoat as fashioned by tailors for differing tastes

• At the left, the shorter of the two men wears an evening tailcoat designed especially to produce a slender effect, particularly desirable in a tailcoat for any man, tall or short. Lapels cut on straight lines, a narrow opening at the front and the placing of buttons all enhance this effect. Tie, waistcoat and shirt are piqué. Tailcoat from Weatherill

• The taller of the two men wears a tailcoat cut with very broad, curving lapels and an opening at the front to show a generous expanse of white piqué shirt bosom and waistcoat. The tie matches the shirt and waistcoat. The collar, of course, is plain white linen quite high at the rear. A single white pearl adorns the shirt. This tailcoat is from Anderson & Sheppard



• Illustrations at the right show one correct and two incorrect ways of wearing a tall hat. It should be tilted slightly to one side, but not too far, nor should it be set squarely on the head. Below the hats, sketches illustrate the correct sleeve and shirt cuff, showing also the amount of white linen to protrude from the sleeve of the tailcoat

• Black patent leather pumps and plain oxfords of the same leather, shown at the right, are the two fashionable types of footwear for most formal evening use. Other smart accessories include: white pearl studs and cuff-links; white linen handkerchiefs; white gloves; white metal pocket watch and key chain; ties, collars, and waistcoats as shown above

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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Our London Letter

Illustrating a few of the more interesting novelties now offered in London shops where well-dressed men buy

■ The smart man of today shows a much greater appreciation of colour. Naturally, therefore, there is a much wider scope for individuality, and the formality which characterized the appearance of many men has given place to a more graceful elegance. Until very recently we should have been surprised to find, in the season, a pullover worn with a lounge suit. Yet these garments are now not only accepted as a practical accessory but as a very smart and replaceable addition to one's wardrobe.

The newest in pullovers is the short waist, reaching to the top of the hip bone where they end in a deep webbing band which clasps the body firmly. These are presented in a multitude of materials, and most unusual of all for town wear is the heavy knitted silk in a bird's eye pattern, made with or without sleeves.

Another useful shirt is the Dozi pullover hunting shirt. This is made of merino with its cuffs, collar band and opening of *crêpe-de-Chine* or linen. The collar can be made in one with the garment or separate.

A similar type of shirt—the polo shirt—with short sleeves and an attached collar is still used a great deal for tennis or golf. With it is worn a sleeveless shell-stitched merino pullover in a contrasting colour. The same shirt, made of white, open-mesh merino, is even better for tennis.

Evening shirts are showing a very narrow starched linen front. The cuffs are very much rounded and fitted closely to the wrists, while the latest mode demands that the body of the shirt be made *(Continued on page 106)*

■ Sketched above, pajamas, robe and slippers of one set—Izod. Shown also, front view of an alternative waistband for the pajama trousers. Swatches above show patterns for two robe and pajama sets ■ At left one sweater has a tie to match; the other, club stripes—Hawes & Curtis

■ Above, a polo shirt made for an American polo team; Izod ■ The plaid shirt-jacket is for golf: Hawes & Curtis ■ Pull-over and shirt, right, above—Izod ■ Left, polo shirt with self collar, and one with silk collar—Izod ■ Right, latch key, knife and cigar cutter combined in one gadget—Asprey

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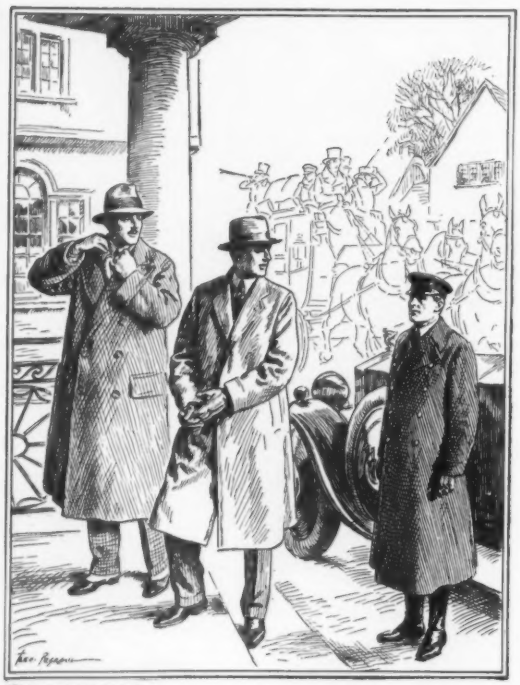

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1818 AND TO-DAY

Business Suits
Overcoats
Liveries

Send for "A Wardrobe for BUSINESS"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

The Theatre

(Continued from page 42)

offensive; they are not forthright in their dirt but laboriously sneaky, like an old man who, at a dinner party, puts his hand on the knee of the young woman seated next to him under the pretence that he is feeling around for his dropped napkin. To a good, dirty play that comes unabashed into the open, I have no objection; in point of fact, I sometimes enjoy such an exhibit hugely; my gleeful laughter can be heard ten blocks away. But these masked dirty plays have the same critical effect upon me that a smoking-car story has when it is related by a man who stutters. *Through the Night* was one of the most dismal things that ever found its way into a theatre. The work of the MM. Golding and Dickey, it touched the edelweiss of idiocy.

Mr. A. H. Woods began his season with a mystery play by Owen Davis called *The Ninth Guest*. Miserable whim-wham, it again presented Mr. Davis as a playwright pathetically trying to meet the requirements of the modern theatre long after the embalming fluid has claimed him. A group of men and women are invited to a pent-house by an unknown host. Once they are assembled, a voice from the radio assures them in funereal tones that they are prisoners and that one by one they will meet their deaths. Presently they begin in turn to froth at the mouth and go boom. When all save three are corpses, one of the survivors jumps upon another, ties him to a chair, announces that he is the killer and uncovers a lot of push-buttons by means of which the foul fellow has negotiated his dirty work. The writing suggested that Mr. Davis originally intended the manuscript to be acted by a company of self-conscious Negroes. Not since the years when Augustus Thomas was in his prime has such swell literary dialogue been heard hereabouts. That the play was written with both eyes on a talkie sale was clearly apparent.

The Rhapsody, by Louis Kaufman Anspacher, was George M. Cohan's initial bouquet. Like Davis, Mr. Anspacher is also found to be wandering around in the present-day theatre full of undertaker's juice. Never a playwright of any gift for reputable drama, this latest visitation of his is the sort of thing that would have been considered very advanced by the more backward critics *circa* 1910. Produced in Philadelphia under the title, *Symphony and Jazz*, it offered one the touching spectacle of a writer who had evidently come to the conclusion that there would be something dramatically up-to-date in Freudian complexes and who presented his findings with the surprised air of a little boy who has just discovered to his astonishment that babies are not of ornithological or vegetable origin. A mixture of comedy, melodrama, psychological drama and psychoanalytical pseudo-profundity, the evening was far from the kind usually sponsored by Mr. Cohan.

The raid by the police on Earl Carroll's *Vanities* occurred while I was taking the cure in Munich, with subsequent treatments in the Chablis and Burgundy countries, so the matters that aroused the moral indignation of our nurses of law and order, having been removed before my return, have come to me only by second-hand report. It appears that what outraged the fine sensibilities of the cops was, (1) a young woman in a state approximating the altogether and (2), a scene in which a comedian named Savo indulged in some monkey-business with the confidential undergarments of several mannequins in a shop window. The Grand Jury, being highly intelligent, declined to indict Mr. Carroll and the several performers, doubtless having seen stuff twenty times worse—from a policeman's moral viewpoint—in any number of plays that have gone their way peacefully and unmolested. Why a young woman with few clothes on who moves sedately about the stage should be considered an evil spectacle and one with a few more clothes on who wriggles her anatomy in an obscene manner be considered quite all right, I can't make out, yet the police never disturb lubricity provided only it be concealed under a thin layer of silk. And as for the Savo didoes, I can't believe that, even at their worst, they tended to corrupt public morals half so greatly as the undisturbed stream of light-hearted adultery, cuckoldry and promiscuous sex that flows now constantly in and out of our theatres. I do not argue that Mr. Carroll has a clean mind; he certainly hasn't one; but I find it hard to believe that a half dozen of his producing colleagues, who have never yet been collared by the police, are not just as cerebrally unlaundered.

We come to Arthur Hopkins' bow. It bears the name, *Torch Song*, and is the work of Kenyon Nicholson. A cabaret girl, after being infected by religious bacteria, one night goes back on the Lord and surrenders her person to a former lover. The next morning she is very blue over her lapse from morals and threatens to do all sorts of things to herself. Just as she is on the point of setting sail for hell, a traveling salesman in the hotel where she is staying hears a Salvation Army band playing *Onward, Christian Soldiers* in the street below. "Listen!," he says. "That's the idea! Buck up, girlie. Onward! Onward! Up, up, up!" The girl stares blankly at the audience, indicating that she is beginning to sop up the traveling salesman's wisdom. And the curtain falls. Mr. Hopkins can surely do better than that.

The play has several moments of amusing comedy, negotiated by the minor character minstrel show that so often finds its way into contemporary American playwriting, but in the main is so smeared with sentimentality that even Edward Sheldon's *Salvation Nell* seems philosophically hard-boiled in comparison. The best character in the piece, save for a dose of glucose injected into it at the finish, is that of the boozy traveling man, a creation of considerable humour and not a little honesty. Mr. Nicholson's humour deserts him, however, when he goes about the business of his central characters. He confuses sound sentiment with emotional confectionery and periodically becomes so sticky that his

(Continued on page 92)

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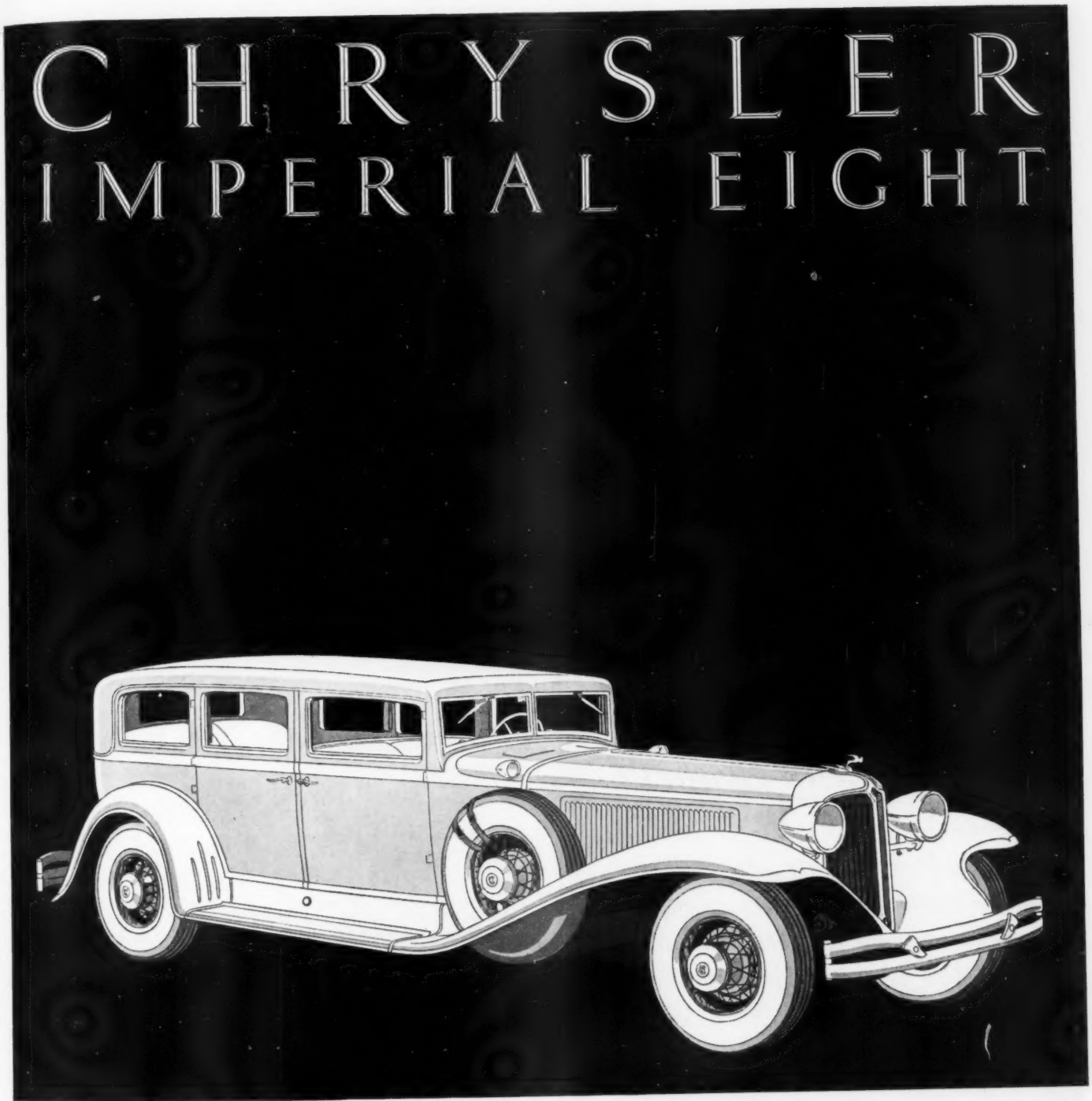

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New York

Ten little fingers

(Continued from page 44)

cause they couldn't afford to buy good liquor.

"Lela," he said, when they were alone again, "I've only known you for a few months, dear, but I have admired you all that time because—well, chiefly because you never lose your charm, Lela. A man could be proud of you in any situation." His kind face was very earnest as he leaned forward and took her hand. "I think you're unhappy—but you're too much of a thoroughbred to show it."

"Oh, I'm no heroine," she insisted lightly. "I've simply made the best I could out of what I have . . . only sometimes, John, dear, it *is* hard not to be able to live as beautifully—well—as beautifully as I've always been used to living." She pressed his fingers tightly and closed her eyes for a second. "But let's not talk about me!"

She smiled again, brightly, and he was enormously touched. "Lela—you've told me so little about yourself, but—"

"Dear John, you know all there is to know. I was simply one of those girls who are brought up to expect a great deal, to live in luxury—and then poor, darling Daddy lost all his money. He couldn't help it, he suffered, too." Lela was pleating a shred of the green chiffon with long, tragic fingers. "He sold the house in the country first—then the town house went, and I had to leave finishing school." A gesture of her pale hands hinted at further trials, but she did not speak of them.

"It happens to hundreds of girls, John, only I made it worse by falling in love with a man because I thought he was so fine and splendid that I didn't care whether he had enough money to support me or not. Of course, he hadn't any." She managed to laugh a little, unsteadily. "It's a long time since anyone has seen *him*—or since I've seen any alimony."

"You poor child," the man's voice was deep with feeling. "And I could do so much for you."

She looked at him affectionately, but she was not actually seeing him. She was so tired. And so eager. His gentle, grayish head seemed now to rise insanely, before her persistent eyes, into a kind of coloured upper air that led to a heaven made of gold where she could rest and be happy. She heard herself saying:

"But you have done a lot for me, John. You've been a comfort to me ever since I've known you." She heard herself saying, "I only wish I could be a comfort to you."

Instantly, she was in an agony of anxiety. Had she said too much? Had that sounded like hinting? She was saved, then, by the child coming into the room. Unsteadily at first, then without embarrassment, he made the usual speech, dictated by his mother, to the guest in his house; then wandered off to play with the books in the lowest shelf against the wall, pulling them out one by one onto the floor.

Lela's eyes followed him, liquid with mother love. "*He* makes up for everything," she murmured, and added, not too hastily, "almost everything."

John Alvin rose, and stood facing her. "Lela, you're the bravest, truest woman I ever knew. And I—" He stopped, and Lela saw that Carrie was standing in the doorway.

"Is it the baby's bedtime, Carrie? John, dear, forgive me." She picked the child up from the floor, loosening his fingers from the last book in the pile, and smiled at John over his head. "He's nearly four, but he still insists that I tuck him in bed and sing him to sleep with 'Ten Little Fingers'." She hummed the words softly, standing with the boy in her arms, her delicate head bent over him.

Ten little fingers
And ten little toes. . . .

The light of the room, diffuse and flattering, fell in gentle shadows upon her bowed, bright head. It was the loveliest of all the series of portraits of herself that she had created for this man. Indulgently, he watched her go, and smiled as he stooped to straighten the pile of books on the floor.

He was sitting on the couch when she came back, but he got up at once. "As I was about to say, Lela, dear—"

As he was about to say. . . . With all her heart she thanked him for that, for the blessed knowledge that she would not have to re-create the mood that had been between them.

"As I was about to say, I'm sailing to-morrow so I shall have to be getting along now." His tone was so casual that for a moment she thought he was joking; then a dreadful silence filled her whole body as she listened to him.

"If there is ever anything that I can do—in the next few months, I want you to be sure and wire me. Care of the Bankers' Trust in Paris." His voice was kind.

She watched him get his hat and stick in the hall. She said good-bye to him, and heard the door close.

She was not conscious of any emotion as she went back and sat down on the couch again, moving aside sharply as something struck her side. She pulled it out. It was the photograph album that her mother had sent to her, that she had been looking for for months so that she could burn it. Now her mind formed a clearer thought, and she reflected that the baby must have pulled it out of a corner of the book-shelf.

She opened it, and looked at the picture of herself in black cotton stockings, at the age of twelve, on the steps of Public School No. 14; at the pictures of her father, in shirt-sleeves and a derby hat, with his feet up on the railing of the back porch, and of her mother, dressed up for Sunday in a plaid silk dress and jet earrings. She turned the pages to a photograph of herself with a travelling salesman who had been a beau of hers, hilariously astride an imitation donkey at Coney Island; to another of herself and a boy, whom she dimly remembered as being some kind of tailor's assistant, at Atlantic City with ludicrous cardboard waves festooned about their necks. She came to a page where the local newspaper account of her wedding was pasted in the centre. "The marriage of Miss Leila Appelget . . . the groom is employed by Boulter and Wilkins, hay and feed merchants in this town." Here, between cheap leather covers, John Alvin had found the story of her life, and it was the true story.

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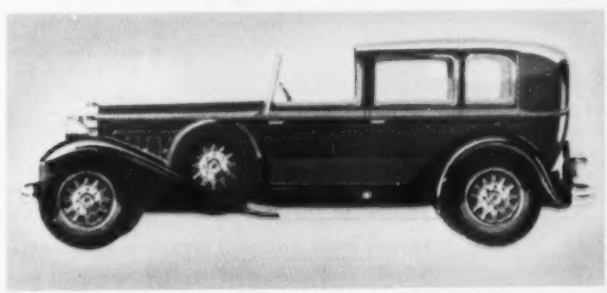

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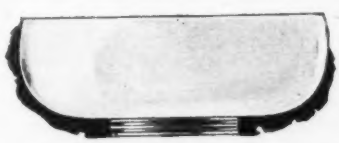

(Left) An example of the genius of Gorham design is this striking Hunt Cup, trophy for "The Scamper," open flat race event of the Autumn Meeting of the smart Norfolk Hunt.

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A theory about corruption

(Continued from page 61)

the constitutional government breaks down in civil war or it is swept aside, as it has been in all of Eastern Europe, by a dictatorship of one of these associations. In many countries it is only too plain that the constitutional system is a mere façade behind which the real exercise of power depends upon the barter of privileges and the use of violence.

My point is that Tammany is not a disease, but simply the old body politic in its more or less natural state, and that the American ideal of government as a public trust to be carried on by disinterested men represents not the actuality but a long step ahead in the evolution of man. The very conception of a public trust has not yet been heard of by the mass of mankind. It has been a recognized public ideal in Europe even among the most advanced thinkers for not much more than a few hundred years. It is a very difficult ideal to attain, and I know of no public man even in America and even in our time who has felt able to be completely loyal to it. The best test is the appointment of judges, for surely if there is a public trust more imperative than any other it is the task of the President or the Governor to insure the highest possible quality in the courts. Does anybody know a President who has been guided solely by merit in his selection of judges? I doubt it. The best of Presidents is as virtuous as he dares to be, but at some point or other he must for political reasons knowingly violate his conscience.

The difficulties increase as one descends in the political scale. Presidents, governors, perhaps even mayors, move in a realm where ideal motives may be effective, for their acts are subject to the verdict of the more sensitive minority and to the judgment of history. They are likely, moreover, to be exceptional men who have passed beyond the struggle for existence, to be educated men, and to appreciate the immaterial glories of the state. But down among district leaders, and second deputy commissioners, and clerks of court, the larger rewards, the larger issues, the intrinsic obligations of power, simply do not exist. These office holders are recruited from men who have to struggle to exist, who must hold on grimly to what they can get, who never have any feeling that they are public men making the history of their time. Men of genius have risen now and then from such political beginnings, but for the few who rise there is a multitude who know they never will. What can public office give to them except a job at a meagre salary, an opportunity to prosper a little on the side, a sense of importance in their neighborhood, and the excitement of working for the winning team? At the base of the political structure there are no adequate motives to give meaning to the conception of public office as a public trust. It is not surprising that this relatively new and high conception, which has so little ground in the instinctive life of man, should take hold slowly.

As a matter of historical fact we are justified in going a step farther to say not only that what we call political corruption is the ancient and natural political process, but that corruption in the form of jobbery represents a decisive step upward in political life. I think it could be shown from the history of the Mother of Parliaments itself and demonstrated today in certain politically backward countries that corruption is the practical substitute for factional wars. In the Eighteenth Century the civil wars in England came to an end and the habit of political violence dissolved finally in the organization of a thoroughly corrupt but peaceable parliament. There are places in the world today where corruption is progress. I once heard the President of a Latin-American Republic explain that he was consolidating his régime at home by making ambassadors, with extra large grants for expenses, out of his most dangerous political enemies. It had been the custom to shoot them.

I fear that my theory of corruption will seem fantastic to many and a justification for a lazy tolerance to others. It seems to me the serious truth, and conceivably a useful truth. For if it is true that corruption is not a disease, but on the contrary a natural condition which civilized modern man is seeking to surmount, the knowledge that this is so might very well provide us with a clearer idea of what our periodic scandal-chasing is all about, a better appreciation of the realities with which we are dealing, and even a stronger resolve to keep slogging at it. For we should then know that the campaign against corruption on behalf of the ideal of trust is no mere repairing of something perfect that has broken down, but the implanting of a new habit of acting in the ancient consciousness of man.

The next war

(Continued from page 41)

Japanese shift. Japan has been given an economic stake in the present dispensation and understands her national interests too clearly to prejudice them by deserting her post as an international tree-sitter and playing Tom-Thumb golf with the unemployed empires.

Hitherto, the United States has inclined strongly to the side of the "Haves", without having forfeited the sympathy of the "Have-Nots". We have made ourselves economically and financially useful to Japan; we have led the movement for German rehabilitation; we are on excellent diplomatic terms with Italy; and our policy has been uniformly considerate of the political and national rights of the Russian people, despite our moral disapproval of the character of the Russian leaders. At the same time, we have so many interests and commitments in the British Empire and in Europe that our influence has been steadily exerted on the side of peace, almost at any price. But let M. Briand suc-

(Continued on page 111)

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The archdeacon's pyjamas

(Continued from page 74)

ing into an old clergyman's nightclothes, why did you not ask him what his name was, and say that you could not make it out in the register?"

Answer: "I don't know why."

There was much confusing evidence about the entries in the register, and about the amount of the bills paid. The prosecution claimed that the words "and wife" were at some time added to the clergyman's name, by his own hand. The defence asserted that the inn-keeper unjustifiably added the words himself.

Again, two weeks later, the Archdeacon came to The Bull, and again, so his opponents said, the mysterious lady in dark blue was with him.

The Archdeacon's reply to all this was a complete denial of the lady in dark blue.

A waitress had sworn that the Archdeacon spoke sharply to his companion, referring to the fact that she wore no wedding ring:

"Take your hand off the table! Do you want to get us thrown out of here?"

But there appeared at the hearing Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blunden. With a friend named Mr. Porter they were dining at The Bull that night, and the remark about the wedding ring was addressed to his wife, in jest, by Mr. Blunden. His wife saw the Archdeacon at his breakfast alone.

The Archdeacon denied the bottle of Pommard, and another statement concerning champagne. He never drank champagne, and to say he did was an aspersion on his character.

The morals of the higher clergy were conserved, so far as possible, during the hearing. The admission, by the Bishop of Lincoln, that he was playing golf on a certain Saturday was received in the Court with "laughter." The Lord Bishop had this set straight in the record: it was *not* on the Saturday of Holy Week, but on the Saturday before Palm Sunday.

The pyjama scandal was refuted by the Archdeacon's wife and housemaid. He had never worn them in his life, except once (in 1919) when, as a concession to the more abandoned manners of Europe, he used them during a trip to France.

What could be the explanation of all this? Was there another person, some gay dog, in the vestments of a parson, gallivanting about upon his unholy amusements, and did the good Archdeacon suffer from the likeness to himself? He did not say so. Rather, his theory was that of a conspiracy, and he named the conspirators: the Rector of Nether Seale, Asby-de-la-Zouche, and the Vicar of Appleby Magna. These two persons had been his enemies for years. One of them was his brother-in-law—but that only made him more dangerous.

There was an old quarrel about a church, which the Archdeacon had re-opened, despite the wishes of the Vicar of Appleby Magna,—whose name was Moore. The Archdeacon wished to preach in this church, and recreate the spiritual life of the parish, but Mr. Moore, filled with Christian spirit, had the building encircled with barbed wire. When the Archdeacon broke through the wire, the Vicar, making strange use of the language of Chicago gunmen, had exclaimed:

"All right, all right, *but I'll get you yet!*"

Now, the Vicar and the Rector, it was shown, had been moved by holy zeal for uncovering the Archdeacon's misdeeds, as soon as rumor reached them. They had promptly hired an ex-policeman to act as detective. Yet the Lord Chancellor, and their Lordships, sniffed and pooh-poohed at the notion of such a vast conspiracy.

It was unbelievable, they said, and the Archdeacon's witnesses must be mistaken. They upheld the lower Court, and threw out his appeal. And the Archdeacon was left to the cold comfort of public meetings; the support of the paper, *John Bull*; and the exhibition of "cinema shows, portraying various incidents connected with the case."

The Theatre

(Continued from page 86)

characters have difficulty in working their feet loose in order to go on with the play. At one point he actually has his leading man gaze wistfully out of the window, remark on the smell of the lilacs in Springtime, and observe something to the effect that a beautiful Springtime night can make him believe in God.

As for Mr. William A. Brady's initial producing performance, not much need be said. Having had a success last season with a play that ran its course in large part on a New York sidewalk and following the managerial belief that plays, if not lightning, generally strike twice in the same place, he scurried around and, after much perspiration, found himself a play that ran its course, in turn, on a Paris sidewalk. It was called *Café* and came from the atelier of a young lady named Mannes. It was bad—very. Essaying to picture the souls of the American expatriates on the Left Bank, it achieved the heights of bathos and in the achievement proved itself cheaply offensive. The direction of José Ruben was as bad as the play, his idea of realistic boulevard *terrasse* phenomena consisting in such titbits as a Paris policeman's objection to a cocotte's sitting at one of the tables. However, even had the play and production been much better than they were, the acting would have completely devastated the evening.

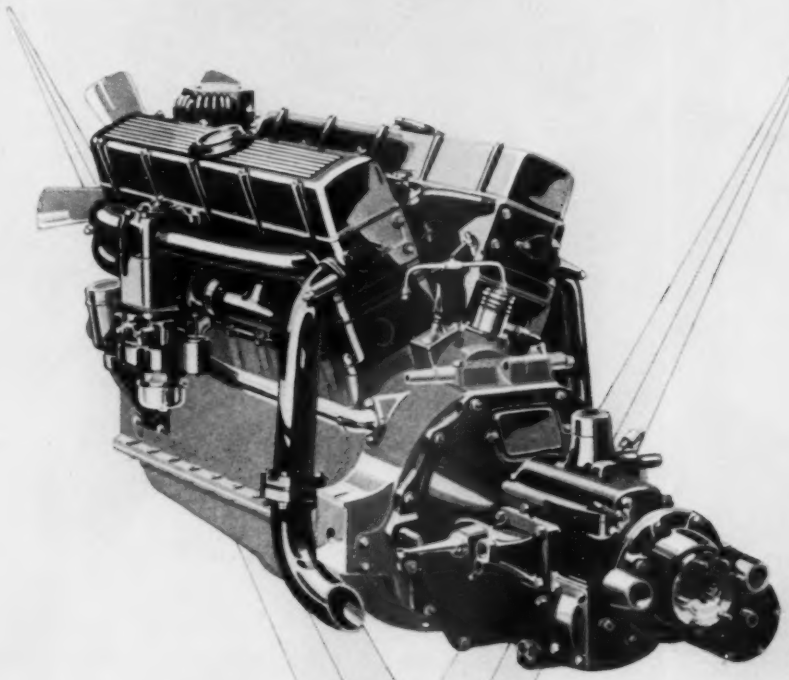
P. S. 1. "Up Pops the Devil," by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. A trivial, rickety comedy embellished with some fair wisecracks.

P. S. 2. "That's the Woman," by Bayard Veiller. Cheap melodrama of the early Henry Arthur Jones era.

P. S. 3. "The Up and Up," by the Misses Flint and Madison. Commonplace underworld stuff.

P. S. 4. "The Long Road," by Hugh Stange. Trashy war stuff.

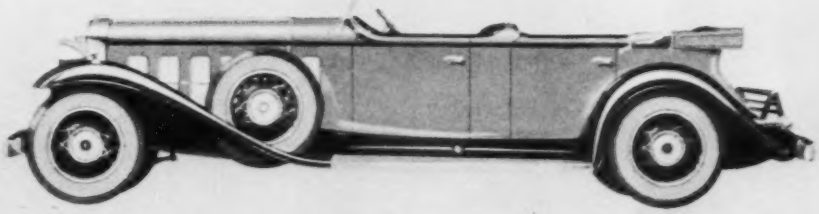
P. S. 5. Good God!, by George Jean Nathan.



TWELVE CYLINDERS

Cadillac now rounds out complete coverage of the fine car field with the new V-Type 12 — a car of exquisite beauty and surpassed in performance by the Cadillac V-16 only

Coachwork by Fisher and Fleetwood — Prices range from $3795 to $5065, f. o. b. Detroit



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

FAVORABLY SPONSORED

This unique ginger ale presents all the pleasing sparkle... the delicate flavor... and the merited distinction that its name implies...

THE ONLY GINGER ALE MADE WITH WHITE ROCK WATER

"A MODERN DIANA, LEAVING A FAINT TRAIL OF LAVENDER"

"Phyllis was at the hunt ball, too, looking more stunning than ever . . . just back from Paris and full of plans for her winter in Sydney. I never see her without thinking of what Jack wrote when he met her in Hong Kong that time . . . a modern Diana, leaving a faint trail of lavender."—From the letters of an English traveler at home.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Three steps to a Lovely Complexion.. A Delicate Soap, A Famous Cream, A Caressing Powder

FROM early morning until late afternoon she may hurry after the swift Belvoir hounds, but in the evening she will look as if the English drawing-room were her only natural environment. Her glorious, roseleaf complexion is loveliest in the formal mood.

But the English woman leads an active, crowded life. She has no time for elaborate (and fantastic) rites of beauty. Nor any need. One simple, effective treatment guards her famed complexion—the Yardley treatment. Soap and cream and powder. That is all. And you, an American woman, will find the same exquisite pleasure in the use of Yardley's.

English Lavender Soap is for the initial cleansing of face and neck. Yardley's English Complexion Cream melts into your pores to loosen all the clogged impurities. Then you wipe it away with cotton dampened in Yardley's Cleansing Lotion (or other astringent). A second layer nourishes the tissues while you sleep, leaving your skin clear and refreshed.

In the morning, use English Complexion Cream as a powder foundation. A generous coat should be smoothed on, the skin absorbing as much as it will. The surplus is removed *with water and an ordinary face cloth.* Then, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder is applied over the invisible film left by the cream, and you go out looking your very best. Our booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent," is free. Would you like a copy?

Yardley & Co., Ltd., 33 Old Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City; also Toronto and Paris.

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, nourish and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed pot, $1.50.

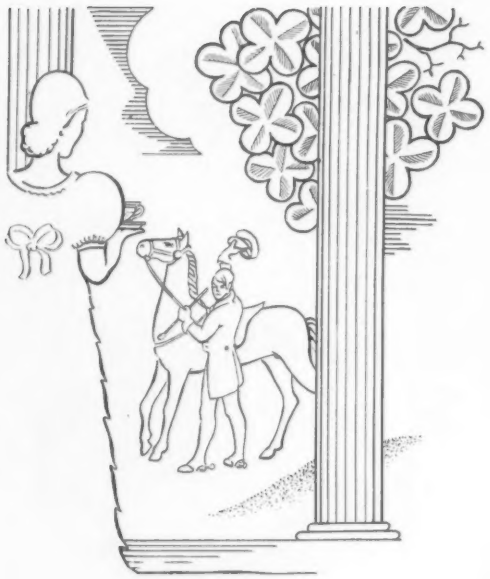
Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.

Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, or 35c a cake. Guest size, 20c a cake. Bath size, 50c a cake.

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

Yardley's English Lavender

Smart women consider the informal charm of Yardley's English Lavender "the lovable fragrance," in perfect taste for all occasions. $15 to $1 in various-sized bottles.



. . . the parting guest

In the old days the stirrup-cup sped the parting guest . . . a gracious gesture indicative of concern for the guest's welfare to the very last moment.

The smart modern hostess takes leave of her guests of the evening in a way that is equally thoughtful. Just before they leave, she serves them with a cup of some flavorful cream soup, or a bouillon—accompanied by one of the long, narrow, salted crackers.

Hostesses have found that Heinz *Cream* of Tomato Soup is particularly relished. There is a flavor about it—a richness—an enjoyment; it has such a cheerful color—such an appetizing aroma. Every guest is the happier for its flavorful goodness!

The Heinz label on any jar, bottle and can is a sure promise of flavor inside—flavor in its happiest form!

57

HEINZ

THREE OF THE 57 VARIETIES:
Heinz Cream *of Tomato Soup* • *Heinz* Cream *of Celery Soup*
Heinz Cream *of Pea Soup*

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The devil a monk would be

(Continued from page 52)

I should only permit it accompanied by a convincing explanation of what really happened, and a thorough exposure of its lies.

Now if in three concrete cases, in the case of Dr. Jung and Effie, in the case of *Storm over Asia,* in the case of *Potemkin* I am prepared to admit of a modified and regional censorship, then I might as well abandon my position completely and say that censorship must exist. Very well, I *do* make that admission; but I qualify it with the reservation that it must be intelligently exercised. The onus of justifying censorship must rest upon the censor. If he blunders, he must be removed.

Delicate indeed, and tentative, must be the task of any censor. For how do we know what in effect influences the minds and character of the illiterate or the young? They have little sense of the hypothetical, nor are they often able to transfer into terms of their own experience facts and feelings which are presented to them as the experiences of others. There is an element of chance in early influences, and in the lives of the Great we are all too often misled by false inferences.

I should conceive it possible, however, in every country to create a jury of censorship, a body reserved for people over the age of thirty and under the age of forty-five. Such a jury would be empowered to recommend the suppression of any play, book, or picture which, by a two-thirds majority, they considered liable to provoke danger or to cause harm. They would be limited by their terms of reference. They would be empowered to recommend the suppression of a work on political or religious grounds solely because that work might be liable to cause a breach of the peace. No weight should be given to the consideration that the political or religious views expressed were at variance to their own.

In sex matters they would be allowed to recommend suppression only in cases in which a two-thirds majority of their members pronounced a work to be definitely pornographic in intent. The test they should apply would not be their own personal likes or dislikes but the practical effect of any work upon the public mind. Such a jury would, and perhaps with reason, have prohibited that particular Mickey Mouse from being performed in Germany. But they would not have suppressed *The Well of Loneliness* and thereby given to that arid work an overwhelming popularity and advertisement which, if left to itself, it would never have acquired.

More thoughts on the golf swing

(Continued from page 78)

compactness. This is especially true in the detail of curbing the swing stroke. Many people have come to believe that a short backswing, by eliminating some of the body turn, simplifies the stroke to such an extent that grave errors will be easily avoided. I have always held the contrary view, and am convinced that a great many more shots are spoiled by a swing that is too short than by one that is too long; and this applies in the use of every club from the driver down to the putter.

The one quality which a golf swing must have is smoothness. The acceleration from the top must be gradual and the motion must be unhurried and free from any sudden or jerky movements. And in order to accomplish it in this manner, the clubhead must have plenty of time to gather its speed before it reaches the ball. It is apparent that the longer the arc through which the club travels the less need there is for an abnormal expenditure of energy at any one particular moment. The long path affords plenty of space for building up velocity from the zero point at the top to a maximum at the moment the ball is met.

The thing that troubles the average golfer most seems to be to make use of the weight and power of his body at the same time preserving a perfect balance upon his feet. A large percentage of players who score over 85 habitually swing themselves off their feet when attempting any thing close to a full shot.

The first lesson in footwork should be devoted to the use of the left foot for it is by far the more important.

When the thing is properly done the heel rises considerably from the ground but the foot does not turn from its original position. It is not a difficult movement for it is accomplished simply by permitting the foot to be drawn up by the turn of the hips. And the heel should never be raised enough to draw the ball of the foot from the earth. At the top of the swing the weight is borne on the inside of the foot.

The right foot has almost nothing to do on the backswing. There is, however, a slight shift of the burden from the ball of the foot to the heel. The right knee is bent slightly at address and in that position the greater portion of the weight is thrown upon the ball of the foot. When the body turns in taking the club back the right knee straightens, shifting most of the weight from the ball back to the heel.

From this position two things are possible; either the right foot may remain firmly set, in which case there must be a very restricted finish; or the heel may come up as the stroke goes through to a full finish. Which of the two methods is actually employed depends upon the individual.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is one of a series of articles on golf by Robert T. Jones, Jr., which is published here with the friendly consent of the Bell Syndicate, Incorporated.

DISTINCTION

Drawn especially for Amrad Radio by John Richard Flanagan

(Left) The AMRAD SONDO Model. A new electric phonograph and radio combination incorporating the latest eight tube AMRAD Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis and the new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker in a cabinet pronounced the most beautiful ever produced. It contains two wells for records. Priced at $240.00, less tubes.

(Right) The AMRAD RONDEAU Model. A magnificent cabinet enlivened with exquisite carved decorations. The set is the latest AMRAD eight tube Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis. The new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker is incorporated. Automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume. Priced at $150.00, less tubes.

GOBELIN . . . . a name that has woven its magic significance into the pattern of centuries, as symbolizing a sublime achievement . . . . a better thing than all other craftsmen of the world, however skilled, might hope to produce.

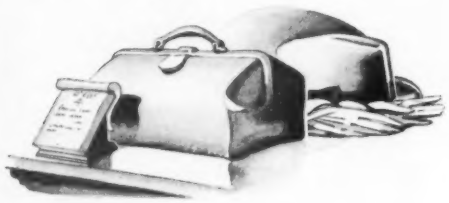
This genius was present in the little family of French dyers that seemed to possess methods and imagination unparalleled heretofore. Two brothers they were . . . . Gilles and Jean, of Rheims, and a dyeing establishment was set up in the Faubourg Saint Marcel. Along the measured course of this ancestral line, with Paris whispering of the wizardry of their skill, fame and fortune came . . . . and «GOBELIN» was more than a name . . . . it was a *tradition.*

Henry IV purchased the property, and tapestry-makers, under his patronage, continued the highly specialized work. It was in 1662 that Louis XIV brought illustrious personages to admire the output of the «Meubles de la Couronne». There could be nothing better than a «Gobelin» . . . . and there was no substitute for a «Gobelin».

AMRAD has come to be identified with qualities of supreme perfection in Radio . . . . a beautiful, and a scientifically advanced weaver of the tapestry of melody and of the voice of the universe. AMRAD, then, is to radio what Gobelin has always been to tapestry.

AMRAD DIVISION *of*
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Home of *«the Nation's Station»*—WLW
CINCINNATI

AMRAD *Radio*



"Too many operations!"

Life for a certain city doctor kept growing more and more strenuous. He was on the staff of a large hospital. He had a rapidly increasing practice.

He had to make time for his surgical operations. He had little time to study investment trends. But he could not afford to neglect his personal investments. How could he attend to them quickly, safely and with full realization of opportunities?

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CONVENIENT OFFICES.
National City offices throughout the world are at his command.

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National City offices are in close touch with all investment markets.

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He will be dealing with an organization with a background of over a century of financial experience.

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National City's broad lists are made up from the world's finest investment offerings.

Whatever *your* investment problem may be, you will find practical and prompt assistance at your nearest National City office.

The National City Company

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

So you want to go on the stage

(Continued from page 55)

and become very insistent, are not expected to know much about that. The artist next appears at a rehearsal with these words more or less learned by heart and at certain cues walks on to the stage, says what he has been taught to say and walks off again to wait for his next entrance. This rehearsal period, which is also known as the period of creation, lasts several weeks, at the conclusion of which the creation is regarded as being complete. An audience then assembles to see the finished product. It sees a company of what are seriously referred to as artists, going through its paces as it has been trained to do, but now all dressed up and with faces painted for the occasion. It is the fervent dream of the manager and most of the artists that this first performance may produce a great success which may run for one year, and, with incredible luck, even two years, in the same place eight times a week. Sharply on the hour these creative artists assemble and create the same creation, night after night, month after month, till it becomes a kind of gibberish to them.

Even admitting that the greatest of actors can be better than the manuscript, can embellish his rôle by physical and mental attributes, there can be no real improvement after a few weeks of playing, and the remaining months of reiteration can only be stultifying to an aesthetic mind.

Accepting, therefore, that playacting can offer little, if any, genuine satisfaction to a perspective mentality, let us see what advantages it offers as a profession.

In the first place, its financial rewards are slow and uncertain. Failure it treats with positive cruelty. Mediocrity, which in most other professions receives steady, if not brilliant compensation, is closely akin to failure. Nothing can survive in it but more or less brilliant success.

Now, dear madam, or sir, you probably have one argument left in favor of the actor's profession. Assuming you will accept a lack of either artistic or financial return for the actor, you may come forward with the old, somewhat time-worn assertion that it must be such a jolly life.

Let me explain the details of what actually happens. I am speaking now, let us say, of an intelligent person who may be in a good but not commanding position. He, or again she, accepts a part in a play which can hardly be described as a classic but which some shrewd fellow with some money thinks will appeal to the "customers". Our friend of intelligence and taste is engaged for the lowest price to which the aforesaid shrewd fellow can beat him down. He rehearses for four weeks—without pay of course—on a bare, draughty and rather dirty stage, from about 10:30 A.M. until six P.M., and frequently at night as well. This exhausting period culminates in a nerve-racking dress rehearsal at which everything goes wrong, and is followed by a journey to a provincial city for the try-out, by which time the cast are thoroughly sick of the sight of one another. Our intelligent friend is now the occupant of a dressing room (possibly with a somewhat less intelligent companion) the condition of which would revolt any self-respecting office boy. The try-out frequently continues for weeks, during which time the play is rehearsed daily for the purpose of pulling it together (or to pieces). When the play finally arrives on Broadway, it is subject to either one of two equally devastating fates. It is either a failure, as the result of which its harassed and nerve-wrecked performers are thrown once more on the open market, or else it is a success, which produces an almost worse resultant effect.

Socially, too, the profession of acting has little to recommend it. Though the older, if not wiser, nations, are not so severely prejudiced, the United States still regards the stage with a certain Puritan snobbery, not, I must admit, always entirely undeserved, though nevertheless foolish and weak minded. And in any country the actor is an odd bird, a kind of freak.

And now, dear madam, or sir, let me hasten to set forth a category of those who have some excuse to be in this meaningless profession.

First of all, a handful of great ones in every century or so, the Garricks, Irvings, Booths, et cetera. These we might describe as the martyrs of the theatre. These have all undoubtedly felt the appalling limitations and stupidities of their calling, but have felt that they were willing to sacrifice themselves because of the peculiar pleasure and inspiration which they were able to afford their fellow men.

Next comes the great body of those who may become fairly good actors but are incapable for some reason or other of any other occupation. They drift into the profession, find that it supports them reasonably well, and continue in varying degrees of complacence.

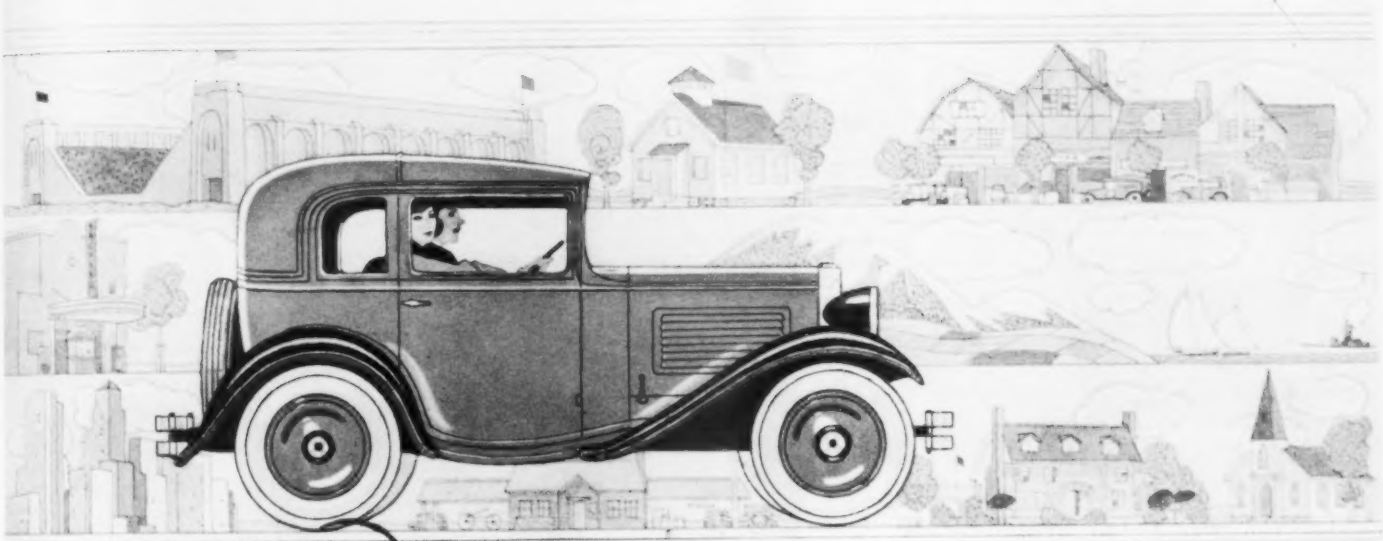
There is then, an equally large body, a body which I hope is in the majority female, which has for its aim in appearing before the public, nothing but the gratification of personal vanity. To these people, physical admiration is a thrilling and all important consummation.

There is, finally, the class of those who are entirely unsuited, who have no gift in any direction whatsoever, but who continue a kind of crippled existence without even as much mentality as would give them the emotion of pessimism. I leave it to you, dear madam, or sir, to discover in which category you yourself belong.

I remain, your sincere friend,

Robert Howard

The minimum of machinery to carry two people *anywhere!*



. . . that is the *bantam Austin!*

Here is the essence of transportation . . . without bulk or tonnage. The Austin is just large enough to carry two people . . . swiftly . . . comfortably. *Swiftly* means 50 miles an hour or better. *Comfortably* means plenty of leg room even for six-footers . . . width enough for the most robust passengers . . . and a riding ease that would be exceptional in cars twice its heft!

The Austin is a veteran in the rough going of snow and ice. It was a member of both the Byrd and Wilkins Antarctic expeditions. What surprises all new Austin drivers is that bumps are absorbed immediately with none of that bouncing up-and-down after-motion.

Its thrift-per-mile makes it a logical personal car for those independent spirits who prefer it to part-time use of the family car. Forty miles on a gallon of gas. Twenty to forty thousand miles on a set of tires. Three-quarters of a cent a mile for gas, oil and tires. It earns its own keep in large car mileage saved.

A car to run around in . . . to go places swiftly . . . to do things independently . . . that is the bantam Austin. Four hundred and forty-five dollars at the factory.

Medals and cups galore

Ireland, "Double Twelve", 1500 miles at 64.97 m. p. h.

New Zealand, Otago M. C. Hill Climb. First and Second.

Egyptian Royal Automobile Club Race. First.

Scotland, Irvine Reliability Trial, Glasgow. First.

THE AMERICAN *Austin*

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., INC., BUTLER, PA.

The New Idea in TOILET KITS

The HAMLEY KIT, a simple *solid-leather* box... no loops, no gadgets, no monkey business!

Just *toss* your toilet articles into a Hamley Kit. That's all there is to it! Not a single tricky loop to fuss with—no packing or fitting to delay you! No need to leave behind a brush or a razor you particularly like, simply because it will not fit. Everything is together, ready for instant use. Gone forever the awkward, lengthy roll that monopolized so much space in crowded washrooms!

The Hamley Kit was originated and is made by makers of the famous Hamley Cowboy Saddles. It is fashioned of the same superb quality solid leather that Hamley has specialized in for 47 years . . . extra-thick leather guaranteed to stand up under hard usage and hold its shape. To further enhance its quality, *all Hamley leather is oak-bark tanned*—a long, slow process which ripens leather fibres and makes them improve with age.* The Hamley Kit will last a lifetime! Makes a wonderful gift!

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When new, the Hamley Kit is natural russet color. As time passes, the leather mellows like a fine meerschaum pipe, gradually taking on a rich, dark glow.

Available at the smartest shops. However, if you have difficulty in finding one, we shall be glad to send yours direct, mailing the kit postpaid. Hamley & Company, Saddlemakers since 1883, 310 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon.

For birthdays . . . Christmas . . . "bon voyage" . . . a* GIFT *he'll really use!

INSIDE MEASUREMENTS

$ 6.00 size	8⅝ x 3⅞ x 1⅞
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*To be certain that you get a real **HAMLEY KIT**, of this choice thick solid leather, insist that this cowboy saddle mark appear on the bottom of the kit you buy.

HAMLEY KIT

MADE LIKE A FINE COWBOY SADDLE OF GENUINE *Solid Leather*

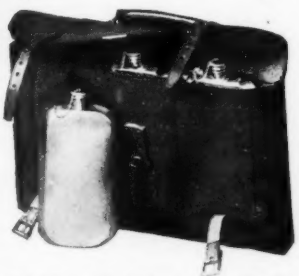
Hand Painted Match Box Holders. Any breed of dog. $4.50. Birch Cigarette Cases to match, painted by same artist. $15 and $25.

Aviation Gauntlet Gloves for the winter motorist. $20.

Hand Painted Glassware with sail boat decoration. Decanter, $7.50. High Ball, $30 a doz. Cocktail, $24 a doz. Whiskey Pegs, $15 a doz. Cocktail Shaker, $7.50. Cigarette box with 6 ashtrays to match, $12.50 set.

Backgammon Table, complete with equipment, $75.

Backgammon Boards with equipment, $12 to $100.



Brief Case with 3 16-oz. flasks, $37.50. With 3 24-oz. flasks, $45.

Will this come to you?

The busy presses are printing "The Christmas Trail"—the gift book of the year for all men, women and children who love outdoors.

Almost every page reveals some novelty, in many instances imported from overseas, that will fill in a blank in your Christmas gift list.

If you will send us your name and address, one copy of "The Christmas Trail" will be mailed to you in ample time to do your Christmas shopping. Lest this slip from your mind, write today.

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Chantilly Sports Watch — Sterling Silver leather covered. Snaps open. 15 Jewels, $48.

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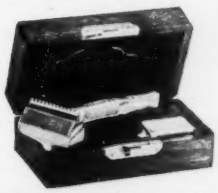
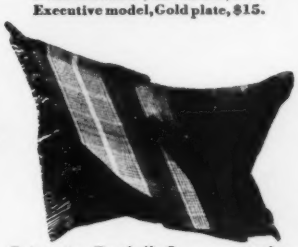


DeHaven Razor, Chromium, $10. Executive model, Gold plate, $15.



Robes for Football Games, motoring and winter sports. Cashmere, Camel's Hair, Vicuna, etc., in solid colors, plaids or tartans, $12 to $125.

Collapsible Mixer, 1½-pt. capacity, $25, 2-qt. capacity, $37.50

Combination Clock, Barometer and Calendar. Chrome finish, $125.

Combination game box, $50, $95.

Man's Solid Leather Kit Bag, $45.

Leather Cigarette Box with hand painted miniature inset, $45.

English Oak Cellarette, $195.

Pour les Mains Élégantes
An Exquisite Rectangular, Emerald-Cut Diamond Ring set with Baguette Diamonds
An Unusual Ring with a Beautiful Blue-White Marquise Diamond set between Baguettes
This Handsome Cushion-Shape Diamond Ring is set with Baguette Diamonds
Superb Twin-Ring set with Two Gems—A Square Emerald and A Square Diamond, with Baguette Diamonds
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Simplifying contract bidding

(Continued from page 80)

this deal it appears as if the distribution of the Diamond suit would defeat the contract, but the ever useful squeeze play will accomplish the seemingly impossible. The Queen of Spades is opened and, if South endeavors to drop the Diamonds, after taking out the trumps, the contract will be defeated. The proper play is, to make the Ace of Clubs and all the trumps. Should the Diamonds break, well and good, but if West holds four, he will find it impossible to guard both Spades and Diamonds. East will echo to show the Club protection, but even giving up all the Clubs cannot save West.

But, to return to our bidding problem, if arbitrary conventions are to be in vogue, why not give the artificers something to work on? Contract can undoubtedly be played without the aid of artificial respiratory appurtenances and there is no good reason why the simplest sort of a system should not be a winner.

As a matter of fact, the three vital points of bidding can be covered by a perfectly natural one-two-three declaration. It assuredly requires no long explanation for a card player to infer that a bid of two is stronger than one and that a bid of three is very close to a game hand. Here we have the three cardinal starting points. Not only is the general value of the hand shown, but the actual suit at which the bidder is prepared to play the deal.

The one-trick bid would indicate a minimum holding and the partner need not even consider a weak assisting declaration.

The two-bid would show not less than three quick-tricks with a six-card suit, or stronger values with a suit of less length. (The partner should keep the bidding open with some kind of a declaration when holding one quick-trick, but may pass otherwise.)

The three-bid would indicate a hand that the bidder considers sufficiently strong to win the game. It is a Demand-bid and the partner must keep the bidding open with any one of three responses.

(1) Holding four of the bid suit, or normal trump support *and one trick*, the bid should be assisted.

(2) Without normal trump support, but holding one trick, a switch bid would be in order.

(3) With less values, the response to an original three bid would be three No Trumps.

It will be seen that the Demand-bid, of three, should not be started unless the bidder is prepared to bid for game at some suit, or permit the contract to stand at three No Trumps.

The great value of this system is two-fold. First, with a powerful hand, the bidder is assured of a second bid, so that the deal can be played at the choice of suits or No Trumps.

Second, when one player holds good border-line hands, the partner is not forced to bid on worthless cards.

Of course, preemptive bids must be for four tricks or more, but unless prepared to make a declaration of four, it is usually better to bid one, or pass altogether. It should be apparent that the preemptive bid is short of quick-trick values or the bid would have been for two or three.

The *One-Two-Three* system is simple and natural. All artificial and arbitrary meanings are eliminated and only one sentence of explanation should be necessary for a perfect understanding:

"Partner, when I open with a suit declaration of three, keep the bidding open."

Comrade Broun

(Continued from page 46)

comment on his candidacy, I have been struck by a note of jocularity as if a quite comic buffoon were doing a jig on the political sidewalk. Well, Broun *is* a comedian. His humour is unfailing and sometimes magnificent. But if he were only or chiefly a comedian, he would not be running for Congress this Fall, and he would not hold against all comers the place that is his in the gallery of his craft. More salient than his humour surely, more striking than his girth or his colossal dishevelment, is the passion of his hatred for injustice, such a passion as used to fire the Abolitionists in the days of the underground railway. Ever since then, its like has been missing, as salt left out of bread, from the savour of American life. That hatred is the one lamp in his house that is always burning. And (fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky) that is the light you can see for miles across the interminable wastes of American journalism.

It is the very essence of Broun. In the crisis of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case when, after Dr. Lowell's part in it, Broun branded his own not pre-eminently fair Harvard with the name of Hangman's House, this essence made his column in *The World* the most splendid pulpit in this country and evoked in the mind of its publisher such a trepidation that, before long, Broun was out looking for another job.

And now, though he got it and still has it, he is also running for Congress. They tell me that the Seventeenth is a Republican district. To that end, it was so designed in Albany that it might easily be mistaken for a missing piece from a jig-saw puzzle. It takes in the theater district and is swarming with actors who usually do not get up in time to register. Then a large part of the district is given over to Central Park, inhabited chiefly by squirrels and sheep. Broun expects the sheep vote to go to the Republican candidate. That is the present incumbent, Ruth Pratt. It has been pointed out in her favour that she has six children, making her five up on Broun at the time of going to press. I find myself wondering, therefore, why she did not get the nomination of the Labor Party. And as these autumnal days grow shorter, I find myself looking into the firelight and asking myself: "Is this to be a Pratt Fall?"

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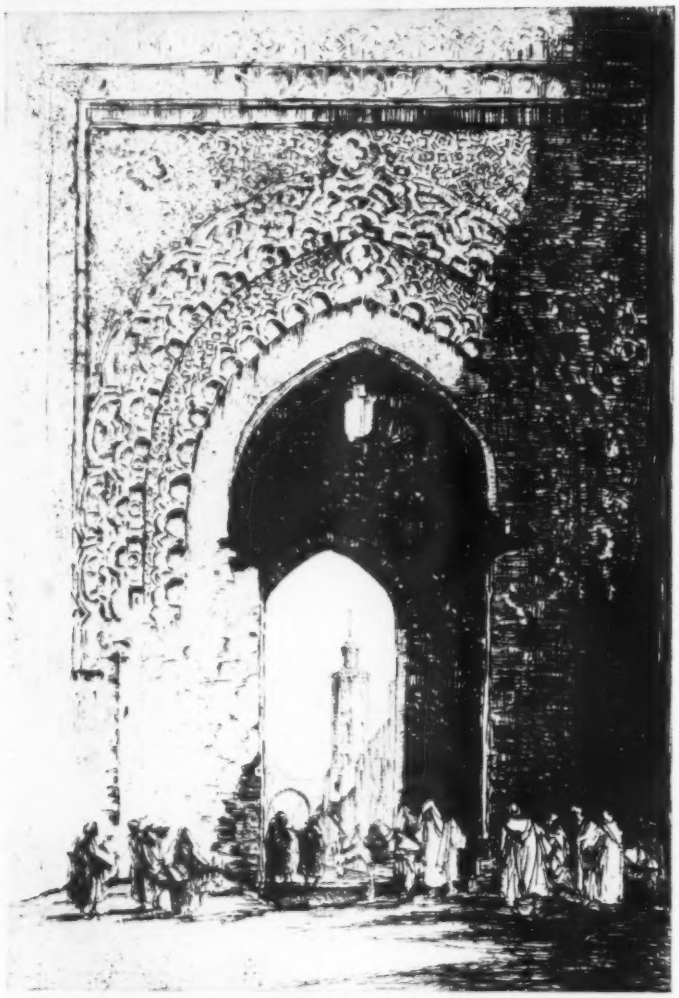

ETCHING OF THE CHELLAH, RABAT BY W. DOUGLAS MACLEOD

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Bachelors do not marry

(Continued from page 51)

said that your pride would prevent you from marrying if you could not provide the very things of which you complain."

You are not answered. Or at this point the bachelors begin to contrast the joys of freedom with the sorrows of bondage, hinting at well-thumbed address books, piquant adventures, a life based on that laudable ideal of modern society, pleasure without responsibility. Perhaps, completing a neat little argumentative circle, they insist that a man has got to be in love. . . .

Then, at this point you argue from the general to the particular. This argumentative process is like catching a butterfly and mounting it on a board—it kills a charming flight of fancy, but pins down a fact.

"But look at Mrs. Wilberforce," you say. "Is she not a delightful woman, a charming hostess, a sweet mother to those three children of hers, two of them so fair, and one so dark? And isn't her husband almost pathetically proud of her?"

With that every bachelor eye in the room lights up, and soon they are animatedly discussing the obvious charms, both mental and physical of Mrs. Wilberforce.

"Poor old Wilberforce," one of them says, "is a lucky dog." They speak with keen appreciation of her manners, her taste, her delicious sense of humour, of the orderly and magnificent way her home is run. They compare her with Mrs. Ludlaw, who is frowsy and dull, who never wants to go anywhere, whose deadly parties are listed among the funereal touches of the winter's festivities.

And even while some of their eyes begin to grow dim and take on that vague, pensive expression which means that a man is thinking of what it might be like to have a pretty wife and pretty children who look a little like her, and not unlike him, and a well-ordered home with servants who stay—the others discuss with increasing zeal, and more elaborate particulars, the unfailing allure of Mrs. Wilberforce. And then one, remembering too late, speaks her first name, and as he does so, his tongue trips over it ever so lightly and he blushes ever so slightly. For a moment there is a little frozen silence.

In that silence a married couple suddenly grows aware of what has not been put into words. In this modern room, among these modern young men, you hear in the small, eloquent silence, the voice of the same old primitive doubt which men have held in all ages about marriage, and which, in spite of their persiflage and their hearty bachelor championing of the "civilized" twentieth century code of morals, they cannot quite overcome. And although it has become the fashion for them to disregard the doubt, they find it increasingly difficult not to feel it.

And there, perhaps, you have it. A primitive, if sentimental, desire for fidelity, and faithfulness from woman (even so talented and beautiful a woman as Mrs. Wilberforce) is perhaps the reason why the bachelors of today do not marry. It is not that wedded women give nothing for everything, but that they are apt—dear, unselfish creatures that they are—to give everything for nothing.

"So, after all," says one bachelor, laughing with faint apology, "why should we marry as long as our friends do?"

Thus it is shown that when women hoisted the hard-won double standard, they split their own ranks and lost their rallying point. And when the matrimonial battle-cry, the cold, clear clarion call of virtue is no longer heard in the lands, the echo, by Mendelssohn, is correspondingly faint.

The situation, however, is not an altogether hopeless one. For by the grace of the great god Pan, and a cool indifference coupled with a good figure, woman can still achieve an occasional hymeneal victory.

And being what she is, woman can still pretend to be what she is not. Fortunately, with gentle sigh and soft laughter, with feigned flight and disguised pursuit, with thick praise and gentle invective, she occasionally so befuddles a bachelor's head that he no longer knows what he thinks, but merely precisely what he feels.

She can, moreover, with admirable dexterity, reach with one slim and modern hand for economic, and therefore emotional, independence, and feel upon the other, the cool slipping of a wedding ring—"within whose small circle so many torments lie,"—remembering herself whilst she makes him forget, only one half of the adage "Every woman should marry—and no man."

She can, in brief, make him heartily agree with Genesis 11: 18— "It is not good that man should live alone"—and turn his heart hopefully to a home that may be only a house, to children that may or may not be his, to a long wedded life together, parted only by the day's commuting, a frequent trip to Europe, and, if necessary, a final decisive journey to Reno.

And it speaks well for the incorrigible idealism of man that, surmising all these things, he still walks every year, in spring and in winter, when the market is up and when it is down, amid the jeers of his ushers and the tears of his mother-in-law, to the altar with some charming and purposeful woman on his arm, who will promise to love, honour and obey.

It is even stranger, too, that once a victim of connubiality, he becomes like one suffering from amnesia, and whether he is happy or not, asks himself and everyone else why it is that bachelors do not marry.

A man wants something to USE

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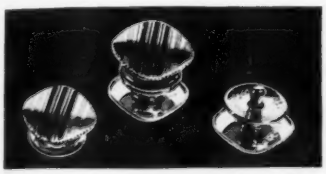

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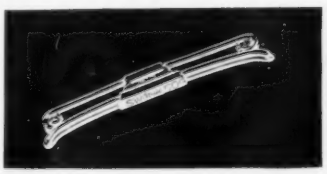

Soft collars tend to flap around like yachting pennants, but shrewd men tame them with Swank. The reference to injury introduces Swank's outstanding feature — *it looks like a pin, but isn't.* Your thumb will be thankful; your collars completely unpunctured. Gold-filled or solid gold. 50c to $5.

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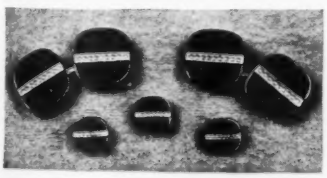

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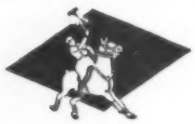

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Lost: one yacht

(Continued from page 73)

homes, private cars, boats and servants is, after all, pretty confusing, and Mother cannot always place everything offhand.

Don't forget, precious—$25,000 if you don't smoke or drink until you are eighteen.

Always affectionately,
Mother

New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. T. Shaw Goelet
Weedlawn, Tuxedo Park
Dear Mother:

Good Lord! How should I remember anything about our yacht? I have a million other things to think about, Mother. I cannot even remember the names of half the girls I meet, let alone the names of the different yachts I was on last summer. Yachts are all alike to me—as long as they stay in the harbor and don't run out of ice.

Have you looked in Peconic Bay, at Southampton, or under the hall table? I don't know anything about it except I know we did have one and I haven't got it with me in college.

I wish you could persuade father to build a new Delpha Chi house for Yale. It's one of the best fraternities in New Haven and I'd like to make it.

What do I want with garters?

Y'r o'b't son,
Junior

Simsbury, Conn.

Mrs. T. Shaw Goelet
Weedlawn, Tuxedo Park
Dear Mother:

Now, after all, Mother! I mean, *honestly!* How would I know where our yacht is? The last time I saw her she was anchored in Newport Harbor —at least, there was a yacht there which I told everybody was ours.

School is simply *awful*—it really is. I haven't smoked or drunk yet, but I don't know how much longer I can bear up under the strain.

Thanks for the bracelet.

Devotedly,
Deborah May

Newport, R. I.

Mrs. T. Shaw Goelet
Weedlawn, Tuxedo Park
Dear Madam:

A week ago Mr. Wendell, the new owner, came aboard this yacht. Inasmuch as the *Arabella* is registered in your name, I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you instead of to Mr. Goelet. It has been nearly two years since I have seen you and I wish to say that I have never enjoyed working for anybody as much as I have for you and your husband.

I was quite surprised, two weeks ago, when Mr. Willoughby came aboard and told me you had instructed him to sell the *Arabella* and that he had accordingly sold it to Mr. Lorillard Wendell.

Well, Madam, we are in drydock now, so I will close this letter.

Respectfully yours,
John Erickson (Captain)

Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Mr. T. Shaw Goelet
Oilfields, Tulsa, Oklahoma
My dearest Shaw:

I've done a terrible thing! You remember that, three weeks ago, I wrote you about the boat, and the private car. Well, I've sold the yacht by mistake and it now belongs to the Lorillard Wendells. I was positive that the name of that awful private car of ours was *Arabella* but I've just called up the New York Central and I find that the car's name is *Moby Dick!* It was the *yacht* that was *Arabella!*

For Heaven's sake, dear, do hurry home and get another boat before our friends begin to think we are cutting down.

Devotedly yours,
Eleanora

Rah-rah boys in hollywood

(Continued from page 71)

Kappa Delt?" asked one.

"Will you go Sigma Nu?" another ventured.

"Will you go to Hell?" proposed a third.

At which they all laughed heartily. Ah, carefree days of youth!

All night, Ethan had been hard at work: jumping rope, lifting weights, brushing his teeth, punching the bag, chinning himself, and brushing his teeth again. As the old coach patted him affectionately on the back, a tear trickled down his nose extinguishing his cigar. He was touched deeply.

"Remember, my boy," he pleaded, "we are depending on you to beat the conference champions."

"You're damned right," answered Ethan, promptly and modestly.

As he walked out of the locker-room, Marvin de Vere cracked him over the head nine times with a baseball bat.

The old coach was justifiably furious. "One more crack like that," he admonished Marvin, "and *you're* off the team," pointing to Ethan who lay on the floor as if dead.

The game was a slaughter from the first whistle on. Dobson, the Big Ten Champions, unleashing a smashing attack, ran up a tremendous score. With a minute and a half to play, they were leading thirty-three to nothing, when Ethan suddenly rose to his feet and entered the game. So the fans rose to their feet and entered the spirit of the thing.

Wilgate had the ball, Ethan dashed around left end ninety yards and scored. Then he took two footballs from his jersey, and two more from his pants, and scored four times. But Dobson was still leading by three points! Ten seconds to play! A little boy staggered blindly out on the field and handed Ethan an old, decrepit football. Ethan searched hastily through his pockets, and extracted a pump, with which he quickly inflated the ball. He scored again. The whistle blew. Wilgate had won: 36–33. It was a great day all around, a great day for Wilgate, a great day for Ethan Marx, and, above all—a great day for Hollywood and Collegiate Pictures, Inc.

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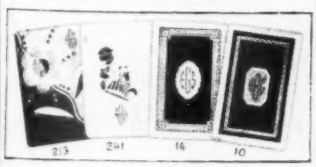

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Tripe

(Continued from page 77)

Lincoln! Can it be possible?"

"Pitiful case. A fine talent gone to pot-boiling. He had a publisher in New York, and he bore him one volume after another. After Emil had delivered six or seven books in rapid succession, however, the publisher grew tired of him, disappeared at intervals, rejected a couple, and at last Emil had to find another. You wouldn't know him today; he's beaten in spirit, in substance, in artistic integrity. The biography-racket has crushed him body and soul. You can't deny it, legal book-control undoubtedly would have been a blessing to Uncle Emil."

Kathy leaned weakly on her mallet.

"You look kind of white yourself, Kathy," interrupted Charles curiously.

"I don't know—I'm all right, I guess."

"You've been having too many novels in the last few years," he said solicitously. "Every three months or so. It weakens you, honey. *Passion Flower* was too much for you—let alone *Margaret Yorke.*"

The very titles made waves of nausea sweep over her. She clutched her mallet and swung listlessly at the croquet-ball before her.

"A lot of other American authors present interesting phases of this same problem," continued Charlie, hitting his ball deftly between two wickets, and rapping the stake. "Take the late James Branch Cabell, for instance. He was undoubtedly one of the outstanding figures of our era; but he did not know the meaning of book-control. Over-production weakened him, and he died in giving birth to his last novel. If he had practiced literary contraception, he might have been alive today. Let me see—are you still for the middle wicket?"

Kathy shook her head vaguely. She was thinking again of her panic-stricken visit to her publisher this very morning; and her face burned, and her hands were dry. A business-like man; it was nothing to him. No, there was no question about Mrs. Norris's condition; she was scheduled for his fall lists. He was sorry, but he did not know any way out of it now. It would be extremely expensive to do anything about it at this date. He never advised it.

It was like a nightmare. Her publisher had removed her last doubt. This was no longer fear: it was terrible certainty.

"I'm going to have a novel. In October."

No, she did not have the courage to tell Charlie. She dragged herself across the court, and swung dizzily again at the ball. Charlie smiled as it wired itself behind the wicket.

"To be sure, there are other ways of looking at it," he conceded. "For example, Harold Bell Wright presents quite another aspect of the situation. Just when everyone predicted that his line was about to die out, he divorced his old affiliations, and had intercourse with a new Idea; and now he is producing best-sellers all over again. Or take Dorothy Parker. I know for a fact that she has been practicing book-control for years. Well-l, it is a moot question whether the persistent use of literary contraceptives during the creative years of an author's life doesn't sterilize the author. I'm not prepared to say it does, but I'm a long way from saying that it *doesn't.* Take Burton Rascoe. It's sad to see how much he would like a novel. I tell you, Kathy, when good novelists are inspired, they should go right ahead, I believe, and have a novel. So many young writers feel that they can't afford one just yet. They want to enjoy life. They spend their talents on articles and short-stories; and when they are aged, they begin to realize too late what comfort a novel of their own would mean to them in their old age.

"There is one thing more I'd like to bring up about this question, and I'm done. It requires approximately three novels a year to sustain our present-day novelists, if they depend on royalties alone. The average number of novels born of literate stock is 2.8; while those of men and women from the pulpwoods is 97.2. You

(Continued on page 104)

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Tripe

(Continued from page 103)

can clearly see where book-control is being practiced. In order to save the decent novelists from bringing about a complete suicide of American literature, not only must they publish more, but the fecundity of the illiterate writers must be curtailed. It must be obvious to anyone who stops to consider the situation at all that our intellectual class of writers is dying out, and the cheaper novelists and less mentally fit are on the increase; it must necessarily follow that our standard of national literature will decline and continue to decline."

Kathy saw the scene rapidly growing black before her eyes; she felt herself swaying guiltily as Charlie read the climax of his argument aloud.

"The crux of the whole situation is simply this: our intelligent writers are not producing, and our ignorant, inferior ones are. Unless book-control is stopped among the upper classes, and its use legalized among the lower classes, the best part of our literature will die off, and the country will be overrun by incompetents and morons—"

There was a little moan, and then a faint thud behind him. Kathy had fainted.

She found herself stretched upon the wooden bench at the side of the croquet field. Her teeth chattered, and Charlie, who was fumbling about vaguely, pale with concern and sympathy, held her hands.

"You're freezing!"

"Don't look so scared, Charlie!"

He stared at her sympathetically.

"Anything I can do for you, Kath?" Her heart beat fast, and she regarded him steadily. Suddenly, in an odd tone, he began, "Kathy—"

She looked at him, her face flushed, her hands icy, and her head rocking.

"Kath," he said, clearing his throat. "Have you thought—you know, this might be—"

Kath swallowed with a dry throat and patted his hand.

"It is, Charlie," she whispered, with a little effort.

"How d'you know?" he asked.

"I asked a publisher. Our publisher."

"And he said—?"

"—Said there was no mistake about it. It is due sometime in October. I'm calling it 'The Lucky Lawrences.'"

"He—What do you know about that?" Charlie stammered, his face lighted with bewilderment. "You poor kid," he added awkwardly.

Kathy's cold fingers continued to cling tightly to his hand; she watched him anxiously.

"Isn't there some way to—get out of it, Kath?" Charlie asked presently, a little doubtfully. "You've had thirty-three, you know. I just thought maybe—well, remember, you're not as strong as you were—you see, the last ten or twelve you've had have all died—"

Her pale face grew whiter, and gripping his hand, with sudden fear and entreaty in her voice, she said:

"Charlie, I won't. It means—no, I couldn't do that. Getting rid of your own novel! That's—that's *badder*, to me, than not writing a novel at all. Think of it, dear—not to have the name of Norris on the best-seller lists this fall—"

"Well, now, I don't know about that," said Charlie in a strained voice.

"Charlie!" She looked up at him in sudden comprehension. "You don't mean that *you*—"

Suddenly she was sitting up, her arm tightly about him, her wet cheek pressed against his. He spoke after a long pause, his eyes lowered guiltily.

"It's true, Kathy. My publisher told me today. *I'm going to have a novel in October myself.*"

She was laughing joyfully.

"Then all this that you were saying about literary contraception, and book-control, and our country being overrun by incompetents and morons—you don't mean a word of it?"

"Of course I mean it," he affirmed stoutly. "I'm strongly in favour of book-control—"

She stared at him in bewilderment.

"—for everybody else," he concluded hastily.

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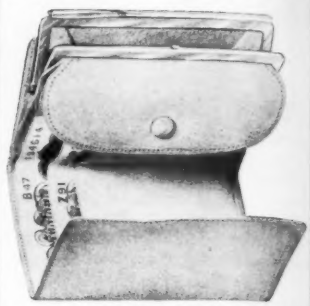

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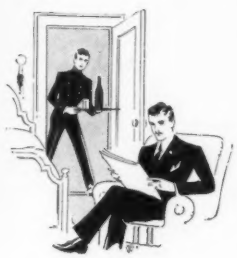

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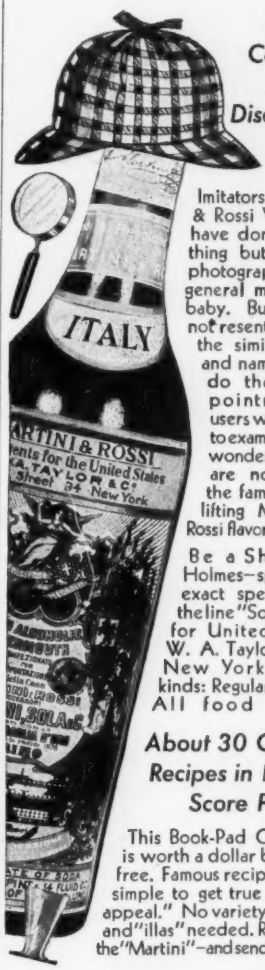

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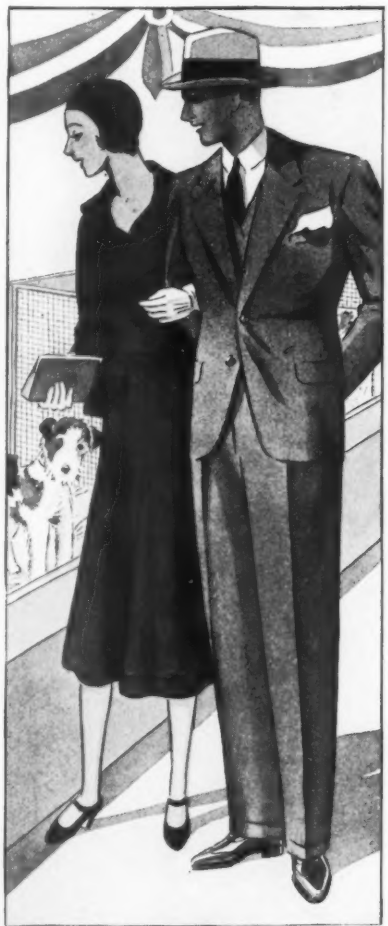

BOSTONIANS
FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

Hot shots from a big hand

(Continued from page 71)

The reason I was born in Waco, Texas, was that I wanted to be near my mother.

Virtue always pays—if you can find a market for it.

I have been married twice in America, and once on the level.

A man can't marry two girls at the same time—if he wants to do them justice.

Some widows are grass, but none are green.

A sucker is a friend, but only if he goes on being a sucker.

Mabel Boll's diamonds are so big that they can be seen at Sandy Hook on a clear night.

Nowadays all the movie queens are having their mouths wired for the talkies.

It doesn't cost much to say "hello" to a girl, but it sometimes costs a lot to say "good-bye".

The average Hollywood husband has a two-week guest-card to his own home.

The average chorus girl believes in a handful of gimme and a mouthful of much-obliged.

The girls in Earl Carroll's "Vanities" are like golf players; they go around in as little as possible.

Every time I bet on a horse, either the jockey is out for a ride or the horse stops to take a bow.

Horseshoes are only lucky when you know what horse they belong to.

It's getting so that you don't know whether your friends drop in for a call or call in for a drop.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In answer to a request from *Vanity Fair* for some facts about her unique and extraordinary career, Miss Guinan has written us the following illuminating letter.

DEAR VANITY FAIR,

I was born in Waco, Texas, just across the street from Mabel Willebrandt's home. I must have been a peaceful girl in those days, for I never made Mabel's acquaintance.

My father was born in Ireland and raised in Canada. My mother is a Canadian. We spent all our days in Texas, where my father then grew cotton so that Al Jolson could sing about it forty years later.

I was educated at the Sacred Heart Academy in Waco, Texas, and, this year, the school erected a memorial building in my name, calling it Guinan Memorial Hall.

In my girlhood days I was called Mary Louise Guinan, but I liked the name of "Texas", since it had a cowgirl punch to it. Even at a very early age, I was a favorite with the punchers on Father's ranch, and I wanted a name that was more appropriate than Mary Louise.

Before I went to Chicago in 1908, I was circus rider with the Miller Brothers' 101 Wild West Show. My job then was to frighten people with wild horses—now I do it with cover charges.

My first visit to New York was eighteen years ago, when I appeared in the chorus of Reginald de Koven's operetta, *The Snow Man*. I was so far back in the line that they had to move a brick from the wall in order to put me into the show . . . but luck followed. The prima donna got sick, and I came out as leading lady. Then I served five years in Winter Garden shows.

My name also became known when I started making Western films.

I devote about ten hours a day to my work, and about fifty per cent of the remaining time to publicity, attending the theatres and the like, all of which is really a part of my job.

I have never tasted a drink of intoxicants in my life.

All the girls who work on my floor are directly selected by me. Among those who are now prominent and who were "discovered" at my clubs, are Ruby Keeler, Claire Luce, Barbara Stanwyck, Alice Boulden, Irene Delroy, Pearl Eaton, Mary Nolan and Frances Upton. Rudolph Valentino held his first floor job in this country at my club, as did also Jack Oakie.

I have long owned King Albert's armoured car. It was built for King Albert of Belgium at a cost of $36,000. Some of the features of the car are that it is made of steel, the body weighing over 1500 pounds alone, and that it cannot be pierced by bullets, the tires having protectors as well. It has a radio, a machine-gun and non-shatterable glass. Incidentally, the chauffeur who drives it for me was once driver for the ruler of Abyssinia.

My hobby is collecting friends. I like to collect jade pieces, too, and Oriental trinkets and robes and brasses made into curious shapes and pieces. I am fond of the theatre, enjoy horseback riding, playing poker (no other card games) and I follow the stock market and the races. I do not enjoy sensational fiction; my favorite author is Henrik Ibsen, and his remote plays seem to intrigue me more than the familiar ones. I like the operas of Offenbach, Verdi and Puccini.

When are you all coming to my new madhouse, to be my guests?

Yours, yesterday, today and tomorrow,

TEXAS

Our London Letter

(Continued from page 84)

in the finest of white cambric. Initials are embroidered a few inches above the waist-line on the left hand side.

For country wear, too, ties and shirts of the same material are shown, either in the same or contrasting shades. A shirt of fine wool crêpe in a plain colour looks well with its tie of the same material but with a patterned design. For country wear as well as for town a new design is being shown in silk squares.

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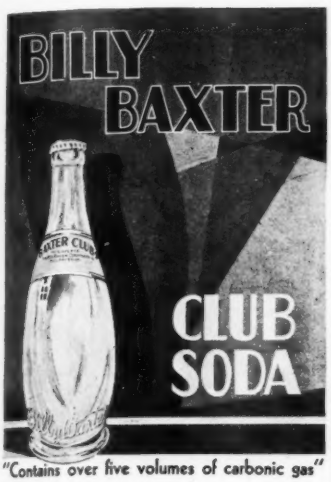
Bowler hats are worn much smaller in the crown, and are much lighter in weight. A feature is the small group of perforations in the crown, almost invisible, which allows plenty of ventilation.



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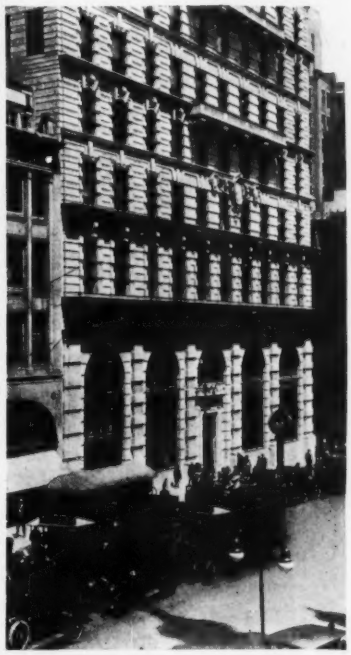

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The perfect backgammoner

(Continued from page 69)

and that's *two* ones, and that's *three* ones, and this makes *four* ones!"

Another variation is the Point-Counter, who, holding his man between a thumb and forefinger, loudly taps every point, droning like a bee, "One—two—three—four—five—*and six.* (Down the man goes, thank heaven!) And one—two—*and three!*"

The Noisy Player is the one who literally scales his men from point to point, throwing them across the board as if it were a bowling alley, and knocking your men off like ninepins. This is usually accompanied by a great air of assurance, as though he were the finest backgammoner at the boards.

The Cock-Dice Thrower, who in his enthusiasm for good rolls, throws into your board, into an ash tray, on the floor, or under the piano, is another pest, particularly so, as by some evil (or lucky) chance, his cocked throw is usually an excellent one, and when he must take it over again, he breaks out into a whole train of laments against his ill luck and fortune.

This type quite naturally leads us to the Grouser. He is also found on the golf course, complaining bitterly of poor lies, and at the bridge-table, of wretched cards. But when he enters the backgammon lists, the board becomes a veritable wailing wall, and after his first bad cast of the dice, he lifts his voice in a pathetic apostrophe to the Gods of Chance: "That," he exclaims, "was the worst throw I could have had! I always throw the most terrible dice in the world! I've never seen such dice as you throw. You get everything you ask for!" etc., etc., ad nauseam.

But even the Grouser is not as bad as the Coaxer, the pathetic and heart-rending wooer of Fate, who announces to his box before every throw what lovely sights he would like to see issue from it. "Now for a little five and a four!" he cries, hopefully. Or, holding the box between his two hands in a supplicating and prayerful fashion: "Double sixes, double sixes *please!*" And when, curséd moment, he actually calls his throw, his harassed opponent can think of no better fate for him than boiling in oil!

And now a word about the doublers. Doubling, the modern development of backgammon, is probably responsible for the game's enormous popularity. And it is while doubling that a player can most subtly offend and exasperate all but the wariest and most hard-boiled backgammoners. For the Insolent Doubler, who doubles as though he were challenging the personal honor and sportsmanship of his adversary, provokes by his ungracious bravado many a more proud than wise player into accepting a preposterous double. Of course, a seasoned player can neither be bullied nor intimidated into accepting a double which is not justified, so that while here the bad taste of the braggardly, I dare-you-to doubler shows more psychology than sportsmanship, the not too intelligent victims of his blackmailing methods deserve little sympathy. It may be pointed out, however, that the man who tries to shame an opponent into a double is on a par with the golfer who talks loudly while his adversary is driving off the tee, or the tennis player who by various gestures, antics and postures, tries to rattle the man across the net. And while this method may be considered fair, like bluffing at poker, in backgammon (when played for money) its practitioners are apt to become, in the long run, more unpopular than rich. Perhaps this is even truer of the Immediate Doubler, who, when the stakes have been set, doubles after the first throw, thereby immediately raising the stakes, without any respect for the probable outcome of the game. Here, however, while he may annoy an opponent who may already be playing for as much as he can afford, the doubler puts himself at a disadvantage, for he gives that opponent the privilege of re-doubling him when the game shall have developed, so that his avaricious and somewhat ill-timed attempt to raise the stakes is often a double-edged sword.

These types would form a composite picture of what the perfect backgammoner is not. What then, is the perfect backgammoner? Finding the answer in none of the published books about the game (the names of which are given at the end of this article), there was nothing left to do but to consult personally the man who is considered the finest backgammon player in America today. Mr. George Mabardi, an Egyptian authority, has never written a word on this game (the chances that he will eventually do so are about as good as throwing double sixes when you need them), but is nevertheless considered a great expert and a teacher of excellence.

"The perfect backgammoner?" he asked, his sombre oriental eyes lighting up with the eagerness of the enthusiast, and his long fingers shaking an imaginary and traditionally lucky box. "Why, every day on the *terrasse* of the Café Bellevue, overlooking the blue Mediterranean—in Alexandria, my home—I have seen hundreds of perfect backgammoners, playing all day long. From the cradle to the grave Egyptians play backgammon, the game of the great Pharaohs. They play well, they play rapidly, they play quietly; they smile and talk a little and they never complain of their luck. They smoke their *narguilés* and drink their *café turc*, and believe that luck is the just reward of the skillful."

THE NEW BACKGAMMON (Harcourt, Brace) by *Elizabeth Clark Boyden.* A complete treatise, with variations for the jaded backgammoner, such as French, Russian, and aceyducey backgammon.

HOW TO PLAY THE NEW BACKGAMMON (Doubleday, Doran) by *Lelia Hattersley.* A Bridge expert turns her attention to the new vogue, with some illuminating and constructive results.

MODERN BACKGAMMON (Henry Holt) by *Grosvenor Nicholas.* A pioneer backgammoner explains in considerable detail, his conception of what it is all about.

BACKGAMMON IN TWENTY MINUTES (E. P. Dutton) by *Harold Thorne.* If you think you can learn *anything* in twenty minutes, you can probably learn backgammon from this book.

Here Is The Book That Started It All!

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MODERN BACK-GAMMON

This is the standard work on backgammon in its modern version. Mr. Nicholas is the game's leading authority and his book, in addition to teaching the elements of backgammon, discloses its finer points for those who have sporting proclivities.

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IF your tired feet say "No" when you want to go out . . . you need the comfort that only the Arch Preserver Shoe can give. Patented features remove cause of foot and body fatigue . . . give you foot health . . . comfort in action. This is the original and only ARCH PRESERVER shoe, never successfully duplicated. Custom styles, $12.50 up. Red Label styles, $10.00 up.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Inc., Rockland, Mass.
Made in Canada by Scott & McHale, Ltd., Licensee, London, Ont.

Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio

SCHOOLS

IN the Condé Nast School Directory, there is a splendid selection of various types of schools. More than that, you have our assurance that they are fine schools, and we are glad to have you write or call on us for further information if you have any difficulty in making your selection.

THE CONDÉ NAST EDUCATIONAL BUREAU
1929 Graybar Building : Lexington at 43rd : New York

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE FOR RENT

AT MIAMI BEACH FOR WINTER MONTHS

Located directly on the Miami Beach Golf course within two blocks of the ocean.

Five bedrooms, baths, large sleeping porch, two-car garage, five-room children's playhouse, adequate servants' quarters.

For further details write

JOHN B. WOFFORD
1751 Washington Ave. Miami Beach, Florida

Men, Women and Youngsters Wear These Soft, WHITE WOOL SPORT HOSE for Greater Efficiency and Comfort!

Contoocook's 160! To men and women who know the luxurious comfort of these oversocks, they need no introduction. To all the thousands who play golf, hike, play tennis, squash and other active games, we urge you to try the springy delight of this superior product. Wear them for comfort or over golf hose for protection.

Made entirely of fine Australian wool (in two weights), reinforced heel and toe with cotton; always soft, absorbent, long-wearing.

You can obtain **Contoocook's** at most athletic shops, from your golf Pro or wherever Wright and Ditson products are sold.

Or use the coupon below for convenience in ordering. We'll ship them postpaid.

Contoocook's 160, light-weight.
Contoocook's 78, heavyweight.
Let us help you enjoy superior foot comfort, whether you play in shorts, knickers or in "slacks".*
**British for "long pants".*

CONTOOCOOK MILLS CORP.
36 CHAUNCY STREET, BOSTON
Makers of fine wool hose since 1880

Please send.....pairs of
Contoocook 160 ☐
78 ☐
Check here which type you desire.
Contoocook's 160 — 85c a pair
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My stocking size is.... .....

Name .....

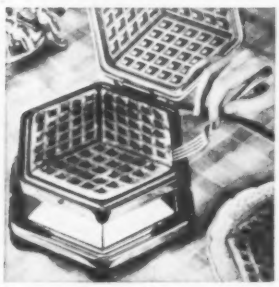
Address .....

Enclosed find—
Check....Money order ...

This is Rita . . .

For whom Edicraft Scored a Social Coup!

RITA'S really a wonder! She's always first to wear the new clothes—read the new books—find out about new things in general. Even women admire her. And now Edicraft has scored Rita's latest triumph. She staged her newest success the other Saturday afternoon when we all came in from the course—bearishly hungry. "Name what you'll eat," Rita invited. And then we all went Edicraft, "forever more," as Jane said.



This is the Waffle Baker ***Betty was going to buy the very next day.*** "I think that new diamond shape's too smart for words," Betty exclaimed—"and these waffles are done perfectly clear through. I like that indicator at the top that tells when the iron's hot." . . . "Thought you would," said Rita—"and remember that the temperature stays correct—to the degree—automatically. Perfect waffles every time!"

This is the Sandwich Grill ***Eve admired so much.*** "Bacon and tomato sandwich," she told Rita. Jack wanted one, too. "Done," said Rita. She toasted two big sandwiches, the flavors of bacon, tomatoes and bread blended into one triumphant goodness. This grill also has an Edison Birka Regulator to keep temperature constant.

This is the famous Speed Toaster ***Mary said she'd simply have to have.*** Bill volunteered to watch it. "Unnecessary," Rita snapped him up. "The Edicraft doesn't need it! You load it—close it—forget it. When the toast is done it opens by itself and it never burns the toast. Really it's the swiftest thing—toasts two slices on both sides at once—and to your own private shade."

Edicraft Products are sleek, lustrous and beautiful, as well as entirely automatic and marvelously efficient. They are utterly dependable, as you may know from the name of their maker. Better stores sell them. Write for "Table Cookery."

EDICRAFT

Products are created and built in the Laboratories of Thomas A. Edison—, Orange, N. J.

The beautiful end

(Continued from page 49)

abandon such a helpless child. She therefore made her last throw. In a foolish attempt to shock him and shame him into climbing out of his slough, she began to drink with him. And not only to drink with him, but to get drunk, so that he might see, as she had seen, what it meant to live with a drunken person. A hopeless attempt, you will say; but in this case it succeeded.

Its success was not immediate. It took some time for the thing to penetrate his dulled wits. At first he thought it extremely jolly that his dignified wife should become human, and they sat up late together, many nights, opening bottles and telling stories of a kind that are usually only told in the lower kind of public-house. Then, one night, he came home sober, and saw the beautiful Drina Kromeskie drunk on the settee.

He had seen her drunk before, but then he, too, had been drunk. This time he was not drunk, and he saw her clearly for the first time in that state. The effect on the careless bohemian was all that she had desired.

His wife did what she had set out to do: she cured him. She cured him, but she ruined the career of Drina Kromeskie. For, in the space of time that had been given to her object-lesson, Drina Kromeskie had acquired not only the habit but the craving. Her appearance at rehearsals could not be counted upon, and at last she was dropped.

She had saved her husband and wrecked herself. He did what she had not been able to do. He left her.

And that is how the once-famous actress disappeared from the theatre and from her world, and sought refuge here, and ended her days here.

What it was that brought her to death, I do not know. It may have been that a slow accumulation of distress suddenly reached the breaking-point, or it may have been that some one thing loaded the superlative upon what she had already endured. I was sitting at my window one Saturday afternoon, when she appeared in the street. She came hastily, stumbling, as though seeking the open air. But scarcely had I seen her when she lifted her hand and pressed it to her head, and there was a sharp report, and she fell.

The street was empty at the time, and I was the first to arrive at her side. I and a little boy, who came running round the corner. I bent over her and lifted her head. Her eyes opened, and they held a flicker of life. She seemed to recognise me, and I feel sure that she heard the words of the little boy, because at those words the flicker lightened and in the moment of her passing her lips held the faintest shred of smile. The little boy came running round the corner, and cried, "What is it? What's happened?" I answered him over my shoulder: "A lady has shot herself" and the little boy clasped his hands, and said, "O-oh! I wish she'd do it again. I didn't see it!"

A distant voice in the darkness

(Continued from page 57)

About seven years ago the first attempts were made to produce drama through the medium of broadcasting. The first departure from the purely musical program was the reading of short stories or excerpts from stories with a musical accompaniment.

The next logical step, when the success of the spoken presentation had been tested and proven interesting to radio listeners, was the adaptation. With the beginning of this period, there were two parallel lines of development. First: the story written especially for radio presentation. Second: the direct adaptation of a play from the stage to the radio.

Stage plays were used for the first adaptations. At WGY in Schenectady, during this period, the Schenectady Stock Company was enlisted since it was necessary to have a cast trained in the drama. Between repertory performances this group of actors played their parts in many stage favorites, such as *Smiling Thru*, then produced for the first time by radio.

These first radio performances were acted from a cut script of the play which fitted the radio only in the span of time allowed for the performance. Any stage business which required visibility was explained into the microphone by a property man whose business it was to read such business as it was needed. This, while enlightening the audience, made the action cumbersome. Gradually, however, is was found that, by means of more dynamic dialogue, much of the stage business could be omitted.

There is only one inevitable accessory of the stage play which has not yet been eliminated from radio, and that is the kiss. There comes a moment, in most plays, when the hero has to kiss somebody, and nothing else will do; but how to suggest it clearly over the radio? Certainly such a delicate attention from a romantic lover could not be crudely explained into the microphone by a property man; and for an actor actually to kiss his leading lady in a practically empty studio seemed unnecessary, even presumptuous, besides producing a lamentable lisping sound over the air. For a while, radio actors tried to inject a delicate pause into the dialogue, during which they did nothing at all and yet strove to establish in the minds of their unseen audience the definite suggestion of a romantic embrace. It was difficult to time the pause, and the actors then tried kissing their own hands, but that turned out to be simply silly. At the moment of writing, radio technique has adapted once more the actual kiss, as done on the stage. There seems to be no simpler or more charming solution.

The college football racket

(Continued from page 62)

vard, however declined to be impressed. In the backfield were four gay young sophomores who had played against Booth as freshmen and hadn't experienced any trouble then in flattening him. He had no magic for them, and when they got down on the line of scrimmage, one of them hollered over—"Hello shrimp!" which was no way to salute royalty. Then they ran around the Yale ends and, with the utmost good humor, slapped him down.

This was the closest anyone had come in a couple of decades to introducing what might pass for humor or lightness into football, a game which for some reason that I cannot fathom, is played with the deadly earnestness and grim concentration of a public execution.

The only offshoot of the football or old pepper industry which is not quite as spry as it was last season is the Hero Department, due to certain revealing incidents occurring throughout the year which tended to show that some of the finer principles and high ideals which are inculcated by knifing through tackle or spilling an end, do not cling in after life.

Chris Cagle of West Point was the small boy's hero with his passing and running, but it turned out that he could violate various of his cadet oaths when they interfered with his plans, and did. He resigned from the academy when it was found out that he had entered the holy bonds of matrimony, an act which is hardly considered criminal until one understands the sacred nature of the cadet oath. I could have forgiven him these lapses until he joined the staff of a paper and began to perpetrate a daily argument in favor of ghost writing. Each time I come across the semi-literate articles under his signature I experience a guilty shudder because I realize that I helped to create what is commercially known as his "name."

As usual, this Fall there has been no provision made for the proper preparation of various football audiences, who, with practically no preliminary training, engage in weekly tournaments with pneumonia, nervous exhaustion, acute indigestion and delirium tremens and survive triumphant through a series of exposures which I suspect might kill an ordinary football player in three days.

The gridiron athlete puts in a three weeks' course of elementary rehearsal designed to enable him to withstand nothing more debilitating than falling to the turf, or being flung there and sat upon. The equally heroic customer with no preparation whatsoever, will withstand intense arctic rigors combined with tropic deluges, soakings, blowings and freezings, seated in open stadia, immovable for three hour stretches on the twelve inches of concrete supplied in exchange for seven dollars by the benevolent management, drinking strange liquors out of strange flasks and subsisting on an unspeakable combination of cold abominations packed in a carton and called a box luncheon.

What he suffers en route to and getting home from the games remains locked in his bosom but deserves to be counted in when rating the All America football spectator.

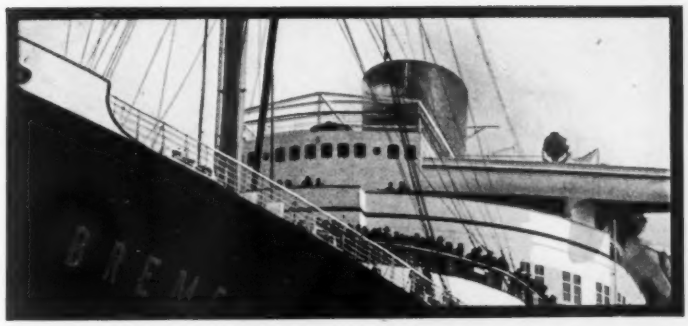
The next war

(Continued from page 90)

ceed with his scheme for federating Europe on an anti-American and appropriately idealistic basis, or let the British Empire close its markets to our trade and our investments by a system of discriminations against us, and the *status quo* will appear less desirable to Washington. If this happens—and strong efforts to bring it about are to be made at London and Geneva this autumn—the scales at Washington will tilt on the side of the hungry nations which desire to upset the international apple-cart in order to scramble for political pippins in the gutters of belligerency.

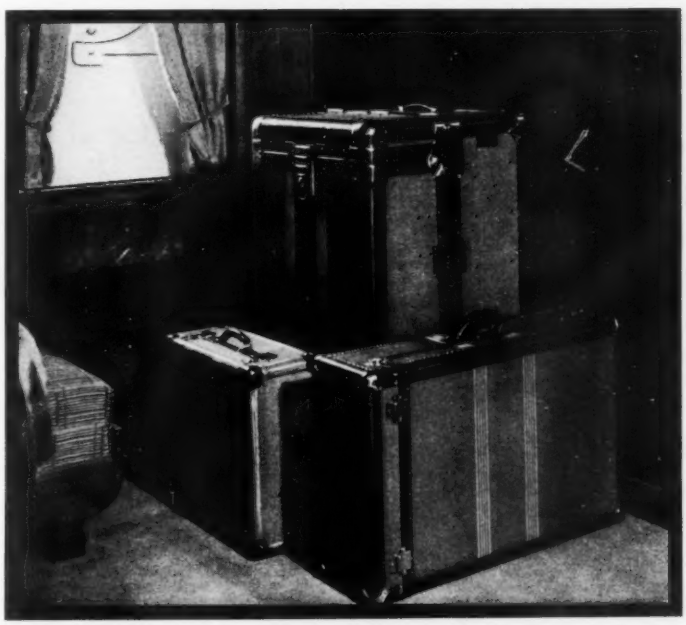
The "Haves", for their part, are sincerely and loudly in favor of peace. They need a chance to digest the spoils of victory and to recuperate from the strain of prolonged acquisition. They want leisure to exploit their victory and are naturally impatient of suggestions that others deserve a bite of the apple. France, which has been developing her huge colonial empire out of German reparation payments, and Great Britain, which for the first time in a century is tempted to exploit her tropical possessions for her exclusive advantage, are none too eager to admit of any substantial change in the present order of things. On the contrary, it is their interest and their duty to their people, to oppose any attempt to alter the *status quo* by peaceful and judicial means and they are prepared to pin the label "aggressor" on any nation which attempts to change it by violence or the threat of violence. For this reason the nations which profess a holy horror of war and which seek to brand it as an international crime are not those which were defeated and ruined by war. They are the nations which acquired their present possessions by successful violence and who fear lest, in future, violence may be used to deprive them of what they have won.

However, time rolls on. The victory of 1918 proved to be an old grey mare's nest, as the victors realize that military supremacy ain't what it used to be. Another generation is growing up, ignorant of war, impatient of legalistic restraints, inconsiderate of vested international interests, and distressingly energetic. When that generation reaches maturity, there is bound to be trouble, for the statesmanship of the "Haves" and the necessities of the "Have-Nots" are surely ripening another conflict. And the weary, wicked, old world is beginning to realize, despite all the professions of the idealists and all the passion of the pacifists, that, as peace is the most effective mask for sustained international selfishness, so is war the most efficient mechanism for effecting drastic international reforms.



On the "BREMEN"

Hartmann Trunks are Conspicuously the Favorites among Seasoned Travellers



Stateroom on the S. S. Bremen

At a recent docking of the S. S. Bremen, investigations showed an overwhelming preference for Hartmann Trunks and Luggage among those who make their crossings smartly. Not alone, no doubt, for their swagger lines and colorful finishes, but for their staunch ruggedness and the amazing convenience they afford.

You'll find Hartmann things in matched groups and a galaxy of sizes, models and prices. On the boat they'll travel invariably in your stateroom...the ancient 14-inch limitation now applying solely to those rooms shared by individuals not of your own party.

If you'd like, Hartmann will be glad to furnish you with complete details on steamship baggage regulations or other information pertinent to luggage. Write to Hartmann Trunk Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

HARTMANN

TRUNKS

At Most Good Shops and Department Stores

★ ★

For Mothers who spend Happy hours with Children in the Nursery

In the nursery, every arrangement is made with a view to the greatest possible convenience, comfort and safety. The nursery telephone contributes to all of these. It makes it possible to be with your children, and at the same time keep in close touch with outside matters as well as household affairs. Appropriate signaling devices, such as lights, buzzers and soft bells, are available.

The nursery telephone is a convenient pathway to the outside world . . . as well as to other rooms within the home

PROBABLY there is no room in the house so important, in a mother's eyes, as the nursery. Quite naturally, a telephone should be considered an essential part of its equipment.

It gives you ready access to neighbors, or to friends in distant cities . . . and them to you. It saves trying trips to distant parts of the house, and avoids the necessity of interrupting games that are so important to children. When away from home, it lets you speak directly with the nurse, without her leaving the nursery.

If the children are far beyond the nursery age . . . if they are, in fact, almost young men and women . . . telephones are still important. For the younger members of the family have their own interesting activities, and they appreciate the convenience and courtesy of their own telephones . . . in their own rooms.

Telephones add to the comfort of every part of the house—and every member of the family. And their cost is nominal. Let your local Bell Company Business Office help you plan the most suitable telephone arrangements for *your* home.

Every worth-while young man has friends he likes to call up often. And he certainly appreciates being able to talk over his own telephone . . . in his own room.

The daughter of the house enjoys the convenience of her own telephone. It makes the room to completely hers . . . and enlarges the circle of her friendships.

THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS GREENWICH, CONN.

The Queen Anne Baby Grand, $1980, in a room created by the artist, Allan Saalburg.
There are Steinway cases inspired by all the famous periods of decoration

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Of the STEINWAY, *Horowitz says: "It has been my inseparable and faithful friend since the inception of my career."*

IT IS A CIVILIZED ROOM . . . a room distinguished by urbane color, brilliant dignity, and the art rather than the cult of comfort. Within it life seems induced to a pleasant pace. It seems really to exercise a subtle sway over the smiles of ladies, over the manners of men. After an evening spent there, people are moved to say (not quite able to identify the faint, beguiling atmosphere that lingers like a fragrance in the memory), "What a delightful evening we have spent!"

The heart of this room is an object of art so beautiful, so deeply rooted in the traditions of European civilization and culture, that it is to be found in almost all homes of importance in Europe and America. Designed by artists, tooled and turned by hereditary craftsmen from fine woods and ivory, finished and polished to a rare excellence of surface, the Steinway is a veritable crystal of culture. But the Steinway is more than a decoration radiating the influence of civilized beauty. It is the instrument upon which the supreme musicians from Liszt to Rachmaninoff founded their art, an instrument . . . brilliant of tone, flexible, long-lived . . . that is as adaptable to the song plucked lightly from a gay spirit, as to the exacting flights of genius.

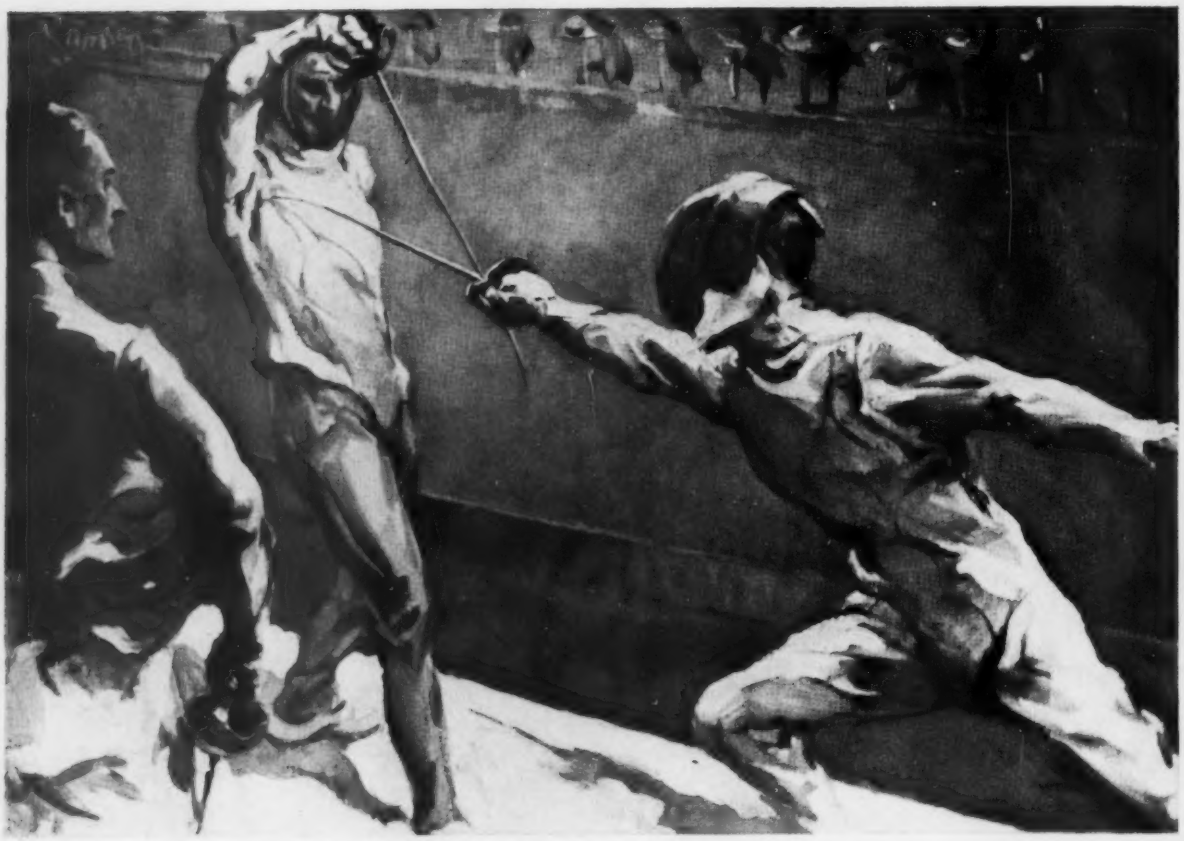
And the far-flung company of its possessors is still another token of the Steinway's universality. For the family that has made it during the better part of a century consistently has met the high obligation of insuring that the Steinway should be the instrument of the great house . . . the great musician . . . no more than of the family of moderate means.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

Used pianos will be accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to
STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL, 109 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK
As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs

10% DOWN *balance in three years*

. . . in Fencing it's TOUCH



. . . in a Cigarette it's TASTE

KEEN JUDGMENT and unerring accuracy help make an expert fencer—or a good cigarette.

For Chesterfield, judgment of the rarest sort selects sweet aromatic tobaccos—accuracy guides their blending and cross-blending to an exact balance.

It is this precise formula which assures Chesterfield smokers the refreshing fragrance of thoroughly aged leaf—the wholesome flavor of well-rounded tobacco goodness—the complete satisfaction of a cigarette that is

Milder, and of Better Taste!

Chesterfield

SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED

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